THE

WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE WORKS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY

HENRY WEBER, Esq.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH,

CONTAINING

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.
A WIFE FOR A MONTH.
THE KNIGHT OF MALTA.
LOVE'S CURE.

EDINBURGH:

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1812.

THE
DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

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DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

THIS Tragedy, which was first printed in the first folio, is attributed, in Gardiner's commendatory verses, to Fletcher alone. This testimony is, no doubt, a very weak one; but it is strongly supported by internal evidence, the play exhibiting a uniform tenor of fluent versification, without any admixture of prose, or loose metre, which very frequently occur in those dramas where Beaumont is known to have assisted. Besides, the circumstance of the great tragedian, Burbage, who died in 1618-9, not performing any character in it seems to corroborate the supposition that Fletcher was the sole author. In the reign of Charles II. this tragedy was revived, and a new prologue was spoken on the occasion, printed in Covent-Garden Drollery, p. 14. Since that time it seems never to have been performed on any stage.

Though this drama cannot be ranked with Philaster, The Maid's Tragedy, or Bonduca, it is so replete with beauties, both as to situations of interest, and as to poetical diction, that the entire neglect of it, in the present age, cannot be attributed to any cause but the degeneracy of dramatic taste. That the plot has its faults must be granted; but they are completely counterbalanced by the general interest of the story, and the exquisite art with which the poet has seized upon the most striking incidents, and clothed them in language appropriate to the diversity of situation. The introductory scene is a very noble one, and only inferior to a similar one in a more modern tragedy, which is evidently borrowed from it—I allude to Otway's Venice Preserved. Again, the entire second act, where the scene is placed on board of a piratical vessel at sea, is throughout eminently distinguished for spirit

and force. Fletcher, as has been noticed in the introduction, is peculiarly at home in sea-scenes; and the delineation of a naval engagement seems to have been one of his favourite subjects. The conversation of Virolet and Ascanio, in the same act, where the former teaches the latter a due contempt of death, does not yield in excellence to many similar dialogues in Massinger, a poet who had a marked and honourable predilection for introducing dialogues on parallel subjects of morality. All the scenes between Virolet and Juliana are in Fletcher's best manner, being replete with the finest touches of the pathetic; and the unfortunate catastrophe of Virolet, by the erring hand of Juliana, is exquisitely affecting. The distress is wound up to the height, and therefore many would prefer the preservation of these two characters; but the nature of the plot put this entirely out of the power of a judicious poet.—With respect to the characters, they are generally drawn with considerable force and that of Juliana, in particular, exhibits a model of female excellence. Martia, on the other hand, is a very repulsive character; an amazon, whose heroism we are called upon to admire, but whose unbounded lust and savage revenge efface every impression in her favour. She is much in the predicament of the two daughters in Bonduca, who excite neither sorrow for their injuries, nor sympathy in their fate.—Virolet bears considerable resemblance to Hamlet in more than one point: both with resolution and apparent firmness of mind undertake a great and noble purpose, the one to revenge the death of his father, the other the miseries of his country. Even the circumstance of their both going to sea at the instigation of the usurpers, bears out this very striking resemblance. The old Duke of Sesse is a fine portrait f a firm and undaunted mind, ever alive to the object he is pursuing, and remaining unshaken by age and misfortune. Ferrand, though inferior to the King in The Maid's Tragedy, is delineated with great force and precision; and the occasional qualms of his conscience (particularly those occasioned by the gross flattery of his parasites) are introduced wi . great art, and produce a very striking effect. There is, however, one inadvertency of the poet's which is peculiarly irksome, as it might have been avoided very easily. The very strong affection of the tyrant for his nephew, Ascanio, is never accounted for throughout the play.—There is a smaller admixture of comic matter in this play than in most tragedies of our authors; and these which occur are very judiciously introduced to heighten our contempt for the usual objects of ambition, when these are not ennobled by virtuous principles. The dialogue between Castruccio, envying the glories of royalty, and the court fool, Villio, despising them, in the third act, as well as

the mock-monarchy of the former, (which is altogether borrowed from Sancho's government in Barataria,) very greatly contribute to the general design of the whole poem, which is to assert the right of an oppressed people, to resist the encroachments upon their liberty, by a tyrant who admits of no other law of government than his own will and pleasure.[1]

[1] It was an attempt somewhat bold to exhibit on the stage, a tragedy containing such principles in the days of King James, when the right of kings *de jure divino* was so universally predominant, and even preached from the throne.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Ferrand, *the libidinous tyrant of Naples.*
Virolet, *a noble gentleman, studious of his country's freedom.*
Brissonet, } *two honest gentlemen, confederates with*
Camillo, } *Virolet*
Ronvere, *a villain, captain of the guard.*
Villio, *a court fool.*
Castruccio, *a court parasite.*
Pandulpho, *a noble gentleman, father to Virolet.*
Duke of Sesse, *enemy to Ferrand, proscribed, and turned pirate.*
Ascanio, *nephew to Ferrand.*
Lucio, *a boy, servant to Virolet.*
Master.
Gunner.
Boatswain.
Chirurgeon.
Sailors.
Doctor.
Citizens.
Guards, Soldiers, and Servants.

Juliana, *the matchless wife of Virolet.*
Martia, *daughter of the Duke of Sesse, second wife to Virolet.*
Court-ladies.

SCENE,—Naples, and a Ship at Sea.

The principal actors were,

Joseph Taylor,	John Lowin,
Robert Benfield,	Rich. Robinson,
John Underwood,	Nich. Toolie,
George Birch,	Rich. Sharp.

Fol. 1679.

THE

DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Naples. A Room in the House of Virolet.

Enter VIROLET *and* LUCIO.

Vir. Boy!
Lucio. Sir?
Vir. If my wife seek me, tell her that
Designs of weight, too heavy for her knowledge,
Exact my privacy.
Lucio. I shall, sir.
Vir. Do then;
And leave me to myself.
Lucio. 'Tis a raw morning,
And, would you please to interpret that for duty
Which you may construe boldness, I could wish
(To arm yourself against it) you would use
More of my service.
Vir. I have heat within here,

A noble heat, good boy, to keep it off;
I shall not freeze. Deliver my excuse,
And you have done your part.

Enter JULIANA.

Lucio. That is prevented;
My lady follows you.
Vir. Since I must be cross'd then,
Let her perform that office.
Lucio. I obey ye. [*Exit.*
Vir. Pr'ythee to-bed: To be thus fond's more tedious
Than if I were neglected.
Jul. 'Tis the fault then
Of love and duty, which I would fall under,
Rather than want that care which you may challenge
As due to my obedience.
Vir. I confess
This tenderness argues a loving wife,
And more deserves my heart's best thanks than anger.
Yet I must tell you, sweet, you do exceed
In your affection, if you would engross me
To your delights alone.
Jul. I am not jealous:
If my embraces have distasted you,
(As I must grant you every way so worthy
That 'tis not in weak woman to deserve you,
Much less in miserable me, that want
Those graces some more fortunate are stored with,)
Seek any whom you please, and I will study,
With my best service, to deserve those favours
That shall yield you contentment.
Vir. You are mistaken.
Jul. No, I am patient, sir; and so, good morrow!

I will not be offensive.
Vir. Hear my reasons.
Jul. Though in your life a widow's bed receives me,
For your sake I must love it. May she prosper
That shall succeed me in it, and your ardour
Last longer to her!
Vir. By the love I bear,
First to my country's peace, next to thyself,
(To whom compared, my life I rate at nothing,)
Stood here a lady that were the choice abstract
Of all the beauties Nature ever fashion'd,
Or Art gave ornament to, compared to thee,
Thus as thou art, obedient and loving,
I should contemn and loath her!
Jul. I do believe you.
How I am bless'd in my assured belief
This is unfeign'd! And why this sadness then?
Vir. Why, Juliana?
Believe me, these my sad and dull retirements,
My often, nay, almost continued fasts,
(Sleep banish'd from my eyes, all pleasures strangers,)
Have neither root nor growth from any cause
That may arrive at woman. Shouldst thou be
(As chastity forbid!) false to my bed,
I should lament my fortune, perhaps punish
Thy falsehood, and then study to forget thee:
But that which, like a never-emptied spring,
Feeds high the torrent of my swelling grief,
Is what my country suffers; there's a ground
Where sorrow may be planted, and spring up
Through yielding rage, and womanish despair,
And yet not shame the owner.
Jul. I do believe it true;
Yet I should think myself a happy woman,
If, in this general and timely mourning,

I might, or give to you, or else receive,
A little lawful comfort.
Vir. Thy discretion
In this may answer for me: Look on Naples,
The country where we both were born and bred;
Naples, the Paradise of Italy,
As that is of the earth; Naples, that was
The sweet retreat of all the worthiest Romans,
When they had shared the spoils of the whole world;
This flourishing kingdom, whose inhabitants,
For wealth and bravery, lived like petty kings;
Made subject now to such a tyranny,
As that fair city that received her name
From Constantine the Great, now in the power
Of barbarous infidels, may forget her own,
To look with pity on our miseries;
So far in our calamities we transcend her:
For since this Arragonian tyrant, Ferrand,
Seized on the government, there's nothing left us
That we can call our own, but our afflictions.
Jul. And hardly those; the king's strange cruelty
Equals all precedents of tyranny.
Vir. Equals, say you?[1]
He has out-gone the worst: Compared to him,
Nor Phalaris, nor Dionysius,
Caligula, nor Nero can be mention'd.
They yet as kings abused their regal power,
This as a merchant; all the country's fat
He wholly does engross unto himself:
Our oils he buys at his own price, then sells them
To us at dearer rates; our plate and jewels,
Under a feign'd pretence of public use,
He borrows; which denied, his instruments force.

[1] Equall, *say you?*] Amended by Sympson.

The races of our horses he takes from us,[1]
Yet keeps them in our pastures; rapes of matrons,
And virgins, are too frequent; never man
Yet thank'd him for a pardon; for religion,
It is a thing he dreams not of.
Jul. I have heard
(How true it is I know not) that he sold
The bishoprick of Tarent to a Jew,
For thirteen thousand ducats.
Vir. I was present,
And saw the money paid. The day would leave me
Ere I could number out his impious actions,
Or what the miserable subject suffers:
And can you entertain, in such a time,
A thought of dalliance? Tears, and sighs, and groans,
Would better now become you.
Jul. They indeed are
The only weapons our poor sex can use,
When we are injured; and they may become us:
But for men, that were born free, men of rank,

[1] *The races of our horses he takes from us,*
Yet keeps them in our pastures.] Seward supposes the word *raçes* corrupt, and says, "The old folio reads *rases*, so that the present reading is probably only a conjecture. But as it has possession I would not disturb it, only offer the following conjectures to the reader's choice. *The choicest*, or the *bravest*, or the *rarest*, or the *racers* of our horses. The Neapolitan horses are light, and if this last is not thought too stiff, it seems to bid fair for having been the original." There is something rather hard in the text; but the poet seems to mean, that the tyrant takes from his subjects the *use* of the horses, which he obliges them to *maintain.*—The *labour* of a horse may in poetry be called his race.—Ed. 1778.

I see no difficulty in this passage. By the *races of our horses*, Virolet means the breed of our horses. A common acceptation of the word *race*, is a family, breed, or generation. I cannot agree with the editors, in supposing that, even in poetry, the races of our horses can mean the labour of them.—*Mason.*

(That would be register'd fathers of their country,
And to have on their tombs, in golden letters,
The noble style[3] of "Tyrant-killers" written,)
To weep like fools and women, and not like wise
men
To practise a redress, deserves a name
Which fits not me to give.
Vir. Thy grave reproof,
If what thou dost desire were possible
To be effected, might well argue it
As wise as loving; but if you consider,
With what strong guards this tyrant is defended,
Ruffians, and malcontents drawn from all quarters,
That only know to serve his impious will;
The citadels built by him in the neck
Of this poor city; the invincible strength
Nature, by Art assisted, gave this castle;
And above all his fear; admitting no man
To see him, but unarm'd, it being death
For any to approach him with a weapon;
You must confess, unless our hands were cannons,
To batter down these walls; our weak breath
mines,
To blow his forts up; or our curses lightning,
To force a passage to him, and then blast him;
Our power is like to yours, and we, like you,
Weep our misfortunes.
Jul. Walls of brass resist not
A noble undertaking; nor can Vice
Raise any bulwark, to make good the place
Where Virtue seeks to enter: Then to fall
In such a brave attempt, were such an honour
That Brutus, did he live again, would envy.

3 — *Style.*] *i. e.* title, an heraldic phrase. So in Heywood's Golden Age:

"I will create lords of a greater *style*."

Were my dead father in you, and my brothers,
Nay, all the ancestors I am derived from,
(As you, in being what you are, are all these,)
I had rather wear a mourning garment for you,
And should be more proud of my widowhood,
You dying for the freedom of this country,
Than if I were assured I should enjoy
A perpetuity of life and pleasure
With you, the tyrant living.

Vir. Till this minute,
I never heard thee speak! Oh, more than woman,
And more to be beloved! can I find out
A cabinet to lock a secret in,
Of equal trust to thee? All doubts and fears,
That scandalize your sex, be far from me!
Thou shalt partake my near and dearest counsels,
And further them with thine.

Jul. I will be faithful.

Vir. Know then, this day (stand Heaven propitious to us)
Our liberty begins.

Jul. In Ferrand's death?

Vir. 'Tis plotted, love, and strongly; and, believe it,
For nothing else could do it, 'twas the thought
How to proceed in this design, and end it,
That made strange my embraces.

Jul. Curs'd be she
That's so indulgent to her own delights,
That, for their satisfaction, would give
A stop to such a glorious enterprize!
For me, I would not for the world, I had been
Guilty of such a crime: Go on, and prosper!
Go on, my dearest lord! I love your honour
Above my life; nay, yours. My prayers go with you;

Which I will strengthen with my tears. The wrongs
Of this poor country edge your sword! oh, may it
Pierce deep into this tyrant's heart! and then
When you return, bath'd in his guilty blood,
I'll wash you clean with fountains of true joy.
But who are your assistants? though I am
So covetous of your glory, that I could wish
You had no sharer in it. [*Knocking.*

Vir. Be not curious.
They come; however you command my bosom,
To them I would not have you seen.

Jul. I am gone, sir.
Be confident; and may my resolution
Be present with you! [*Exit.*

Vir. Such a masculine spirit,
With more than woman's virtues, were a dower
To weigh down a king's fortune.

Enter Brissonet, Camillo, *and* Ronvere.

Bris. Good day to you!

Cam. You are an early stirrer.

Vir. What new face
Bring you along?

Ronv. If I stand doubted, sir,
As by your looks I guess it, you much injure
A man that loves, and truly loves, this country,
With as much zeal as you do; one that hates
The prince by whom it suffers, and as deadly;
One that dares step as far to gain my freedom,
As any he that breathes: that wears a sword
As sharp as any's.

Cam. Nay, no more comparisons.

Ronv. What you but whisper, I dare speak aloud,
Stood the king by; have means to put in act too,

What you but coldly plot: If this deserve then
Suspicion in the best, the boldest, wisest,
Pursue your own intents; I'll follow mine;
And if I not out-strip you——

Bris. Be assured, sir,
A confidence[4] like this can never be
Allied to treachery.

Cam. Who durst speak so much,
But one that is, like us, a sufferer,
And stands as we affected?

Vir. You are cozen'd,
And all undone! Every intelligencer
Speaks treason with like licence. Is not this
Ronvere, that hath for many years been train'd
In Ferrand's school, a man in trust and favour,
Rewarded too, and highly?

Cam. Grant all this,
The thought of what he was, being as he is now,
A man disgraced, and with contempt thrown off,
Will spur him to revenge, as swift as they
That never were in favour.

Vir. Poor and childish!

Bris. His regiment is cast, that is most certain;
And his command i' th' castle given away.

Cam. That on my knowledge.

Vir. Grosser still! What shepherd
Would yield the poor remainder of his flock
To a known wolf, though he put on the habit
Of a most faithful dog, and bark like one,
As this but only talks?

Cam. Yes, he has means too.

Vir. I know it to my grief, weak men, I
know it!

[4] *A* conscience *like this*, &c.] That this passage is corrupt will not admit of a doubt. We have ventured to substitute the word *confidence* for *conscience*.—Ed. 1778.

To make his peace, if there were any war
Between him and his master,[5] [by] betraying
Our innocent lives.

Ronv. You are too suspicious,
And I have borne too much, beyond my temper:
Take your own ways! I'll leave you.

Vir. You may stay now;
You have enough, and all indeed you fish'd for.—
But one word, gentlemen: Have you discover'd
To him alone our plot?

[*Apart to* BRISSONET *and* CAMILLO.

Bris. To him, and others
That are at his devotion.

Vir. Worse and worse!
For were he only conscious of our purpose,
Though with the breach of hospitable laws,
In my own house I'd silence him for ever:
But what is past my help is past my care.
I have a life to lose.

Cam. Have better hopes.

Ronv. And when you know, with what charge I have further'd
Your noble undertaking, you will swear me
Another man; the guards I have corrupted,
And of the choice of all our noblest youths,
Attired like virgins, such as hermits would
Welcome to their sad cells, prepared a masque,
As done for the king's pleasure.

Vir. For his safety
I rather fear; and as a pageant to
Usher our ruin.

Ronv. We, as torch-bearers,
Will wait on these; but with such art and cunning

[5] *His master, betraying.*] I have inserted *by* in the text against the authority of all the editions. This passage is deficient without.—*Sympson.*

I have convey'd sharp poniards in the wax,
That we may pass, though search'd, through all his guards
Without suspicion, and in all his glory
Oppress him, and with safety.
Cam. 'Tis most strange——
Vir. To be effected.
Ronv. You are doubtful still.
Bris. But we resolved to follow him; and if you
Desist now, Virolet, we'll say 'tis fear,
Rather than providence.
Cam. And so we leave you. [*Exeunt.*[6]

Enter JULIANA.

Jul. To your wise doubts, and to my better counsels.
Oh! pardon me, my lord, and trust me too;
Let me not, like Cassandra, prophesy truths,
And never be believed, before the mischief;
I have heard all, know this Ronvere a villain,
A villain that hath tempted me, and plotted
This for your ruin, only to make way
To his hopes in my embraces; at more leisure,
I will acquaint you wherefore I conceal'd it
To this last minute; if you stay, you are lost,
And all prevention too late. I know,
And 'tis to me known only, a dark cave
Within this house, a part of my poor dower,
Where you may lie conceal'd, as in the centre,
Till this rough blast be o'er. Where there is air,
More than to keep in life, Ferrand will find you;
So curious his fears are.
Vir. 'Tis better fall

[6] Rowe [Otway] has taken from this scene some circumstances of his Venice Preserved.—*Mason.*

Than hide my head now, ('twas thine own advice,)
My friends engaged too.
Jul. You stand further bound,
Than to weak men that have betray'd themselves,
Or to my counsel, though then just and loyal:
Your fancy hath been good, but not your judgment
In choice of such to side you. Will you leap
From a steep tower, because a desperate fool
Does it, and trusts the wind to save his hazard?
There's more expected from you; all men's eyes
Are fix'd on Virolet, to help, not hurt them:
Make good their hopes and ours! You have sworn often,
That you dare credit me, and allow'd me wise,
Although a woman; even kings in great actions
Wait opportunity, and so must you, sir,
Or lose your understanding. [7]
Vir. Thou art constant;
I an [8] uncertain fool, a most blind fool:
Be thou my guide.
Jul. If I fail to direct you,
For torment or reward, when I am wretched,
May constancy forsake me!
Vir. I have my safety. [*Exeunt.*

[7] *Lose your* understanding.] Sympson would read *undertaking*; but the last editors properly observe, that "the text is right, and only means, 'It would be madness to think you must not, like others, be guided by the opportunity.' His answer confirms this. *Lose your understanding* may, without violence, be taken in this sense."

[8] *I am.*] Corrected silently in 1750.

SCENE II.

A State-Room in the Palace.

Enter CASTRUCCIO *and* VILLIO.

Vil. Why are you wrapt thus?
Cast. Peace, thou art a fool.
Vil. But if I were a flatterer, like your worship,
I should be wise, and rich too:
There are few else that prosper, bawds excepted,
They hold an equal place there.
Cast. A shrewd knave!
But oh, the king, the happy king!
Vil. Why happy?
In bearing a great burthen?
Cast. What bears he,
That's borne on princes' shoulders?
Vil. A crown's weight,
Which sits more heavy on his head, than the ore
Slaves dig out of the mines, of which 'tis made.
Cast. Thou worthily art his fool, to think that heavy
That carries him i' th' air: The reverence due
To that most sacred gold makes him adored,
His footsteps kiss'd; his smiles to raise a beggar
To a lord's fortune; and, when he but frowns,
The city quakes——
Vil. Or the poor cuckolds in it,
Coxcombs I should say. I am of a fool
Grown a philosopher, to hear this parasite.

Cast. The delicates he is served with, see and envy——

Vil. I had rather have an onion with a stomach,
Than these without one.

Cast. The celestial music,
Such as the motion of the eternal spheres
[*Still music.*
Yields Jove when he drinks nectar——

Vil. Here's a fine knave!
Yet hath too many fellows.

Enter Court-Ladies, and pass over the Stage.

Cast. Then the beauties,
That with variety of choice embraces
Renew his age——

Vil. Help him to crouch rather,
And the French cringe; they are excellent surgeons that way.

Cast. Oh, majesty! let others think of Heaven,
While I contemplate thee.

Vil. This is not atheism,
But court observance.[9] [*Flourish.*

Cast. Now the god appears,
Usher'd with earthquakes.

Vil. Base idolatry!

Enter FERRAND, *Guard, Women, and Servants.*

Fer. These meats are poison'd! hang the cooks!
—No note more, [*To the music.*
On forfeit of your fingers! do you envy me
A minute's slumber?—What are these?

[9] — *Court* observance.] *Observance* was very generally used for religious attention, or obsequiousness. For instance, in The Merry Wives of Windsor—"Follow'd her with doting *observance.*"

1 *Guard.* The ladies
Appointed by your majesty.
Fer. To the purpose!
For what appointed?
1 *Guard.* For your grace's pleasure.
Fer. To suck away the little blood is left me,
By my continual cares! I am not apt now:
Enjoy them first, taste of my diet once;
And, your turn served, for fifty crowns a-piece
Their husbands may redeem them.
Women. Great sir, mercy!
Fer. I am deaf. Why stare you? Is what we command
To be disputed? Who's this? Bring you the dead
To upbraid me to my face?
Cast. Hold, emperor! [*Kneels.*
Hold, mightiest of kings! I am thy vassal,
Thy foot-stool, that durst not presume to look
On thy offended face.
Fer. Castruccio, rise.
Cast. Let not the lightning of thy eye consume me,
Nor hear that musical tongue in dreadful thunder,
That speaks all mercy.
Vil. Here's no flattering rogue![1]
Cast. Ferrand, that is the father of his people,
The glory of mankind——
Fer. No more, no word more!
And while I tell my troubles to myself,
Be statues without motion or voice:
Though to be flatter'd is an itch to greatness,

[1] *Here's no flattering rogue!*] That is, he is an excessive flattering rogue. This manner of speech is very usual in old plays. In Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, Downright, on noticing the ridiculous affectation of Master Matthew, exclaims—"Oh, here's *no* foppery! 'Death, I can endure the stocks better!"

It now offends me.
Vil. Here's the happy man!
But speak who dares.
Fer. When I was innocent,
I yet remember I could eat and sleep,
Walk unaffrighted; but now, terrible
To others, my guards cannot keep fear from me;
It still pursues me; oh, my wounded conscience!
The bed I would rest in is stuffed with thorns;
The ground's strew'd o'er with adders, and with aspicks,
Where'er I set my foot: But I am in,
And what was got with cruelty, with blood
Must be defended. Though this life's a hell,
I fear a worse hereafter. Ha!

Enter Ronvere *and Guard.*

Ronv. My lord!
Fer. Welcome, Ronvere! welcome, my golden plummet,
With which I sound mine enemies' depths and angers!
Hast thou discovered?
Ronv. All as you could wish, sir,
The plot, and the contrivers; was made one
Of the conspiracy.
Fer. Is Virolet in?
Ronv. The head of all: He only scented me;
And from his fear that I played false, is fled;
The rest I have in fetters.
Fer. Death and hell!
Next to my mortal foe, the pirate Sesse,
I aimed at him! He's virtuous, and wise,
A lover of his freedom and his country's;
Dangerous to such as govern by the sword,
And so to me.—No track which way he went?

No means to overtake him?
Ronv. There's some hope left;
But with a rough hand to be seiz'd upon.
Fer. What is't?
Ronv. If any know or where he is,
Or which way he is fled, it is his wife:
Her, with his father, I have apprehended,
And brought among the rest.
Fer. 'Twas wisely ordered:
Go fetch them in, and let my executioners
Appear in horror with the rack. [*Exit* RONVERE.
Vil. I take it, signor,
This is no time for you to flatter,
Or me to fool in.
Cast. Thou art wise in this:
Let's off; it is unsafe to be near Jove
When he begins to thunder.
Vil. Good morality!
[*Exeunt* VILLIO *and* CASTRUCCIO.
Fer. I that have pierced into the hearts of men;
Forced them to lay open with my looks
Secrets, whose least discovery was death;
Will rend, for what concerns my life, the fortress
Of a weak woman's faith.

Enter RONVERE, *Guard and Executioners, with a rack; bringing in* CAMILLIO, BRISSONET, PANDULPHO, *and* JULIANA *fettered.*

Cam. Whate'er we suffer,
The weight that loads a traitor's heart, sit ever
Heavy on thine!
Bris. As we are caught by thee,
Fall thou by others!
Ronv. Pish! poor fools, your curses
Will never reach me.
Jul. Now, by my Virolet's life,

Father, this is a glorious stage of murder!
Here are fine properties too,[2] and such spectators
As will expect good action! To the life
Let us perform our parts; and we shall live
When these are rotten. 'Would we might begin
once!—
Are you the master of the company?
'Troth, you are tedious now.
Fer. She does deride me.
Jul. Thee and thy power! If one poor syllable
Could win me an assurance of thy favour,
I would not speak it; I desire to be
The great example of thy cruelty,
To whet which on, know, Ferrand, I alone
Can make discovery where my Virolet is,
Whose life I know thou aim'st at: But if tortures
Compel me to't, may hope of Heaven forsake me!
I dare thy worst.
Fer. Are we contemn'd?
Jul. Thou art,
Thou and thy ministers! My life is thine;
But in the death the victory shall be mine.
Pand. We have such a mistress here to teach
us courage,
That cowards might learn from her.
Fer. You are slow! [*She is put on the rack.*
Begin the scene.—Thou miserable fool,
For so I'll make thee——
Jul. 'Tis not in thy reach;
I am happy in my sufferings, thou most wretched.
Fer. So brave? I'll tame you yet.—Pluck harder,[3]
villains!—

[2] —*properties.*] A term much used at the play-houses for the habits and implements necessary for the representation.—*Sympson.*

[3] *Pluck* hard, *villains.*] The measure here, as well as sense, call for the alteration, which both Mr Theobald and myself had

Is she insensible? no sigh nor groan?
Or is she dead?
Jul. No, tyrant! though I suffer
More than a woman, beyond flesh and blood,
'Tis in a cause so honourable, that I scorn,
With any sign, that may express a sorrow,
To shew I do repent.
Fer. Confess yet, and
Thou shalt be safe.
Jul. 'Tis wrapt up in my soul,
From whence thou canst not force it.
Fer. I will be
Ten days a-killing thee.
Jul. Be twenty thousand;
My glory lives the longer.
Ronv. 'Tis a miracle!
She tires the executioners, and me.
Fer. Unloose her; I am conquer'd.—I must take
Some other way.—Reach her my chair, in honour
Of her invincible fortitude.
Ronv. Will you not
Dispatch the rest?
Fer. When I seem merciful, [*Apart to him.*
Assure thyself, Ronvere, I am most cruel.—
Thou wonder of thy sex, and of this nation,
That hast changed my severity to mercy,
Not to thyself alone, but to thy people,
(In which I do include these men) my enemies!
Unbind them.
Pand. This is strange!
Fer. For your intent
Against my life, which you dare not deny,
I only ask one service.
Cam. Above hope!

lighted on, and which I have thought proper to stand in the text.
—*Sympson.*

Fer. There rides a pirate near, the Duke of Sesse,
My enemy and this country's, that in bonds
Holds my dear friend Ascanio: Free this friend,
Or bring the pirate's head, besides your pardon,
And honour of the action, your reward
Is forty thousand ducats: And because
I know that Virolet is as bold as wise,
Be he your general. As pledge of your faith,
That you will undertake it, let this old man
And this most constant matron stay with me,
Of whom, as of myself, I will be careful.
She shall direct you where her husband is.
Make choice of any ship you think most useful;
They are rigged for you.

[*Exeunt Guard, with* Juliana *and* Pandulpho.

Bris. We with joy accept it.

Cam. And will proclaim king Ferrand merciful.

[*Exeunt* Brissonet *and* Camillo.

Ronv. The mystery of this, my lord? or are you
Changed in your nature?

Fer. I'll make thee private to it:
The lives of these weak men, and desperate woman,
Would no way have secured me, had I took them:
'Tis Virolet I aim at; he has power,
And knows to hurt. If they encounter Sesse,
And he prove conqueror, I am assured
They'll find no mercy; if that they prove victors,
I shall recover, with my friend, his head
I most desire of all men.

Ronv. Now I have it.

Fer. I'll make thee understand the drift of all;
So we stand sure, thus much for those that fall!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

On Board the Duke of Sesse's *Ship at Sea.*

Enter Boatswain and Gunner.

Boats. Lay her before the wind; up with her canvas,
And let her work! the wind begins to whistle.
Clap all her streamers on, and let her dance,
As if she were the minion of the ocean!
Let her bestride the billows till they roar,
And curl their wanton heads! Ho, below there!
Sailors. [*Within.*] Ho, ho!
Boats. Lay her North-East, and thrust her mizen out;
The day grows fair and clear, and the wind courts us.
Oh, for a lusty sail now, to give chase to!
Gun. A stubborn bark, that would but bear up to us,
And change a broadside bravely!
Boats. Where's the duke?
Gun. I have not seen him stir to-day.
Boats. Oh, gunner,
What bravery dwells in his age, and what valour!
And to his friends, what gentleness and bounty!
How long have we been inhabitants at sea here?
Gun. Some fourteen years.
Boats. By fourteen lives I swear then,
This element never nourish'd such a pirate,

So great, so fearless, and so fortunate,
So patient in his want, in act so valiant!
How many sail of well-mann'd ships before us,
As the bonito[4] does the flying fish,
Have we pursued and scour'd, that, to out-strip us,
They have been fain to hang their very shirts on!
What gallies have we bang'd, and sunk, and taken,
Whose only fraughts were fire and stern defiance,
And nothing spoke but bullet in all these!
How like old Neptune have I seen our general
Standing i' th' poop, and tossing his steel trident,
Commanding both the sea and winds to serve him!

Gun. His daughter too (which is the honour, boatswain,
Of all her sex) that martial maid——

Boats. A brave wench!

Gun. How oftentimes, a fight being new begun,
Has she leap'd down, and took my linstock from me,
And crying, "Now fly right," fired all my chasers!
Then, like the image of the warlike goddess,
Her target braced upon her arm, her sword drawn,
And anger in her eyes, leap'd up again,
And bravely hail'd the bark; I have wonder'd, boatswain,
That in a body made so delicate,
So soft for sweet embraces, so much fire,
And manly soul, not starting at a danger——

Boats. Her noble father got her in his fury,
And so she proves a soldier.

Gun. This too I wonder at,
Taking so many strangers as he does,
He uses them with that respect and coolness,

[4] *Bonito.*] Congreve explains *boniton*, "The fish called a *bonitoe;* seene most commonly playing in troupes before a tempest." It is a kind of tunny-fish.

Not making prize, but only borrowing
What may supply his want; nor that for nothing;
But renders back what they may stand in need of,
And then parts lovingly: Where,[5] if he take
His countryman, that should be nearest to him,
And stand most free from danger, he sure pays for't;
He drowns or hangs the men, ransacks the bark,
Then gives her up a bonfire to his fortune.

Boats. The wrongs he has received from that dull country
(That's all I know) have purchased all his cruelty;
We fare the better. Cheerly, cheerly, boys!
The ship runs merrily; my captain's melancholy,
And nothing cures that in him but a sea-fight:
I hope to meet a sail, boy, and a right one.

Gun. That's my hope too; I am ready for the pastime.

Boats. I' th' mean time, let's bestow a song upon him,
To shake him from his dumps, and bid good-day to him.—
Ho, in the hold!

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Here, here.

Boats. To th' main-top, boy!
An thou ken'st a ship that dares defy us,
Here's gold.

Boy. I am gone. [*Exit.*

Boats. Come, sirs, a quaint levet,
[*Trumpets sound a levet.*[6]

[5] — *Where.*] This word is continually used in old language for *whereas.*

[6] — *Levet.*] This Doctor Johnson explains, "a blast on the trumpet; probably that by which the soldiers are called in the

To waken our brave general! Then to our labour!

Enter Duke of Sesse, and MARTIA *like an Amazon on the quarter-deck.*[7]

Duke. I thank you, loving mates, I thank you all!
There's to prolong your mirth; and good-morrow to you! [*Gives them money.*
Mart. Take this from me; you're honest, valiant friends,
And such we must make much of. Not a sail stirring?
Gun. Not any within ken yet.
Boats. Without doubt, lady,
The wind standing so fair and full upon us,
We shall have sport anon.—But, noble general,
Why are you still so sad? You take our edge off;
You make us dull and spiritless.
Duke. I'll tell ye,
Because I will provoke ye to be fortunate;
For when you know my cause, 'twill double arm you:
This woman never knew it yet, my daughter;
Some discontents she has.[8]

morning." The text puts the propriety of this explanation beyond a doubt. Indeed the derivation of the term renders any proof needless.

[7] All the copies read, "Enter Duke of Sesse *above;*" but the present stage-direction is more proper, the scene being on board a ship at sea. It is more than probable, from the stage-direction, in these and other old plays, that a permanent gallery was erected on the stage, and as, from the poverty of theatrical scenery, it was, probably, impossible actually to represent a ship, the business was left to the fancy of the spectators, and of course, in the present scene, the Duke and Martia appeared on the gallery alluded to.

[8] *This woman never knew it yet, my daughter;*
Some discontents she has.] That is, some of my discontents

Mart. Pray, sir, go forward.
Duke. These fourteen years, I have stowed it here at sea,[9]
Where the most curious thought could never find it.
Boats. Call up the master, and all the mates.

Enter Master and Sailors.

Duke. Good-morrow!
Master. Good-morrow to our general, a good one!
And to that noble lady all good wishes!
Mart. I thank you, master.
Duke. Mark me! thus it is then;
Which I did never think to have discover'd,
Till full revenge had wooed me; but, to satisfy
My faithful friends, thus I cast off my burthen.
In that short time I was a courtier,
And followed that most hated of all princes,
Ferrand, the full example of all mischiefs,
(Compell'd to follow to my soul a stranger)
It was my chance one day to play at chess,
For some few crowns with a minion of this king's,
A mean poor man, that only served his pleasures;
Removing of a rook, we grew to words,

have come to her knowledge, but not the cause of them.—*Mason.*

9 *I have* stored *it here at sea.*] Thus the octavo, and the second folio, and it may be right; the edition of 1647 gives it thus,

"*I've* stoed *here at sea.*"

I conjecture we should read with a small edition, *stowed.* So a little lower the Master says, *Down with 'em,* stow *'em in.*—*Sympson.*

There can be little doubt that the reading of the folio, which, according to the uncertainty of old spelling, is the same as *stowed,* was the original one, and I have therefore restored it.

From this to hotter anger: To be short,
I got a blow.
Mart. How, how, my noble father!
Duke. A blow, my girl; which I had soon repaid,
And sunk the slave for ever, had not odds
Thrust in betwixt us. I went away disgraced—
Mart. For honour's sake, not so, sir!
Duke. For that time, wench;
But call'd upon him, like a gentleman,
By many private friends; knock'd at his valour,
Courted his honour hourly to repair me;
And though he were a thing my thoughts made slight on,
And only worth the fury of my footman,
Still I pursued him nobly——
Mart. Did he escape you?
My old brave father, could you sit down so coldly?
Duke. Have patience, and know all.—Pursued him fairly,
Till I was laugh'd at, scorn'd, my wrongs made May-games;
By him unjustly wrong'd should be all justice;
The slave protected: Yet at length I found him,
Found him, when he supposed all had been buried,
And what I had received durst not be question'd;
And then he fell, under my sword he fell,
For ever sunk; his poor life, like the air
Blown in an empty bubble, burst, and left him,
No noble wind of memory to raise him.
But then began my misery! I fled,
The king's frowns following, and my friends' despairs:
No hand that durst relieve; my country fearful,
Basely and weakly fearful of a tyrant,
Which made his bad will worse, stood still and wonder'd,
Their virtues bed-rid in 'em. Then, my girl,

A little one, I snatch'd thee from thy nurse,
The model of thy father's miseries,
And some small wealth was fit for present carriage,
And got to sea, where I profess'd my anger,
And will do, whilst that base ungrateful country,
And that bad king, have blood or means to quench
me.
Now ye know all.
Master. We know all, and admire all:
Go on, and do all still, and still be fortunate!
Mart. Had you done less, or lost this noble anger,
You had been worthy then men's empty pities,
And not their wonders. Go on, and use your justice,
And use it still with that fell violence,
It first appear'd to you! If you go less,[1]
Or take a doting mercy to protection,
The honour of a father I disclaim in you,
Call back all duty, and will be prouder of
The infamous and base name of a whore,
Than daughter to a great duke and a coward.
Duke. Mine own sweet Martia, no; thou know'st
my nature;
It cannot, must not be.
Mart. I hope it shall not.
But why, sir, do you keep alive still young Ascanio,
Prince of Rossana, king Ferrand's most beloved
one,
You took two months ago?
Why is he not flung overboard, or hang'd?
Duke. I'll tell thee, girl:
It were a mercy in my nature now,
So soon to break the thread of his afflictions;[2]

[1] *If you* go less.] A phrase derived from gaming, which frequently occurs in these plays. See, for instance, vol. V. p. 319.

[2] *Break the* bed *of his afflictions.*] Corrected by Sympson.

I am not so far reconciled yet to him,
To let him die; that were a benefit.
Besides, I keep him as a bait and diet,
To draw on more, and nearer to the king:
I look each hour to hear of his armados;
And a hot welcome they shall have.
Mart. But hark you!
If you were over-swayed with odds——
Duke. I find you:
I would not yield; no, girl; no hope of yielding,
Nor fling myself one hour into their mercies,
And give the tyrant hope, to gain his kingdom.
No; I can sink, wench, and make shift to die;
A thousand doors are open, I shall hit one.
I am no niggard of my life; so it go nobly,
All ways are equal, and all hours; I care not.
Mart. Now you speak like my father!
Master. Noble general,
If by our means they inherit aught but bangs,
The mercy of the main-yard light upon us! No;
We can sink too, sir, and sink low enough,
To pose their cruelties to follow us;
And he that thinks of life, if the world go that way,
A thousand cowards suck his bones!
Gun. Let the worst come,
I can unbreech a cannon, and without much help
Turn her into the keel; and when she has split it,
Every man knows his way, his own prayers,
And so good night, I think!
Master. We have lived all with you,
And will die with you, general.
Duke. I thank you, gentlemen.
Boy. [*Above*.] A sail, a sail!
Master. A chearful sound!
Boy. A sail!
Boats. Of whence? of whence, boy?
Boy. A lusty sail!

Mart. Look right, and look again.
Boy. She plows the sea before her,
And foams i' th' mouth.
Boats. Of whence?
Boy. I ken not yet, sir.
Duke. Oh, may she prove of Naples!
Master. Prove the devil,
We'll spit out fire as thick as she.
Boy. Hoy!
Master. Brave boy?
Boy. Of Naples, Naples; I think of Naples, master;
Methinks I see the arms.
Master. Up, up another,
And give more certain signs! [*Exit Sailor.*
Duke. All to your business!
And stand but right and true——
Boats. Hang him that halts now!
Boy. She has us in chase.
Master. We'll spare her our main-top-sail;
She shall not look us long, we are no starters.
Down with the fore-sail too! we'll spoom[3] before her.
Mart. Gunner, good noble gunner, for my honour
Load me but these two minions in the chase there;[4]

[3] *Spoom.*] A nautical term for sailing rapidly. The editors of 1750 and 1778, very reprehensibly alter the word silently to *spoon.*

[4] — *in the* chape.] The *chape* of a sword is no news, but I fancy that of a ship will be so to every curious reader. *Chase* is applicable either to the prow or stern of a ship, and 'tis no matter in which of these acceptations we understand it here.—*Sympson.*

We have no doubt but Sympson has here hit on the right word, but not on its true acceptation; for no part of a vessel, we believe, bears the name of the *chase.* The *chase*, in the sea dialect, is a *vessel pursued.*—Ed. 1778.

And load 'em right, that they may bid fair welcome,
And be thine eye, and level, as thy heart is!
Gun. Madam, I'll scratch 'em out; I'll piss 'em out else.
Sailor. [*Above.*] Hoy!
Duke. Of whence now?
Sailor. Of Naples, Naples, Naples!
I see her top-flag, how she quarters Naples.
I hear her trumpets.
Duke. Down! She's welcome to us!
[*Exeunt Master, Boatswain, Gunner, Sailors.*
Every man to his charge! Man her i' th' bow well,
And place your rakers right.[5] Daughter, be sparing.
Mart. I swear I'll be above, sir, in the thickest,
And where most danger is I'll seek for honour.
They have begun! hark, how their trumpets call us!
Hark, how the wide-mouth'd cannons sing amongst us!
Hark, how they hail![6] out of our shells for shame, sir!

Sympson's amendment and explanation are just. There are, in all ships of war, two guns at the least placed in the bow, and two more in the stern, which are called the bow-chase, and the stern-chase; the first are used against a vessel that is a-head, the other against a vessel that pursues.—*Mason.*

[5] *Place your* rakers.] *i. e.* Th· guns with which the enemy's vessel is to be *raked.* Falconer, in his Marine Dictionary, says, "*Raking* a ship is the act of cannonading a ship on the stern, or head, so as that the balls shall scour the whole length of her decks; which is one of the most dangerous incidents that can happen in a naval action."—Ed. 1778.

[6] *Hark, how they* sail.] I think we should read either *call* or *hail,* instead of sail.—*Mason.*

Mason is undoubtedly right; and it is only wonderful that the previous commentators could suffer the nonsense of the old text to stand unnoticed. The numerous corruptions of technical sea-terms in the folios are not to be wondered at.

Duke. Now fortune and my cause!
Mart. Be bold and conquer! [*Exeunt.*
[*Charge, trumpets and shot within. A sea fight.*

Enter Master and Boatswain.

Master. They'll board us once again; they are tough and valiant.
Boats. Twice we have blown 'em into th' air like feathers,
And made 'em dance.
Master. Good boys! fight bravely, manly!
They come on yet; clap in her stern, and yoke 'em.[7]

Enter Gunner.

Gun. You shall not need; I have provision for 'em;
Let 'em board once again; the next is ours.
Stand bravely to your pikes; away, be valiant!
I have a second course of service for 'em,
Shall make the bowels of their bark ache, boy!
The duke fights like a dragon. Who dares be idle?
[*Exeunt.—Charge, trumpets, pieces go off.*

[7] Yoke *'em.*] Sympson supposes this corrupt, and imagines we should read RAKE *'em.* YOKE *'em* may mean, lying *along-side of 'em,* so as to fight with small arms; upon which the Gunner says, *You shall not need; I have provision for 'em.*—Ed. 1778.
The old text is certainly right, and may be a direction to fasten the enemy's ship to their own by grappling-irons, which is constantly done in boarding.

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Ship.

Enter Master, Boatswain following.

Master. Down with 'em! stow 'em in!
Boats. Cut their throats!
'Tis brotherhood to fling 'em into th' sea.
The duke is hurt, so is his lovely daughter
Martia. We have the day yet.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. Pox fire 'em!
They have smoked us; never such plumbs yet flew.
Boats. They have rent the ship, and bored a hundred holes;
She swims still lustily.
Master. She made a brave fight; and she shall be cured,
And make a braver yet.
Gun. Bring us some cans up;
I am hot as fire.

Enter Boy with three cans.

Boats. I am sure I am none o' th' coolest.
Gun. My cannons rung like bells. Here's to my mistress!
The dainty sweet brass minion split their fore-mast;
She never fail'd.

Master. Ye did all well and truly,
Like faithful honest men.
Boats. But is she rich, master?
[*Trumpet, flourish.*

Enter Duke wounded, MARTIA, *Sailors, and* VIROLET *Prisoner.*

Master. Rich for my captain's purpose howsoever,
And we are his.—How bravely now he shews,
Heated in blood and anger!—How do you, sir?
Not wounded mortally, I hope?
Duke. No, master;
But only wear the livery of fury.—
I am hurt, and deep. [*Aside.*
Master. My mistress too?
Mart. A scratch, man;
My needle would ha' done as much.—Good sir,
Be provident and careful!
Duke. Pr'ythee, peace, girl;
This wound is not the first blood I have blush'd in.
Ye fought all like tall men;[8] my thanks among ye,
That speaks not what my purse means, but my tongue, soldiers.—
Now, sir, to you that sought me out, that found me,
That found me what I am, the tyrant's tyrant;
You that were imp'd,[9] the weak arm to his folly,
You are welcome to your death!

[8] *You fought like* tall *men.*] *Tall,* in this and numerous other instances, means *stout, brave.* In Shakspeare's time, it seems to have been considered as an affected phrase, but appears afterwards to have got into very common use.

[9] *You that were* imp'd, *the weak arm to his folly.*] That is, you who were set forth, or put on this enterprise by him; a metaphor from the technical phrase of *imping* a hawk, or inserting feathers in his wings artificially, instead of those he had lost in a combat.

Vir. I do expect it;
And therefore need no compliment, but wait it.
Duke. Thou borest the face once of a noble gentleman,
Rank'd in the first file of the virtuous,
By every hopeful spirit shew'd and pointed
Thy country's love; one that advanced her honour,
Not tainted with the base and servile uses
The tyrant ties men's souls to. Tell me, Virolet,
If shame have not forsook thee, with thy credit—
Vir. No more of these racks! what I am, I am.
I hope not to go free with poor confessions;
Nor if I shew ill, will I seem a monster,
By making my mind prisoner! Do your worst:
When I came out to deal with you, I cast it.
Only those base inflictions fit for slaves,
Because I am a gentleman——
Duke. Thou art none!
Thou wast while thou stood'st good; thou'rt now a villain,
And agent for the devil!
Vir. That tongue lies!
Give me my sword again, and stand all arm'd;
I'll prove it on ye all, I am a gentleman,
A man as fair in honour—Rate your prisoners?
How poor and like a pedagogue it shews,
How far from nobleness! 'Tis fair, you may kill us;
But to defame your victory with foul language—
Duke. Go fling him overboard. I'll teach you, sirrah——
Vir. You cannot teach me to die. I could kill you now
With patience, in despising all your cruelties,
And make you choke with anger.
Duke. Away, I say!
Mart. Stay, sir; he has given you such bold language,

I am not reconciled to him yet; and therefore
He shall not have his wish observed so nearly,
To die when he please; I beseech you stay, sir.

Duke. Do with him what thou wilt.

Mart. Carry him to the bilboes,[1]
And clap him fast there, with the prince.

Vir. Do, lady;
For any death you give I am bound to bless you.
[*Exeunt* VIROLET *and Sailors.*

Mart. Now to your cabin, sir, (pray lean upon me)
And take your rest; the surgeons wait all for you.

Duke. Thou mak'st me blush to see thee bear thy fortunes.
Why, sure I have no hurt; I have not fought sure?

Master. You bleed apace, sir.

Mart. You grow cold too.

Duke. I must be rul'd. No leaning!
My deepest wounds scorn crutches.

All. A brave general! [*Flourish trumpets, cornets.*
[*Exeunt.*

[1] — *the* bilboes.] This is explained by Steevens, " a bar of iron, with fetters annexed to it, by which mutinous and disorderly sailors were anciently linked together." See Reed's Shakspeare, vol. XVIII. p. 345, where a figure of bilboes, taken in the Spanish armada, still preserved in the Tower, is given. The word is still in use, though the instrument is not exactly the same.

SCENE III.

On the Lower Deck of the Ship.

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sailor.* Will they not moor her?
2 *Sailor.* Not till we come to th' fort;
This is too weak a place for our defences.
The carpenters are hard at work; she swims well,
And may hold out another fight. The ship we took
Burns there, to give us light.
1 *Sailor.* She made a brave fight.
2 *Sailor.* She put us all in fear.
1 *Sailor.* Beshrew my heart, did she.
Her men are gone to Candy; they are pepper'd,
All but this prisoner.
2 *Sailor.* Sure he's a brave fellow.
1 *Sailor.* A stubborn knave, but we have pull'd his bravery.
[VIROLET *and* ASCANIO *discovered in the bilboes.*
Look, how he looks now! Come, let's go serve his diet,
Which is but bread and water.
2 *Sailor.* He'll grow fat on't. [*Exeunt Sailors.*
Asca. I must confess I have endured much misery,
Even almost to the ruin of my spirit;
But ten times more grows my affliction,
To find my friend here.
Vir. Had we served our country,

Or honesties, as we have served our follies,
We had not been here now.

Asc. 'Tis too true, Virolet.

Vir. And yet my end in venturing for your safety
Pointed at more than Ferrand's will, a base one!
Some service for mine own, some for my nation,
Some for my friend; but I am rightly paid,
That durst adventure such a noble office,
From the most treacherous command of mischief:
You know him now.

Asc. And when I nearer knew him,
Then when I waited, Heaven be witness with me,
(And, if I lie, my miseries still load me!)
With what tears I have woo'd him, with what prayers,
What weight of reasons I have laid, what dangers,
(Then, when the people's curses flew like storms,
And every tongue was whetted to defame him)
To leave his doubts, his tyrannies, his slaughters,
His fell oppressions! I know I was hated too.

Vir. And all mankind that knew him. These confessions
Do no good to the world, to Heaven they may:
Let's study to die well; we have lived like coxcombs.

Asc. That my misfortune should lose you too!

Vir. Yes;
And not only me, but many more, and better;
For my life, 'tis not this; or might I save yours,
And some brave friends I have engaged, let me go!
It were the meritorious death I wish for;
But we must hang, or drown like whelps.

Asc. No remedy?

Vir. On my part, I expect none. I know the man,
And know he has been nettled to the quick too;

I know his nature.
Asc. A most cruel nature!
Vir. His wrongs have bred him up; I cannot
blame him.
Asc He has a daughter too, the greatest scorner,
And most insulter upon misery——
Vir. For those, they are toys to laugh at, not to
lead men.
A woman's mirth or anger, like a meteor,
Glides and is gone, and leaves no crack behind it:
Our miseries would seem like masters to us,
And shake our manly spirits into fevers,
If we respected those; the more they glory,
And raise insulting trophies on our ruins,
The more our virtues shine in patience.
Sweet prince, the name of Death was never ter-
rible
To him that knew to live; nor the loud torrent
Of all afflictions, singing as they swim,
A gall of heart, but to a guilty conscience:
Whilst we stand fair,[2] though by a two-edged storm
We find untimely falls, like early roses,
Bent to the earth, we bear our native sweetness.
Asc. Good sir, go on.
Vir. When we are little children,
And cry and fret for every toy comes cross us,

[2] *Whilst we stand fair*, but *by a two-edged storm.*] So reads the first folio; the text is from the second.—The image meant to be conveyed in this and the two following lines is intelligible; but there is some confusion (perhaps corruption) in the expression: How can they *fall*, whilst they *stand fair*? *Tho'* is preferable to *but*, in the present text; yet perhaps something is lost, signifying, that "whilst we flourish, *our state is particularly honourable; but if* we even fall, even our fall is glorious."—Ed. 1778.

The editors, with unpoetical precision, cavil at this passage, and ask how they can fall whilst they stand fair? But *to stand fair* means only to continue virtuous.—*Mason.*

How sweetly do we shew when sleep steals on us!
When we grow great, but our affection greater,[3]
And struggle with this stubborn twin, born with us,
And tug and pull, yet still we find a giant:
Had we not then the privilege to sleep
Our everlasting sleep, he would make us idiots.
The memory and monuments of good men
Are more than lives; and though their tombs want tongues,
Yet have they eyes that daily sweat their losses,
And such a tear from stone no time can value.
To die both young and good are Nature's curses,
As the world says; ask Truth, they are bounteous blessings;
For then we reach at Heaven, in our full virtues,
And fix ourselves new stars, crown'd with our goodness.

Asc. You have double arm'd me—Hark! what noise is this?

[*Strange music within, hautboys.*

What horrid noise? Is the sea pleased to sing
A hideous dirge to our deliverance?[4]

Vir. Stand fast now.

[*Within strange cries, horrid noise, trumpets.*

Asc. I am fixed.

Vir. We fear ye not;
Let death appear in all shapes, we smile on him.

[3] *But our* affections *greater.*] *Affection*, as I read, or *passion*, is the *stubborn twin born with us*, which *would make us idiots*, if we gave way to it, rather than free ourselves from its tyranny by the sleep of death.—*Seward.*

[4] — *Is the sea pleased to sing*
A hideous dirge to our deliverance?] That is, to their deliverance from captivity by death.—*Mason.*

Enter Martia.

Asc. The lady now!
Vir. The face o' th' masque is alter'd.
Asc. What will she do?
Vir. Do what she can, I care not.
Asc. She looks on you, sir.
Vir. Rather she looks through me;
But yet she stirs me not.
Mart. Poor wretched slaves,
Why do ye live? or, if ye hope for mercy,
Why do not ye howl out, and fill the hold
With lamentations, cries, and base submissions,
Worthy our scorn?
Vir. Madam, you are mistaken;
We are no slaves to you, but to blind Fortune;
And if she had her eyes, and durst be certain,
Certain our friend, I would not bow unto her;
I would not cry, nor ask so base a mercy:
If you see any thing in our appearance,
Worthy your sex's softness and your own glory,
Do it for that, and let that good reward it!
We cannot beg.
Mart. I'll make you beg and bow too.
Vir. Madam, for what?
Mart. For life; and, when you hope it,
Then will I laugh and triumph on your baseness.
Asc. Madam, 'tis true, there may be such a favour,
And we may ask it too, ask it with honour;
And thank you for that favour, nobly thank you,
Though it be death; but when we beg a base life,
And beg it of your scorn——
Vir. You are cozen'd, woman;
Your handsomeness may do much, but not this way;

But for your glorious hate——
Mart. Are ye so stubborn?
'Death, I will make you bow!
Vir. It must be in your bed then;
There you may work me to humility.
Mart. Why, I can kill thee.
Vir. If you do it handsomely,
It may be I can thank you; else——
Mart. So glorious?[5]
Asc. Her cruelty now works.
Mart. Yet woot thou?
Vir. No.
Mart. Wilt thou for life sake?
Vir. No; I know your subtilty.
Mart. For honour sake?
Vir. I will not be a pageant;
My mind was ever firm, and so I'll lose it.
Mart. I'll starve thee to it!
Vir. I'll starve myself, and cross it.
Mart. I'll lay thee on such miseries——
Vir. I'll wear 'em,
And with that wantonness you do your bracelets.
Mart. I'll be a month a-killing thee.
Vir. Poor lady!
I'll be a month a-dying then: What's that?
There's many a calenture out-does your cruelty.
Mart. How might I do in killing of his body,
To save his noble mind? Who waits there?

Enter a Sailor, with a rich cap and mantle.

Sailor. Madam?
Mart. Unbolt this man, and leave those things behind you; [VIROLET *released.*

[5] *So glorious?*] i. e. *proud*, the French meaning of *glorieux.*

And so away!—Now, put 'em on. [*Exit Sailor.*

Vir. To what end?

Mart. To my end, to my will.

Vir. I will. [*Puts on the cap and mantle.*

Mart. I thank you.

Vir. Nay, now you thank me, I'll do more; I'll tell you,
I am a servant to your courtesy,
And so far will be woo'd; but if this triumph
Be only aim'd to make your mischief glorious,
Lady, you have put a richer shroud upon me,
Which my strong mind shall suffer in.

Mart. Come hither,
And all thy bravery put into thy carriage;[6]
For I admire thee.

Vir. Whither will this woman?

Asc. Take heed, my friend!

Mart. Look as thou scorn'dst my cruelty;
I know thou dost.

Vir. I never fear'd nor flatter'd.

Mart. No; if thou hadst thou hadst died, and I had gloried.
I suffer now; and thou, which art my prisoner,
Hast nobly won the free power to despise me.
I love thee, and admire thee for thy nobleness;
And, for thy manly sufferance, am thy servant.

Vir. Good lady, mock me not.

Mart. By Heaven, I love thee!
And, by the soul of love, am one piece with thee!

[6] *And all thy* bravery *put into thy carriage.*] That is, into thy *behaviour* or *conduct.* By the whole line, she means to reply to his previous speech, in which he alludes to the splendid attire which she had furnished him with, and thanks her for the rich shroud she had bestowed upon him. To this she replies—" Put all thy *bravery* into thy behaviour," in contradiction to the *bravery* (which, in old language, meant gorgeous apparel) she had supplied him with.

Thy mind, thy mind, thy brave, thy manly mind,
(That, like a rock, stands all the storms of fortune,
And beats'em roaring back, they cannot reach thee)
That lovely mind I dote on, not the body:
That mind has robbed me of my liberty;
That mind has darken'd all my bravery,
And into poor despised things turn'd my angers.
Receive me to your love, sir, and instruct me;
Receive me to your bed, and marry me;
I'll wait upon you, bless the hour I knew you!

Vir. Is this a new way?

Mart. If you doubt my faith,
First, take your liberty, (I'll make it perfect)
Or any thing within my power.

Vir. I love you:
But how to recompense your love with marriage?
Alas, I have a wife!

Mart. Dearer than I am?
That will adventure so much for your safety?
Forget her father's wrongs, quit her own honour,
Pull on her, for a stranger's sake, all curses?

Vir. Shall this prince have his freedom too? else all
I love is gone, all my friends perish.

Mart. He shall.

Vir. What shall I do?

Mart. If thou despise my courtesy,
When I am dead for grief I am forsaken,
And no soft hand left to assuage your sorrows,
Too late, but too true, curse your own cruelties!

Asc. Be wise, if she be true! no thread is left else,
To guide us from this labyrinth of mischief;
Nor no way for our friends.

Vir. Thus then I take you;
I bind you to my life, my love!

Mart. I take you,

And with the like bond tie my heart your servant.
We are now almost at harbour; within this hour,
In the dead watch, I'll have the long-boat ready,
And when I give the word, be sure you enter.
I'll see ye furnish'd both immediately,
And like yourselves;[7] some trusty man shall wait you;
The watch I'll make my own; only my love
Requires a stronger vow, which I'll administer
Before we go.

Vir. I'll take it, to confirm you.

Mart. Go in; there are the keys, unlock his fetters,
And arm ye nobly both. I'll be with you presently;
And so, this loving kiss.

Asc. Be constant, lady. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Cabin in the same.

Enter Duke (by torch-light) Master and Surgeon with him.

Surg. You grow so angry, sir, your wound goes backward.

Duke. I am angry at the time, (at none of you)
That sends but one poor subject for revenge:
I would have all the court, and all the villainy

[7] *And like* yourself.] The grammar of this passage requires a change of numbers to keep Martia from uttering nonsense.—*Sympson.*

Was ever practised under that foul Ferrand,
Tyrant[8] and all, to quench my wrath!
Master. Be patient;
Your grace may find occasion every hour
(For certain they will seek you) to satisfy,
And to the full, your anger.
Duke. 'Death, they dare not!
They know that I command Death, feed his hunger,
And when I let him loose——
Surg. You'll never heal, sir,
If these extremes dwell in you; you are old,
And burn your spirits out with this wild anger.
Duke. Thou liest! I am not old; I am as lusty
And full of manly heat as them, or thou art——
Master. No more of that!
Duke. And dare seek out a danger,
And hold him at the sword's point, when thou tremblest

[8] *Was ever practised under that foul* Ferrand,
Tyrant *and all, to,* &c.] These two last words [Ferrand and Tyrant] have changed their places; we must read as I have altered the place.—*Sympson.*

The editors have here adopted an ill-conceived amendment. The old and true reading is,

"I would have all the court, and all the villainy
Was ever practised under that foul Ferrand,
Tyrant and all, to quench my wrath!"

What the Duke means to say is, that nothing could satisfy his wrath, but the destruction of all the court, all the villainy, and the tyrant himself. It is surprising that any commentators should think it necessary to amend a passage so very clearly expressed.—*Mason.*

Mason's note is a very judicious one; but Sympson's transposition would, notwithstanding, render the text more clear. The corruption of the pointing was committed in the second folio which reads,

"Tyrant and all, to quench my fury."

And creep'st into thy box of salves to save thee.—
Oh, master, I have had a dreadful dream to-night!
Methought the ship was all on fire, and my loved daughter,
To save her life, leap'd into the sea; where suddenly
A stranger snatch'd her up, and swam away with her.

Master. 'Twas but the heat o' th' fight, sir.

Boats. [*Within.*] Look out! what is that?

Sailor. [*Within.*] The long-boat, as I live!

Boats. [*Within.*] Ho, there, i' th' long-boat! ho!

Sailor. [*Within.*] She claps on all her oars. Hoy![9]

Duke. What noise is that?

Master. I hear, sir——[1] [*Exit.*

Boats. The devil, or his dam. Hail her again, boys.

Sailor. The long-boat! ho, the long-boat!

Duke. Why the long-boat?
Where is the long-boat?

Boats. She's stolen off.

9 *She claps on all her oars. Hoy!*] These words stand in the first copy as a stage-direction; but are not inserted at all in the two following editions. Sympson, we think with judgment, supposes they were originally a part of the text.—Ed. 1778.

1 Duke. *What noise is that?*
Master. *I hear, sir.*] This reply of the Master's is not sense. These last words make part of the Duke's speech—

"What noise is that
I hear, sir?"—*Mason.*

This amendment is very tautological. The text is not nonsense; and if any variation were necessary, I would prefer (as the Master immediately goes upon deck) reading—

"*I'll* hear, sir."

Enter Master.

Duke. Who stole her?
Oh, my prophetic soul![a]
Master. Your daughter's gone, sir,
The prisoners, and six sailors: Rogues!
Duke. Mischief! six thousand plagues sail with
'em!
They are in her yet; make out.
Master. We have ne'er a boat.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. Who knew of this trick?
Duke. Weigh anchors, and away!
Boats. We ha' no wind, sir:
They'll beat us with their oars.
Duke. Then sink 'em, gunner!
Oh, sink 'em, sink 'em, sink 'em, claw 'em, gunner,
As ever thou hast loved me!
Gun. I'll do reason;
But I'll be hang'd before I hurt the lady.
[*Aside. Exit.*
Duke. Who knew of this?
[*Trumpets. A piece or two go off.*
Master. We stand all clear.
Duke. What devil
Put this base trick into her tail? My daughter,
And run away with rogues! I hope she's sunk,
[*A piece or two go off.*
Or torn to pieces with the shot. Rots find her!
The leprosy of whore stick ever to her!

[a] *Oh, my prophetic soul!*] This is literally borrowed from Shakspeare's Hamlet:

Oh, my prophetic soul! My uncle!

Oh, she has ruin'd my revenge!

Enter Gunner.

Gun. She is gone, sir;
I cannot reach her with my shot.
Duke. Rise, winds!
Blow till ye burst the air, and swell the seas,
That they may sink the stars! Oh, dance her, dance
her!
She's impudently wanton; dance her, dance her,
Mount her upon your surges, cool her, cool her!
She runs hot like a whore; cool her, cool her!
Oh, now a shot to sink her!—Come, cut cables!
I will away; and where she sets her foot,
Although it be in Ferrand's court, I'll follow her;
And such a father's vengeance shall she suffer—
Dare any man stand by me?
Master. All, all.
Boats. All, sir.
Gun. And the same cup you taste——
Duke. Cut cables then;
For I shall never sleep, nor know what peace is,
Till I have pluck'd her heart out.
All. [*Within.*] Amain there! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter FERRAND, RONVERE, CASTRUCCIO, VILLIO, *and Guard.*

Ronv. You are too gentle, sir. [*Flourish cornets.*
Fer. You are too careless!
The creatures I have made no way regard me:
Why should I give you names, titles of honour,
Rob families to fill your private houses,
For your advancement draw all curses on me,
Wake tedious winter-nights to make them happy
That for me break no slumber?
Ronv. What we can,
We dare do.
Fer. Why is your sovereign's life then
(In which you live, and in whose fall your honours,
Your wealth, your pomp, your pride, and all must suffer)
No better guarded? Oh, my cruel stars,
That mark'd me out a king, raising me on
This pinnacle of greatness, only to be
The nearer blasting!—
Villio. What think you now, Castruccio?
[*Apart to him.*
Is not this a merry life?
Cast. Still thou art cozen'd:
It is a glorious royal discontentment!

How bravely it becomes him!—
Fer. To be made
The common butt, for every slave to shoot at!
No peace, no rest I take, but their alarums
Beat at my heart! Why do I live, or seek then
To add a day more to these glorious troubles?
Or to what end, when all I can arrive at,
Is but the summing up of fears and sorrows?
What power has my command, when from my bosom
Ascanio, my most dear and loved Ascanio,
Was snatch'd, 'spite of my will, 'spite of my succour,
And by mine own proud slave retain'd most miserable?
And still that villain lives to nip my pleasures,
It being not within my power to reach him.
Ronv. Time may restore all this: And would you hear
Whose counsel never fail'd you——
Fer. Tell me no more!
I faint beneath the burthen of my cares,
And yield myself most wretched.
Ronv. On my knees [*Kneels.*
I beg it, mighty sir, vouchsafe me hearing.
Fer. Speak, speak; and I thus low, such is my fortune,
Will hear what thou canst say.—
Villio. Look but on this; [*Apart to* Castruccio.
Has not a man that has but means to keep
A hawk, a greyhound, and a hunting nag,
More pleasure than this king?
Cast. A dull fool still!
Make me a king, and let me scratch with care,
And see who'll have the better; give me rule,
Command, obedience, pleasure of a king,
And let the devil roar: The greatest corrosive
A king can have, is of more precious tickling,

And, handled to the height, more dear delight,
Than other men's whole lives, let 'em be safe too.
Villio. Think of the mutinous people.
Cast. Hang the people!
Give me the pleasure, let me do all, awe all,
Enjoy their wives and states at my discretion,
And peg 'em when I please, let the slaves mumble.
Villio. But say they should be vex'd, and rise against thee?
Cast. Let 'em rise, let 'em rise; give me the bridle here,
And see if they can crack my girths: Ah, Villio,
Under the sun there's nothing so voluptuous
As riding of this monster, till he founder.—
Fer. Who's that so loud?
Cast. I am dumb.—Is not this rare?
Kings' looks make Pythagoreans; is not this
A happiness, Villio?
Villio. Yes, to put to silence
A fawning sycophant.—
Fer. Thou speak'st truth in all; [*To* RONVERE.
And mercy is a vice, when there needs rigour,
Which I with all severity will practise;
And since, as subjects they pay not obedience,
They shall be forced as slaves: I will remove
Their means to hurt, and, with the means, my fears.—
Go you, the fatal executioners
Of my commands, and in our name proclaim,
That from this hour I do forbid all meetings,
All private conferences in the city:
To feast a neighbour, shall be death; to talk,
As they meet in the streets, to hold discourse
By writing, nay by signs. See this performed,
And I will call your cruelty, to those
That dare repine at this, to me true service.
1 *Guard.* This makes for us.
2 *Guard.* Ay, now we have employments;

If we grow not rich, 'twere fit we should be beggars.
Fer. Ronvere! [*Exit Guard.*
Ronv. My lord? [*They speak apart.*
Cast. Thou enemy to majesty,
What think'st thou of a king?[3]
Villio. As of a man
That hath power to do ill.
Cast. Of a thing rather
That does divide an empire with the gods.
Observe but with how little breath he shakes
A populous city, which would stand unmoved
Against a whirlwind.
Villio. Then you make him more
Than him that rules the winds.
Cast. For me, I do profess it,
Were I offer'd to be any thing on earth,
I would be mighty Ferrand.
Fer. Ha! who names me?
Deliver thy thoughts, slave, thy thoughts, and truly,
Or be no more!
Cast. They rather will deserve
Your favour, than your fury. I admire
(As who does not, that is a loyal subject?)
Your wisdom, power, your perfect happiness,
The most bless'd of mankind.
Fer. Didst thou but feel
The weighty sorrows that sit on a crown,
Though thou shouldst find one in the streets, Castruccio,
Thou wouldst not think it worth the taking up:
But since thou art enamour'd of my fortune,
Thou shalt ere long taste of it.
Cast. But one day,
And then let me expire!

[3] *What thinkst thou of a* kingdom.] Verse and context equally require us to read *king* for *kingdom*.—Ed. 1778.

Fer. Go to my wardrobe,
And of the richest things I wear cull out
What thou think'st fit. Do you attend him, sirrah.
Vil. I warrant you I shall be at his elbow;
The fool will never leave him.
Cast. Made for ever!
[*Exit with* VILLIO. *A shout within.*
Fer. What shout is that? Draw up our guards.

Enter VIROLET, ASCANIO, *and a Servant.*

Ronv. Those rather
Speak joy than danger.
Vir. Bring her to my house: [4]
I would not have her seen here.
Fer. My Ascanio!
The most desired of all men, let me die
In these embraces! How wert thou redeem'd?
Asc. Sir, this is my preserver.
Fer. At more leisure
I will inquire the manner and the means:
I cannot spare so much time now from my
More strict embraces.—Virolet, welcome too!
This service weighs down your intended treason.
You long have been mine enemy; learn now
To be my friend, and loyal; I ask no more,
And live as free as Ferrand.—Let him have
The forty thousand crowns I gladly promised
For my Ascanio's freedom; and deliver
His father and his wife to him in safety.
Something hath pass'd which I am sorry for,
But 'twill not now be help'd.—Come, my Ascanio,

[4] *Speak joy than danger.*
Bring her to my house.] The division of this line proves that these hemistichs should be given to different persons, as was done by Seward. In the folios the whole was given to Ronvere. The speech, as he observes, relates to Martia.

And reap the harvest of my winter-travels.
My best Ascanio, my most-loved Ascanio!
[*Flourish trumpets. Exeunt* FERRAND *and* ASCANIO.

Vir. My lord, all former passages forgot,
I am become a suitor.
Ronv. To me, Virolet?
Vir. To you; yet will not beg the courtesy,
But largely pay you for it.
Ronv. To the purpose.
Vir. The forty thousand crowns the king hath given me,
I will bestow on you, if by your means
I may have liberty for a divorce
Between me and my wife.
Ronv. Your Juliana?
That for you hath endured so much, so nobly?
Vir. The more my sorrow; but it must be so.
Ronv. I will not hinder it.—Without a bribe, [*Aside.*
For mine own ends, I would have further'd this.—
I will use all my power.
Vir. 'Tis all I ask.—
Oh, my curs'd fate, that ever man should hate
Himself for being beloved! or be compell'd
To cast away a jewel kings would buy,
Though with the loss of crown and monarchy!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter Duke of Sesse, Master, Boatswain, and Gunner, disguised.

Duke. How do I look?
Master. You are so strangely alter'd,
We scarce can know you; so young again, and utterly
From that you were, figure, or any favour,
Your friends cannot discern you.
Duke. I have none,
None but my fair revenge, and let that know me!
You are finely alter'd too.
Boats. To please your humour:
But we may pass without disguise; our living
Was never in their element.
Gun. This Jew sure,
That alter'd you, is a mad knave.
Duke. Oh, a most excellent fellow!
Gun. How he has mew'd your head, has rubb'd the snow off,
And run your beard into a peak of twenty!
Boats. Stopt all the crannies in your face.
Master. Most rarely!
Boats. And now you look as plump, your eyes as sparkling,
As if you were to leap into a lady's saddle.
Has he not set your nose awry?

Duke. The better.

Boats. I think it be the better, but 'tis awry sure;
North and by East, ay, there's the point it stands in;
Now half a point to the Southward.

Duke. I could laugh,
But that my business requires no mirth now:
Thou art a merry fellow.

Boats. I would the Jew, sir,
Could steer my head right; for I have such a swimming in't,
Ever since I went to sea first——

Master. Take wine, and purge it.

Boats. I have had a thousand pills of sack, a thousand,
A thousand pottle-pills.

Gun. Take more.

Boats. Good doctor,
Your patient is easily persuaded.

Master. The next fair open weather methinks this Jew,[5]
(If he were truly known to founder'd courtiers,
And decay'd ladies, that have lost their fleeces,
On every bush,) he might pick a pretty living.

Boats. The best of all our gallants now be glad of him;

[5] *Master.* The next fair open weather
Methinks this Jew,
If he were truly known to founder'd courtiers,
And decay'd ladies, that have lost their fleeces
On every bush, he might pick a pretty living.] The transposition of the words, *The next fair open weather*, has confounded the sense of this passage in all the editions.—Sympson puts a *period* at *weather*.—Ed. 1778.

The last editors place these words after "On every bush;" but the parenthesis now introduced renders the transposition unnecessary. After all, their meaning is very obscure; and from the way in which the first line is printed in the original copy, I suspect some omission to have taken place.

For, if you mark their marches, they are tender,
Soft, soft, and tender; then but observe their bodies,
And you shall find them cemented by a surgeon,
Or some physician, for a year or two;
And then to th' tub again,[6] for a new pickle.
This Jew might live a Gentile here.

Enter two Citizens at opposite doors, saluting afar off.

Duke. What are these?
Stand close and mark.
Boats. These are no men; they are motions.
Duke. What sad and ruthful faces!
Boats. How they duck!
This senseless, silent courtesy, methinks,
Shews like two Turks saluting one another,
Upon two French porters' backs.
Duke. They are my countrymen,
And this some forced infliction from the tyrant.—
What are you? Why is this? why move thus silent,
As if you were wand'ring shadows? why so sad?
Your tongues seal'd up? Are ye of several countries,
You understand not one another?
Gun. That's an Englishman;
He looks as though he had lost his dog.
Duke. Your habits
Shew you all Neapolitans; and your faces
Deliver you oppressed things: Speak boldly!
Do you groan and labour under this stiff yoke?
Master. They shake their heads and weep.
Duke. Oh, misery!
Give plenteous sorrows, and no tongues to shew 'em?
This is a studied cruelty.

[6] *And then to th'* tub *again.*] An allusion to the sweating tub, then a universal remedy for the venereal disease.

1 Cit. Begone, sir,
(It seems you are a stranger) and save yourself.
2 Cit. You wonder here at us; as much we wonder
To hear you speak so openly and boldly,
The king's command being published to the contrary:
'Tis death here, above two to talk together;
And that must be but common salutation neither,
Short, and so part.
Boats. How should a man buy mustard,
If he be forced to stay the making of it?
Sold. [*Within.*] Clear all the streets before the king!
1 Cit. Get off, sir,
And shift as we must do. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
Duke. I'll see his glory. [*Flourish.*
Master. Stand fast now, and like men.

Enter Castruccio, *habited as King, with a Guard and Colours, and* Villio.

Cast. Begin the game, sir,
And pluck me down the row of houses there!
They hide the view o' th' hill; and sink those merchants;
Their ships are foul, and stink.
Master. This is a sweet youth!
Cast. All that are taken in assemblies,
Their houses and their wives, their wealths, are forfeit,
Their lives at your devotion.—Villains, knaves,
I'll make you bow and shake! I'll make you kneel, rogues!—
How brave 'tis to be a king!
Gun. Here's fine tumbling!
Cast. No man shall sit i' th' temple near another.

Boats. Nor lie with his own wife.
Cast. All, upon pain
Of present death, forget to write!
Boats. That's excellent;
Carriers and footposts will be arrant rebels.
Cast. No character, or stamp, that may deliver
This man's intention to that man i' th' country.
Gun. Nay, an you cut off, "After my hearty commendations,
Your friend and Oliver," no more!
Cast. No man smile,
And wear a face of mirth! That fellow's cunning,
And hides a double heart; he's your prize; smoke him.

Enter VIROLET, RONVERE, ASCANIO, *and* MARTIA, *passing over.*

Duke. What base abuse is this?—Ha! 'tis her face sure.
My prisoners with her too?—By Heaven, wild whore,[6]
Now is my time!
Master. Do what you will.
Duke. Stay, hold yet!
My country should be served first; let her go!
We'll have an hour for her, to make her tremble.
Now shew ourselves, and bless you with your valours.

[6] Wild *whore.*] I have a small suspicion here that *vilde* is the true reading, but I have not ventured to disturb the text.—*Sympson.*

The last editors, more boldly than Sympson chose to act, introduce his variation; but as long as there is any sense in the old text, it is always preferable to modern conjectures.

Guard. Here's a whole plump[7] of rogues.

[*Exeunt* VIROLET, *&c.*

Duke. Now for your country!

Cast. Away with 'em, and hang 'em! know no mercy,
I say no mercy!

Duke. Be it so; upon 'em!

[*They seize* CASTRUCCIO *and* VILLIO.

Guard. Treason, treason, treason!

Boats. Cut the slaves to giggets!

Gun. Down with the bullbeefs!

Duke. Hold, hold, I command you! Gods, look here!

Cast. A miserable thing; I am no king, sir.

Duke. Sirrah, your fool's face has preserved your life.
Wear no more king's coats; you have 'scaped a scouring.

Boats. Is't not the king?

Duke. No, 'tis a prating rascal;
The puppy makes him mirth.

Cast. Yes, sir, I am
A puppy.

Boats. I beseech you let me hang him;
I'll do't in my belt straight.

Cast. As you are honourable!
It is enough you may hang me.

Gun. I'll hang a squib at's tail
That shall blow both his buttocks, like a petar.[8]

Cast. Do any thing; but do not kill me, gentlemen.

[7] *Plump.*] This word was originally applied to a flight of water-fowl, but was afterwards used for a congregated body of people.

[8] *Petar.*] A kind of small mortar.

Enter Citizen.

Boats. Let's flea him,
And have him fly-blown!
Cit. Away, and save your lives!
The king himself is coming on: If you stay,
You are lost for ever! Let not so much nobleness
Wilfully perish.
Duke. How near?
2 *Cit.* He's here behind you.
Duke. We thank you. Vanish!
[*Exeunt all but* CASTRUCCIO, VILLIO, *and Guards.*

Enter FERRAND *and* RONVERE. *Flourish cornets.*

Fer. Double the guards, and take in men that dare!
These slaves are frighted. Where are the proud rebels?
To what protection fled? What villain leads 'em?
Under our nose disturb our rest?
Ronv. We shall hear;
For such a search I have sent, to hunt the traitors.
Fer. Yet better men, I say! We stand too open.—
How now, Castruccio? How do you like our glory?
Cast. I must confess, 'twas somewhat more than my match, sir.
This open glory agrees not with my body;
But if it were i' th' castle, or some strength,
Where I might have my swinge——
Vil. You have been swinged, brother;
How these delights have tickled you! You itch yet.
Will you walk out again in pomp?
Cast. Good fool!

Vil. These rogues must be rebuked, they are too saucy,
These peremptory knaves. Will you walk out, sir,
And take the remnant of your coronation?
The people stay to see it.
Fer. Do not vex him;
He has grief enough in's bones. You shall to th' citadel,
And like myself command: There use your pleasure;
But take heed to your person.
Vil. The more danger,
Still the more honour, brother.
Cast. If I reign not then,
And like a king—And thou shalt know it, fool,
And thou shalt feel it, fool.
Vil. Fools still are free men;
I'll sue for a protection, 'till thy reign's out.
Fer. The people have abused the liberty
I late allowed; I now proclaim it straiter:
No men shall walk together, nor salute;
For they that do shall die.
Ronv. You hit the right, sir;
That liberty cut off, you are free from practice.[9]
Fer. Renew my guards.
Ronv. I shall.
Fer. And keep strict watches.
One hour of joy I ask!
Ronv. You shall have many.
[*Exeunt. Flourish cornets.*

9 *Practice.* It has been observed more than once, that this word was used for treasonable practices, stratagems, &c.

SCENE III.

A Room in Virolet's *House.*

Enter PANDULPHO *and* JULIANA, *led by two of the Guards, as not yet fully recovered.*

1 *Guard.* You are now at liberty, in your own house, lady,
And here our charge takes end.
Pand. 'Tis now a custom,
We must even woo those men deserve worst of us;
And so we thank your labours; there's to drink!
[*Gives money.*
For that and mischief are your occupations,
And to mean well to no man your chiefest harvests.
2 *Guard.* You give liberally; we hope, sir, ere't be long,
To be oftener acquainted with your bounty;
And so we leave you.
Pand. Do, for I dote not on ye.
Jul. But where's my husband? What should I do here,
Or what share have I in this joy called liberty,
Without his company? Why did you flatter me,
And tell me he was return'd, his service honour'd?
1 *Guard.* He is so, and stands high in the king's favour,
His friends redeem'd, and his own liberty,

From which yours is derived, confirm'd: his service
To his own wish rewarded: So farewell, lady!
[*Exeunt Guard.*

Pand. Go persecute the good, and hunt, ye hell-hounds,
Ye leeches of the time, suck till ye burst, slaves!—
How does my girl?

Jul. Weak yet, but full of comfort.

Pand. Sit down, and take some rest.

Jul. My heart's whole, father;
That joys and leaps, to hear my Virolet,
My dear, my life, has conquer'd his afflictions.

Pand. Those rude hands, and that bloody will that did this,
That durst upon thy tender body print
These characters of cruelty, hear me, Heaven!—

Jul. Oh, sir, be sparing.

Pand. I'll speak it, though I burst;
And though the air had ears, and served the tyrant,
Out it should go. Oh, hear me, thou great justice!
The miseries that wait upon their mischiefs,
Let them be numberless! and no eye pity
Them, when their souls are loaden, and in labour,
And wounded through and through with guilt and horror,
As mine is now with grief! let men laugh at 'em!
Then, when their monstrous sins, like earthquakes, shake 'em,
And those eyes, that forgot Heaven, would look upward,
(The bloody larums of the conscience beating)
Let Mercy fly, and day, struck into darkness,
Leave their blind souls, to hunt out their own horrors!

Jul. Enough, enough! we must forget, dear father;

For then we are glorious forms of Heaven,[1] and live,
When we can suffer, and as soon forgive.—
But where's my lord? Methinks I have seen this
house,
And have been in't before.
Pand. Thine own house, jewel.
Jul. Mine, without him? or his, without my
company?
I think it cannot be; it was not wont, father.
Pand. Some business with the king—Let it be
good, Heaven!— [*Aside.*
Retains him, sure.

Enter LUCIO.

Jul. It must be good and noble;
For all men, that he treats with, taste of virtue:
His words and actions are his own, and Honour's,
Not bought, nor compell'd from him.
Pand. Here's the boy;
He can confirm us more. How sad the child looks!
Come hither, Lucio; how, and where's thy master?
Jul. Speak, gentle boy.

[1] *For then we're glorious forms of Heaven; and* live.] If we are glorious forms of Heaven, then we live such, to be sure; though by *live* here join'd to *are* one would imagine the poets design'd to affix different senses to these two verses, and be understood thus,—We must forget, for then we not only are, but continue or remain to be *glorious forms of Heaven when*, &c. Yet I suspect (and Mr Seward too) that the line might be wrote originally thus,

"*For then* we *glorious forms of Heaven live;*"

live here answering to the Latin *vivo*, which oftentimes is no more than *sum*.—*Sympson*.

The *proposed* line is a vile one. *Live* in the text is used emphatically, and the meaning of this line and the next is, "We then truly enjoy life, when we pardon injuries, as Heaven forgives our iniquities."—Ed. 1778.

Pand. Is he return'd in safety?
Jul. If not, and that thou know'st is miserable,
Our hopes and happiness declined for ever,
Study a sorrow excellent as thy master,
Then if thou canst live, leave us.
Lucio. Noble madam,
My lord is safe returned; safe to his friends, and
fortune,
Safe to his country, entertained with honour;
Is here within the house.
Jul. Do not mock me!
Lucio. But such a melancholy hangs on his mind,
And in his eyes inhabit such sad shadows!
But what the cause is——
Pand. Go tell him we are here, boy;
There must be nc cause now.
Jul. Hast thou forgot me?
Lucio. No, noblest lady.
Jul. Tell him I am here;
Tell him his wife is here; sound my name to him,
And thou shalt see him start; speak "Juliana,"
And, like the sun that labours through a tempest,
How suddenly he will disperse his sadness!
Pand. Go, I command thee, instantly;
And charge him on his duty——
Jul. On his love, boy.
I would fain go to him.
Pand. Away, away; you are foolish.
Jul. Bear all my service, sweet boy——
Pand. Art thou here still?
Jul. And tell him what thou wilt, that shall be-
come thee. [*Exit* LUCIO.
Pand. I' th' house, and know we are here?
Jul. No, no, he did not;
I warrant you he did not: Could you think
His love had less than wings, (had he but seen me)
His strong affection any thing but fire,
Consuming all weak lets and rubs before it,

Till he had met my flame, and made one body?
If ever Heaven's high blessings met in one man,
And there erected to their holy uses
A sacred mind fit for their services,
Built all of polished honour, 'twas in this man:
Misdoubt him not.
Pand. I know he's truly noble;
But why this sadness, when the general cause
Requires a jubilee of joy?
Jul. I know not.

Enter VIROLET *and Boy.*

Pand. Pray Heaven you find it not!
Jul. I hope I shall not.
Oh, here he comes, and with him all my happiness!—
He stays and thinks; we may be too unmannerly;
Pray give him leave. [*They stand off.*
Pand. I do not like this sadness.
Vir. Oh, hard condition of my misery!
Unheard-of plagues! when to behold that woman,
That chaste and virtuous woman, that preserved me,
That pious wife, wedded to my afflictions,
Must be more terrible than all my dangers!
Oh, Fortune, thou hast robb'd me of my making,
The noble building of a man demolish'd,
And flung me headlong on a sin so base
Man and mankind contemn; even beasts abhor it;
A sin more dull than drink, a shame beyond it;
So foul, and far from faith, I dare not name it,
But it will cry itself out loud, Ingratitude.—
Your blessing, sir!
Pand. You have it in abundance;
So is our joy to see you safe.
Vir. My dear one!

Jul. He has not forgot me yet: Oh, take me to you, sir!

Vir. Must this be added to increase my misery,
That she must weep for joy, and lose that goodness?[2]—
My Juliana, even the best of women,
Of wives the perfectest! Let me speak this,
And with a modesty declare thy virtues,
Chaster than crystal on the Scythian clifts,[3]
The more the proud winds court, the more the purer.
Sweeter in thy obedience than a sacrifice;
And in thy mind a saint, that even yet living,
Producest miracles; and women daily,
With crooked and lame souls creep to thy goodness,
Which having touched at, they become examples.
The fortitude of all their sex is fable,[4]
Compared to thine; and they that filled up glory,
And admiration, in the age behind us,
Out of their celebrated urns are started,
To stare upon the greatness of thy spirit;
Wond'ring what new martyr Heaven has begot,

[2] *That she should weep for joy, and lose that goodness.*] That is, that this goodness should be thrown away, and she should lose the happiness that it deserved to enjoy.—*Mason.*

[3] *Chaster than crystal, &c.*] Shakspeare has a passage similar to this; speaking of Valeria in Coriolanus, Act V. Scene III. he says,

> " —— The noble sister of Poplicola,
> The moon of Rome; chaste as the isicle,
> That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
> And hangs on Dian's temple."—*Reed.*

[4] *Is* fable.] Though a slight corruption has quite changed the word, yet as it has left some sense remaining, it has escaped the observation of former editors; but *feeble* being in proper antithesis to fortitude, is undoubtedly the true reading.—*Seward.*

Not so *undoubtedly*: *To fill the times with* TRUTH, a few lines lower, seems to confirm *fable* here.—Ed. 1778.

To fill the times with truth, and ease their stories:[5]
Being all these, and excellent in beauty,
(For noble things dwell in the noblest buildings)
Thou hast undone thy husband, made him wretched;
A miserable man, my Juliana,
Thou hast made thy Virolet.

Jul. Now goodness keep me!
Oh, my dear lord——

Pand. She wrong you? what's the meaning?
Weep not, but speak, I charge you on obedience;
Your father charges you! She make you miserable?
That you yourself confess——

Vir. I do, that kills me;
And far less I have spoke her than her merit.

Jul. It is some sin of weakness, or of ignorance;
For sure my will——

Vir. No, 'tis a sin of excellence.
Forgive me, Heaven, that I profane thy blessings!
Sit still, I'll shew you all. [*Exit.*

Pand. What means this madness?
(For sure there is no taste of right man in it.)
Grieves he our liberty, our preservation?
Or has the greatness of the deed he has done
Made him forget for whom, and how, he did it,
And looking down upon us, scorn the benefit?
Well, Virolet, if thou be'st proud, or treacherous—

Jul. He cannot, sir, he cannot; he will shew us,
And with that reason ground his words——

Enter VIROLET, MARTIA, RONVERE, *and Lawyer.*

Pand. He comes.—
What masque is this? what admirable beauty?
Pray Heaven his heart be true!

[5] — *ease their stories.*] That is, to make them more easily credited.—*Mason.*

Jul. A goodly woman!

Vir. Tell me, my dear, and tell me without flattery;
As you are nobly honest, speak the truth!
What think you of this lady?

Jul. She is most excellent.

Vir. Might not this beauty, tell me that, (it's a sweet one)
Without more setting-off, as now it is,
Thanking no greater mistress than mere Nature,
Stagger a constant heart?

Pand She is full of wonder!
But yet, yet, Virolet——

Vir. Pray by your leave, sir!

Jul. She would amaze——

Vir. Oh, would she so? I thank you.
Say, to this beauty she have all additions,
Wealth, noble birth——

Pand. Oh, hold there!

Vir. All virtues,
A mind as full of candour as the truth is,
Ay, and a loving lady——

Jul. She must needs
(I am bound in conscience to confess) deserve much.

Vir. Nay, say beyond all these, she be so pious,
That even on slaves condemn'd she shower her benefits,
And melt their stubborn bolts with her soft pity;
What think you then?

Pand. For such a noble office,
At these years I should dote myself. Take heed, boy!

Jul. If you be he that have received these blessings,
And this the lady, love her, honour her!
You cannot do too much to shew your gratitude;
Your greatest service will shew off too slender.

Vir. This is the lady, lady of that bounty,
That wealth, that noble name, that all, I spoke of;
The prince Ascanio, and myself, the slaves
Redeemed, brought home, still guarded by her goodness;
And of our liberties you taste the sweetness.
Even you she has preserved too, lengthened your lives.
Jul. And what reward do you propose? It must be a main one.
If love will do't, we'll all so love her, serve her—
Vir. It must be my love.
Jul. Ha!
Vir. Mine, my only love,
My everlasting love.
Pand. How!
Vir. Pray, have patience!
The recompense she ask'd, and I have render'd,
Was to become her husband. Then I vow'd it,
And since I have made it good.
Pand. Thou durst not!
Vir. Done, sir.
Jul. Be what you please, this happiness yet stays with me,[6]
You have been mine. Oh, my unhappy fortune!
Pand. Nay, break and die!
Jul. It cannot yet: I must live,
Till I see this man blest in his new love;
And then——
Pand. What hast thou done? thou base one, tell me!
Thou barren thing of honesty, and honour,
What hast thou wrought? Is not this she, (look on her,

[6] —— his *happiness*, &c.] The omission of a single letter has made nonsense of this in all the former editions.—*Seward.*

Look on her with the eyes of gratitude,
And wipe thy false tears off) is not this she,
That three times on the rack, to guard thy safety,
When thou stood'st lost, and naked to the tyrant;
Thy aged father here, that shames to know thee,
Engaged i' th' jaws of danger; was not this she,
That then gave up her body to the torture,
That tender body, that the wind sings through?
And three times, when her sinews, crack'd and tortured,
The beauties of her body turn'd to ruins,
Even then, within her patient heart she locked thee,
Then hid thee from the tyrant, then preserved thee:
And canst thou be that slave——

Mart. This was but duty;
She did it for her husband, and she ought it;[7]
She has had the pleasure of him many an hour;
And if one minute's pain cannot be suffer'd——
Mine was above all these, a nobler venture!
(I speak it boldly) for I lost a father,
She has one still;[8] I left my friends, she has many;
Exposed my life and honour to a cruelty,
That if it had seiz'd on me—racks, and tortures?
Alas, they are triumphs to't! and had it hit,
For this man's love, it should have shew'd a triumph.
Twice lost, I freed him; Rossana lost before him,
His fortunes with him, and his friends behind him;
Twice was I rack'd myself for his deliverance,
In honour first and name, which was a torture
The hangman never heard of; next at sea,

[7] Ought *it*.] *Ought* seems to be used here as the perfect tense of *owe*.—Ed. 1778.

[8] He *has one still*—he *has many*.] Martia is pleading that her merits are superior to those of Juliana, it was therefore a gross mistake to let *he* stand in this line.—*Seward*.

In our escape, where the proud waves took pleasure
To toss my little boat up like a bubble,
Then like a meteor in the air he hung,
Then catch'd and flung [9] him in the depth of darkness;
The cannon from my incensed father's ship
Ringing our knell, and still as we peep'd upward
Beating the raging surge, with fire and bullet,
And I stood fixed for this man's sake, and scorn'd it:
Compare but this!
Vir. 'Tis too true. Oh, my fortune!
That I must equally be bound to either!
Jul. You have the better and the nobler lady;
And now I am forced a lover of her goodness:
And so far have you wrought for his deliverance
That is my lord, so lovingly and nobly,
That now methinks I stagger in my title.
But how with honesty, (for I am poor, lady,
In all my duteous service but your shadow,
Yet would be just) how with fair fame and credit,
I may go off—I would not be a strumpet——
Oh, my dear sir, you know——
Vir. Oh, Truth, thou knowest too!
Jul. Nor have the world suspect I fell to mischief.
Law. Take you no care for that; here's that has done it;
A fair divorce! 'tis honest too.
Pand. The devil!
Honest? to put her off?
Law. Most honest, sir;
And in this point most strong.
Pand. The cause, the cause, sir?
Law. A just cause too——

[9] *Hug.*] Corrected in 1679.

Pand. As any is in Hell, Lawyer!
Law. For barrenness; she never brought him children.
Pand. Why art not thou divorced? thou canst not get 'em;
Thy neighbours, thy rank neighbours—Oh, base juggling!
Is she not young?
Jul. Women at more years, sir,
Have met that blessing; 'tis in Heaven's high power—
Law. You never can have any.
Pand. Why, quick lawyer?
My philosophical lawyer?
Law. The rack has spoil'd her;
The distensions of those parts have stopp'd all fruitfulness.
Pand. Oh, I could curse!
Jul. And am I grown so miserable,
That mine own piety[1] must make me wretched?
No cause against me, but my love and duty?
Farewell, sir! Like Obedience, thus I leave you.
My long farewell!—I do not grudge; I grieve, sir;
And if that be offensive, I can die;
And then you are fairly free.—Good lady, love him:
You have a noble and an honest gentleman;
I ever found him so, the world has spoke him,
And let it be your part still to deserve him!
Love him no less than I have done, and serve him,
And Heaven shall bless you: You shall bless my ashes.
I give you up the house, the name of Wife,
Honour, and all respect I borrow'd from him,
And to my grave I turn. One farewell more!
Nothing divide your loves, not want of children,

[1] *Mine own* pity.] Corrected in 1750.

Which I shall pray against, and make you fruitful!
Grow like two equal flames! rise high and glorious,
And in your honour'd age burn out together!
To all I know, farewell!

Ronv. Be not so grieved, lady!
A nobler fortune——

Jul. Away, thou parasite!
Disturb not my sad thoughts. I hate thy greatness! [*Exit.*

Ronv. I hate not you. I am glad she's off these hinges.
Come, let's pursue. [*Exeunt* RONVERE *and Lawyer.*

Pand. If I had breath to curse thee,
Or could my great heart utter—Farewell, villain!
Thy house nor face again—— [*Exit.*

Mart. Let 'em all go;
And now let us rejoice. Now freely take me,
And now embrace me, Virolet! give the rites
Of a brave husband to his love.

Vir. I'll take my leave too.

Mart. How! take your leave too?

Vir. The house is furnished for you;
You are mistress, may command.

Mart. Will you to bed, sir?

Vir. As soon to Hell; to any thing I hate most!
You must excuse me! I have kept my word:
You are my wife, you now enjoy my fortune,
Which I have done to recompence your bounty:
But to yield up those chaste delights and pleasures,
Which are not mine, but my first vow's——

Mart. You jest!

Vir. You will not find it so.—To give you those
I have divorced, and lost with Juliana,
And all fires of that nature——

Mart. Are you a husband?

Vir. To question hers,[a] and satisfy your flames,
That held an equal beauty, equal bounty,
Could Heaven forgive? No, no, the strict forbearance
Of all those joys, like a full sacrifice,
I offer to the sufferings of my first love.
Honour, and wealth, attendance, state, all duty,
Shall wait upon your will, to make you happy;
But my afflicted mind, (you must give leave, lady)
My weary trunk, must wander.
Mart. Not enjoy me?
Go from me too?
Vir. For ever thus I leave you:

[a] *To* question *hers, and satisfy your flames,*
That held an equal beauty, equal bounty,-
Good Heaven, forgive.] If the reader can affix any clear idea to the old text, he will do more than I can. The sense required seems to be an exclamation at the thought of quitting his former wife's chaste embraces, to satisfy Martia's flames. As her supposed barrenness was the cause alledged, my conjecture makes good sense, and keeps very close to the trace of the letters,

To jest on *hers, and satisfy your flames.—Seward.*

Any person who considers the text fully, will, we believe, think that the old reading, concluded with a point of interrogation, is right: "*Can* Heaven forgive my rejecting her love, and satisfying yours? No, no, &c."—Ed. 1778.

This passage is justly explained by the editors; but by the words, *to question her's*, Virolet evidently alludes to the alledged pretence for his divorce from Juliana, her incapacity to bear children.—*Mason.*

I cannot conceive that the explanation of the last editors, and of Mason, which is certainly otherwise just, can be brought out without reading, *could* Heaven forgive? We must therefore either adopt this variation, or consider the two first lines of this speech, which are a continuation of Virolet's two preceding speeches, as an imperfect sentence, and then the exclamation, "Good Heaven forgive!" will mean, forgive that such an idea ever could enter into my thoughts. The adoption of the variation, which is a very slight one, renders the text so much more perspicuous and beautiful, that I have ventured to put it in the text.

And, howsoe'er I fare, live you still happy!
[*Exit.*

Mart. Since I am scorned, I'll hate thee, scorn thy gifts too,
Thou miserable fool, thou fool to pity!
And such a rude, demolished thing, I'll leave thee,
In my revenge—For, foolish love, farewell now,
And anger, and the spite of woman, enter!
That all the world shall say, that read this story,
My hate, and not my love, begot my glory!
[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Palace.

Enter Duke, Boatswain, Master, and Gunner, habited as Switzers.

Duke. He that fears death, or tortures, let him leave me!
The stops that we have met with crown our conquest.
Common attempts are fit for common men;
The rare, the rarest spirits. Can we be daunted?
We that have smiled at sea at certain ruins,
Which men on shore, but hazarded, would shake at?

We that have lived free, in despite of Fortune,
Laughed at the out-stretched arm of tyranny,
As still too short to reach us, shall we faint now?
No, my brave mates, I know your fiery temper,
And that you can, and dare, as much as men.
Calamity, that severs worldly friendships,
Could ne'er divide us; you are still the same,
The constant followers of my banished fortunes,
The instruments of my revenge, the hands
By which I work, and fashion all my projects.

Master. And such we will be ever.

Gun. 'Slight, sir, cram me
Into a cannon's mouth, and shoot me at
Proud Ferrand's head; may only he fall with me,
My life I rate at nothing.

Boats. Could I but get
Within my sword's length of him, and if then
He 'scape me, may th' account of all his sins
Be added unto mine!

Master. 'Tis not to die, sir,
But to die unrevenged, that staggers me:
For were your ends served, and our country free,
We would fall willing sacrifices.

Duke. To rise up
Most glorious martyrs.

Boats. But the reason why
We wear these shapes?

Duke. Only to get access.
Like honest men, we never shall approach him,
Such are his fears; but thus attired like Switzers,
And fashioning our language to our habits,
(Bold, bloody, desperate) we may be admitted
Among his guard. But if this fail, I'll try
A thousand others, out-do Proteus
In various shapes, but I will reach his heart,
And seal my anger on't.

Enter RONVERE *and the Guard.*

Master. The lord Ronvere!
Boats. Shall we begin with him?
Duke. He is not ripe yet,
Nor fit to fall: As you see me begin,
With all care imitate.
Gun. We are instructed.
Boats. 'Would we were at it once!—
Ronv. Keep a strict watch,
And let the guards be doubled: This last night
The king had fearful dreams.
Duke. 'Tis a good omen
To our attempts.
Ronv. What men are these? What seek you?
Duke. Employment.
Ronv. Of what nature?
Duke. We are soldiers:
We have seen towns and churches set on fire,
The kennels running blood, coy virgins ravish'd,
The altars ransack'd, and the holy relics,
Yea, and the saints themselves, made lawful spoils
Unto the conquerors; but these good days are past,
And we made beggars by this idle peace,
For want of action. I am, sir, no stranger
To the government of this state; I know the king
Needs men, that only do what he commands,
And search no further: 'Tis the profession
Of all our nation, to serve faithfully,
Where they're best paid; and if you entertain us,
I do not know the thing you can command,
Which we'll not put in act.
Ronv. A goodly personage!
Master. And if you have an enemy, or so,
That you would have dispatch'd——
Gun. They are here can fit you.

Boats. Or if there be an itch, though to a man—
Duke. You shall tie
Our consciences in your purse-strings.
Ronv. Gentlemen,
I like your freedom. I am now in haste;
But wait for my return.—I like the rascals;
They may be useful.
Duke. We'll attend you, sir.
Ronv. Do, and be confident of entertainment:
I hope you will deserve it.
Duke. Oh, no doubt, sir.—
[*Exeunt* RONVERE *and Guard.*
Thus far we are prosperous: We'll be his guard,
Till tyranny and pride find full reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of Juliana.

Enter PANDULPHO *and* JULIANA.

Pand. My blessing? No: a father's heavy curse
Pursue and overtake him!
Jul. Gentle sir!
Pand. My name, and family, end in myself,
Rather than live in him!
Jul. Dear sir, forbear!
A father's curses hit far off, and kill too;
And, like a murdering-piece,[3] aim not at one,

[3] *Murdering-piece.*] Such a piece, Dr Warburton observes, as assassins use, with many barrels. So in Hamlet, act iv. scene v. the King says,

But all that stand within the dangerous level.
Some bullet may return upon yourself too,
Though against Nature, if you still go on
In this unnatural course.
Pand. Thou art not made
Of that same stuff as other women are:
Thy injuries would teach patience to blaspheme,
Yet still thou art a dove.
Jul. I know not malice;
But, like an innocent, suffer.
Pand. More miraculous!
I'll have a woman chronicled, and for goodness,
Which is the greatest wonder. Let me see,
I have no son to inherit after me;
Him I disclaim.
What then? I'll make thy virtues my sole heir:
Thy story I'll have written, and in gold too,
In prose and verse, and by the ablest doers.[4]

—— "Oh, my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a *murdering-piece*, in many places
Gives me superfluous death!"

Mr Steevens remarks, that this passage in Fletcher confirms Dr Warburton's explanation.—*Reed.*

The piece of ordnance is the same as the *murderers* alluded to in a previous volume. (Vol. V. p. 279.) It was most probably similar to a swivel, and was loaded with bullets, nails, old iron, &c. There is no reason to suppose, with Warburton, that the *murderer* had more than one barrel, or that assassins ever used such pieces.

[4] *Ablest* doers.] The English word *doers* here, is a literal translation of the Greek ποιητής, which means not only simply a *maker* or *doer*, but a *maker of verses*: The custom of using English words in a Greek and a Latin sense was highly in vogue in our author's time; Spenser has not only taken the liberty to do so with the one, but the others too: So Shepherd's Calendar, June, Colin says to Hobbinol,

"The god of shepherds Tityrus is dead,
Who taught me, homely as I can, to *make*."—*Sympson.*

I believe Fletcher is singular in his use of the word *doer*; *maker* in the same sense is very common.

A word or two of a kind step-father
I'll have put in; good kings and queens shall buy it.
And if the actions of ill great women,
And of the modern times too, are remember'd,
That have undone their husbands and their families,
What will our story do? It shall be so,
And I will straight about it. [*Exit.*

Jul. Such as love
Goodness for glory, have it for reward;
I love mine for itself. Let Innocence
Be written on my tomb, though ne'er so humble,
'Tis all I am ambitious of. But I
Forget my vows.

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. [*Entering.*] 'Fore me, you are not modest,
Nor is this court-like! Would you take it well,
If she should rudely press into your closet,
When from your several boxes you chuse paint,
To make a this-day's face with?

Jul. What's the matter?

Lucio. Pray know her pleasure first.

Jul. To whom speak you, boy?

Lucio. Your ladyship's pardon.—That proud lady-thief,
That stole away my lord from your embraces,
(Wrinkles at two-and-twenty on her cheeks for't,
Or mercury unallay'd make blisters on it!)
Would force a visit.

Jul. And dare you deny her,
Or any else that I call mine? No more!
Attend her with all reverence and respect:
The want in you of manners, my lord may
Construe in me for malice. I will teach you
How to esteem and love the beauty he dotes on.

Enter MARTIA.

Prepare a banquet.—Madam, thus my duty
Stoops to the favour you vouchsafe your servant,
In honouring her house.
Mart. Is this in scorn?
Jul. No, by the life of Virolet! (Give me leave
To swear by him, as by a saint I worship,
But am to know no further; my heart speaks that.)
My servants have been rude, and this boy, doting
Upon my sorrows, hath forgot his duty:
In which, that you may think I have no share,
Sirrah, upon your knees, desire her pardon.
Lucio. I dare not disobey you. [*Kneels.*
Mart. Pr'ythee, rise:
My anger never looks so low.—I thank you,
And will deserve it; if we may be private——
I came to see and speak with you.
Jul. Be gone. [*Exit* LUCIO.
Good madam, sit.
Mart. I rob you of your place then.
Jul. You have deserved a better, in my bed;
Make use of this too. Now your pleasure, lady.
If in your breast there be a worthy pity,
That brings you for my comfort, you do nobly;
But if you come to triumph in your conquest,
Or tread on my calamities, 'twill wrong
Your other excellencies. Let it suffice,
That you alone enjoy the best of men,
And that I am forsaken.
Mart. He the best?
The scum and shame of mankind!
Jul. Virolet,
Lady?
Mart. Blest in him? I would my youth had chosen

Consuming fevers, bed-rid age,
For my companions, rather than a thing,
To lay whose baseness open would even poison
The tongue that speaks it.
  Jul. Certainly from you
At no part he deserves this: And I'll tell you,
Durst I pretend but the least title to him,
I should not hear this!
  Mart. He's an impudent villain,
Or a malicious wretch,[5] to you ungrateful,
To me beyond expression barbarous.
I more than hate him! From you he deserves
A death most horrid; from me, to die for ever,
And know no end of torments.—Would you have
    comfort?
Would you wash off the stain that sticks upon you,
In being refused? would you redeem your fame,
Shipwreck'd in his base wrongs? If you desire this,
It is not to be done with slavish suffering,
But by a noble anger, making way
To a most brave revenge, we may call justice
Our injuries are equal; join with me then,
And share the honour.
  Jul. I scarce understand you;
And know I shall be most unapt to learn
To hate the man I still must love and honour.

[5] — *He's an* impudent *villain,*
Or a malicious wretch.] I have no doubt we should read,
He's an *impotent* villain.
She calls Virolet in this very scene [act]
—— This base fellow,
This *gelded* fool.
He might be both an impudent villain and a malicious wretch; but Martia ascribes his neglect of her either to his malice or his impotence —*Mason.*
Though I have not ventured to disturb the text, which is not devoid of meaning, I believe Mason is right in his conjecture.

Mart. This foolish dotage in soft-hearted women
Makes proud men insolent: But, take your way;
I'll run another course.

Jul. As you are noble,
Deliver his offence.

Mart. He has denied
The rites due to a wife.

Jul. Oh me most happy!
How largely am I paid for all my sufferings!
Most honest Virolet, thou just performer
Of all thy promises! I call to mind now,
When I was happy in those joys you speak of,
In a chaste bed, and warranted by law too,
He oft would swear, that if he should survive me,
(Which then I knew he wish'd not) never woman
Should taste of his embraces; this one act
Makes me again his debtor.

Mart. And was this
The cause my youth and beauty were contemn'd?
If I sit down here——well!

Jul. I dare thy worst!
Plot what thou canst, my piety shall guard him
Against thy malice. Leave my house, and quickly!
Thou wilt infect these innocent walls. By Virtue,
I will inform him of thy bloody purpose,
And turn it on thine own accursed head;
Believe't I will! [*Exit.*

Mart. But 'tis not in thy power
To hinder what I have decreed against him.
I'll set myself to sale, and live a strumpet,
Forget my birth, my father, and his honour,
Rather than want an instrument to help me
In my revenge.—The captain of the guard!

Enter RONVERE.

Blest Opportunity courts me.

Ronv. Sad and troubled?
How brave her anger shews! How it sets off
Her natural beauty! Under what happy star
Was Virolet born, to be beloved and sought-to,
By two incomparable women?—Noblest lady,
I have heard your wrongs, and pity them; and if
The service of my life could give me hope
To gain your favour, I should be most proud
To be commanded.
Mart. 'Tis in you, my lord,
To make me your glad servant.
Ronv. Name the means.
Mart. 'Tis not preferment, jewels, gold, or courtship:
He that desires to reap the harvest of
My youth and beauty, must begin in blood,
And right my wrongs.
Ronv. I apprehend you, madam,
And rest assured 'tis done: I am provided
Of instruments to fit you. To the king
I'll instantly present you; if I fail,
He shall make good your aims. He's less than man,
That, to atchieve your favour, would not do
Deeds fiends would fear to put their agents to.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Virolet's *House.*

Enter Virolet, *reading.*

Vir. *Quod invitus facis, non est scelus.* 'Tis an axiom.

Now whether willingly I have departed
With that I loved; with that, above her life
Loved me again, crown'd me a happy husband;
Was full of children, her afflictions,
That I begot; that, when our age must perish,
And all our painted frailties turn to ashes,
Then shall they stand and propagate our honours.
Whether this done, and taking to protection
A new strange beauty, 'twas an useful one——
How? to my lust? If it be so, I am sinful,
And guilty of that crime I would fling from me.
Was there not in it this fair course of virtue,
This pious course, to save my friends, my country
That even then had put on a mourning garment,
And wept the desolation of her children,
Her noblest children? Did not she thrust me on,
And to my duty clapt the spur of honour?
Was there a way, without this woman, left me
To bring 'em off? the marrying of this woman?
If not, why am I stung thus? why tormented?
Or, had there been a wild desire join'd with it,
How easily both these, and all their beauties,
Might I have made mine own? Why am I touch'd
thus,
Having perform'd the great redemption
Both of my friends and family? fairly done it,
Without base and lascivious ends? Oh, Heaven,
Why am I still at war thus? why this a mischief,
That Honesty and Honour had propounded,
Ay, and absolved my tender will, and chid me,
Nay, then unwillingly flung me on?

Enter JULIANA *and* LUCIO.

Lucio. He's here, madam;
This is the melancholy walk he lives in,
And chuses ever to increase his sadness.

Jul. Stand by.
Vir. 'Tis she! How I shake now and tremble!
The virtues of that mind are torments to me.
Jul. Sir, if my hated face shall stir your anger,
Or this forbidden path I tread in vex you,
My love and fair obedience left behind me,
Your pardon ask'd I shall return and bless you.
Vir. Pray stay a little! I delight to see you.
May not we yet, though Fortune have divided us,
And set an envious stop between our pleasures,
Look thus one at another? sigh and weep thus?
And read in one another's eyes the legends,
And wonders of our old loves? Be not fearful;
Though you be now a saint, I may adore you!
May I not take this hand, and on it sacrifice
The sorrows of my heart! White seal of virtue!
Jul. My lord, you wrong your wedlock.
Vir. Were she here,
And with her all-severe eyes to behold us,
We might do this; I might name Juliana,
And to the reverence of that name bow thus;
I might sigh Juliana, she was mine once,
But I too weak a guard for that great treasure;
And whilst she has a name, believe me, lady,
This broken heart shall never want a sorrow.
Jul. Forget her, sir; your honour now commands you;
You are another's, keep those griefs for her;
She richly can reward 'em. I would have spoken with you.
Vir. What is your will? for nothing you can ask,
So full of goodness are your words and meanings,
Must be denied: Speak boldly.
Jul. I thank you, sir. I come not
To beg, or flatter, only to be believed;
That I desire: For I shall tell a story,
So far from seeming truth, yet a most true one;

So horrible in nature, and so horrid;[6]
So beyond wickedness, that, when you hear it,
It must appear the practice of another,
The cast and malice of some one you have wrong'd much;
And me you may imagine, me accuse too,
Unless you call to mind my daily sufferings,
The infinite obedience I have borne you,
That hates all name and nature of revenge,
My love, that nothing but my death can sever,
Rather than hers I speak of.

Vir. Juliana,
To make a doubt of what you shall deliver,
After my full experience of your virtues,
Were to distrust a Providence; to think you can lie,
Or, being wrong'd, seek after foul repairings,
To forge a creed against my faith.

Jul. I must do so, for it concerns your life, sir;
And if that word may stir you, hear, and prosper!
I should be dumb else, were not you at stake here.

Vir. What new friend have I found, that dares deliver
This loaden trunk from his afflictions?
What pitying hand, of all that feels my miseries,
Brings such a benefit?

Jul. Be wise and manly;
And with your honour fall, when Heaven shall call you,
Not by a hellish mischief.

Vir. Speak, my blest one!—
How weak and poor I am, now she is from me!

Jul. Your wife——

[6] *So* horrible *in nature, and so* horrid.] This is so wretched and tautological a line, that I cannot think it our author's.—*Sympson.*
We should probably substitute *terrible* for *horrible.*

Vir. How's that?
Jul. Your wife——
Vir. Be tender of her;
I shall believe else——
Jul. I must be true. Your ear, sir!
For 'tis so horrible, if the air catch it,
Into a thousand plagues, a thousand monsters,
It will disperse itself, and fright resistance.
[*Whispers.*
Vir. She seek my life with you? make you her agent?
Another love? Oh, speak but truth!
Jul. Be patient;
Dear as I love you, else I leave you wretched.
Vir. Forward! 'Tis well; it shall be welcome to me!
I have lived too long, numbered too many days,
Yet never found the benefit of living;
Now when I come to reap it with my service,
And hunt for that my youth and honour aim at,
The sun sets on my fortune, red and bloody,
And everlasting night begins to close me:
'Tis time to die.

Enter MARTIA *and* RONVERE.

Jul. She comes herself.
Ronv. Believe, lady,
(And on this angel-hand your servant seals it,)
You shall be mistress of your whole desires,
And what you shall command.
Mart. Ha, minion!
My precious dame, are you there? Nay, go forward,
Make your complaints, and pour out your feign'd pities,

Slave-like to him you serve;[9] I am the same still,
And what I purpose, let the world take witness,
Shall be so finish'd, and to such example,
'Spite of your poor preventions—My dear gentleman!
My honourable man, are you there too?
You and your hot desire? Your mercy, sir!
I had forgot your greatness.

Jul. 'Tis not well, lady.

Mart. Lord, how I hate this fellow now! how desperately
My stomach stands against him! this base fellow,
This gelded fool!

Jul. Did you never hear of modesty?

Mart. Yes, when I heard of you, and so believed it;—
Thou bloodless, brainless fool!

Vir. How!

Mart. Thou despised fool,
Thou only sign of man, how I contemn thee!
Thou woven worthy in a piece of arras,[1]
Fit only to enjoy a wall! thou beast
Beaten to use! Have I preserved a beauty,
A youth, a love, to have my wishes blasted?
My dotings, and the joys I came to offer,
Must they be lost, and slighted by a dormouse?

Jul. Use more respect, and, woman, 'twill become you;
At least, less tongue.

Mart. I'll use all violence;
Let him look for it!

Jul. Dare you stain those beauties,

[9] All the books read, *slave, like to him.*—Sympson.

[1] *Thou woven worthy in a piece of arras.*] The Nine Worthies were a favourite subject for tapestry.

Those heavenly stamps, that raise men up to wonder,
With harsh and crooked motions? Are you she,
That over-did all ages with your honour,
And in a little hour dare lose this triumph?
Is not this man your husband?

Mart. He's my halter!
Which (having sued my pardon) I fling off thus,
And with him all I brought him, but my anger;
Which I will nourish, to the desolation
Not only of his folly, but his friends,
And his whole name!

Vir. 'Tis well! I have deserved it;
And, if I were a woman, I would rail too.

Mart. Nature ne'er promised thee a thing so noble.
Take back your love, your vow; I give it freely;
I poorly scorn it; graze now where you please!
That, that the dulness of thy soul neglected,
Kings sue for now. And mark me, Virolet!
Thou image of a man, observe my words well!
At such a bloody rate I'll sell this beauty,
This handsomeness thou scorn'st and fling'st away,
Thy proud ungrateful life shall shake at! Take your house;
The petty things you left me, give another;
And last, take home your trinket![2] Fare you well, sir!

[2] *Trinket.*] Sympson says, that, by his *trinket*, Martia means the divorce he has procured, but she really means Juliana herself, whom she calls by that contemptuous name. So, in the Sea-Voyage, the Master says, speaking of Aminta,

" —— We have ne'er better luck
When we have such stowage as these *trinkets*."

To desire him to take home a divorce would be a strange expression.—*Mason.*

Add to this, that Virolet is at home during this scene, and Mar-

Ronv. You have spoke like yourself; you're a brave lady!

[*Exeunt* RONVERE *and* MARTIA.

Jul. Why do you smile, sir?

Vir. Oh, my Juliana,
The happiness this woman's scorn has given me
Makes me a man again; proclaims itself,
In such a general joy, through all my miseries,
That now methinks——

Jul. Look to yourself, dear sir,
And trifle not with danger that attends you;
Be joyful, when you're free.

Vir. Did you not hear her?
She gave me back my vow, my love, my freedom;
I am free, free as air! And though to-morrow
Her bloody will meet with my life, and sink it,
And in her execution tear me piecemeal,
Yet have I time once more to meet my wishes,
Once more to embrace my best, my noblest, truest;
And time that's warranted.

Jul. Good sir, forbear it!
Though I confess, equal with your desires
My wishes rise, as covetous of your love,
And to as warm alarums spur my will too:
Yet pardon me; the seal o' th' church dividing us,
And hanging like a threatening flame between us,
We must not meet; I dare not.

Vir. That poor disjointing,
That only strong necessity thrust on you,
Not crime, nor studied cause of mine, how sweetly
And nobly I will bind again and cherish!

tia bids him take Juliana, who had retired to a house [illegible] her own, home to him.

How I will recompence! One dear embrace now,[3]
One free affection! How I burn to meet it!
Look now upon me.
Jul. I behold you willingly,
And willingly would yield, but for my credit.
The love you first had was preserved with honour,
The last shall not cry *whore;* you shall not purchase
From me a pleasure, (that have equally
Loved your fair fame as you,) at such a rate
Your Honesty and Virtue must be bankrupt.
If I had loved your lust, and not your lustre,
The glorious lustre of your matchless goodness,
I would compel you now to bed.[4]—Forgive me,
Forgive me, sir! How fondly still I love you!
Yet nobly too: Make the way straight before me,
And let but holy Hymen once more guide me,
Under the axe, upon the rack again,
Even in the bed of all afflictions,
Where nothing sings our nuptials but dire sorrows,
With all my youth and pleasure I'll embrace you,
Make tyranny and death stand still affrighted,
And at our meeting souls amaze our mischiefs:
Till when, high Heaven defend you, and Peace guide you!
Be wise and manly, make your fate your own,
By being master of a providence
That may controul it.
Vir. Stay a little with me:
My thoughts have chid themselves. May I not kiss you?

[3] *How I will recompence one dear embrace now.*] The pointing of the text was proposed by Mason.

[4] *Would now compel you to* be!] Corrected (for *a correction* we must call it, since the *be!* can be supposed nothing but an erratum) in 1750.—Ed. 1778.

Upon my truth I am honest.
Jul. I believe you;
But yet what that may raise in both our fancies,
What issues such warm parents breed——
Vir. I obey you,
And take my leave as from the saint that keeps me.
I will be right again, and once more happy
In thy unimitable love.
Jul. I'll pray for you;
And when you fall, I have not long to follow.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Court in the Palace.

Enter Duke, Master, Bootswain, and Gunner, at one door; MARTIA *and* RONVERE *at another.*

Duke. Now we have got free credit with the captain—
Mast. Soft, soft! he's here again. Is not that lady—
Or have I lost mine eyes? a salt rheum seizes 'em;
But I should know that face.
Boats. Make him not madder!
Let him forget the woman; steer a-larboard.
Mast. He will not kill her.
Boats. Any thing he meets;
He's like a hornet now, he hums, and buzzes
Nothing but blood and horror.
Master. I would save the lady;
For such another lady——
Boats. There's the point;

And you know there want women of her mettle.

Master. 'Tis true; they bring such children now, such demi-lances,
Their father's socks will make them christning clothes.

Gun. No more! they view us.

Duke. You shall play awhile,
And sun yourself in this felicity,
You shall, you glorious whore! I know you still.
But I shall pick an hour when most securely—
I say no more.

Ronv. Do you see those? those are they
Shall act your will.—Come hither, my good fellows!
You are now the king's.—Are they not goodly fellows?

Mart. They have bone enough, if they have stout heart to it.

Master. Still the old wench!

Duke. Pray, captain, let me ask you
What noble lady's that? 'Tis a rude question;
But I desire to know.

Ronv. She's for the king, sir;
Let that suffice for answer.

Duke. Is she so, sir? [*Aside.*
In good time may she curse it! Must I
Breed hacknies for his grace?

Ronv. What would'st thou do
To merit such a lady's favour——

Duke. Any thing.

Ronv. That can supply thy wants, and raise thy fortunes?

Duke. Let her command, and see what I dare execute:
I keep my conscience here. If any man
Oppose her will, and she would have him humbled,
Whole families between her and her wishes——

Master. We have seen bleeding throats, sir, cities sack'd,
And infants stuck upon their pikes [5]——
Boats. Houses on fire, and handsome mothers weeping.
Duke. Which we have heap'd upon the pile like sacrifices.
Churches and altars, priests, and all devotions, [6]
Tumbled together into one rude chaos.
Gun. We know no fear, sir, but want of employment.
Duke. Nor other faith but what our purses preach.
To gain our ends we can do any thing,
And turn our souls into a thousand figures;
But when we come to do——
Mart. I like these fellows.
Ronv. Be ready and wait here! Within this hour
I'll shew you to the king, and he shall like ye:
And if you can devise some entertainment
To fill his mirth, such as your country uses,
Present it, and I'll see it graced.
After this comic scene we shall employ you;
For one must die.
Duke. What is he, sir? Speak boldly!
For we dare boldly do.
Ronv. This lady's husband;
His name is Virolet.
Duke. We shall dispatch it.
[*Exeunt* MARTIA *and* RONVERE.

[5] *And infants stuck upon* their *pikes.*] If I may be allowed liberty, I would propose reading either

"—— *upon* these, *or* the, *or* our *pikes.*"—*Sympson.*

[6] *Priests and all* devotions.] *Devotions* here means the same as *devoted* or holy things.—*Sympson.*

Oh, damned, damned thing! A base whore first,
And then a murderer! I'll look to you.

Boats. Can she be grown so strange?

Duke. She has an itch;
I'll scratch you, my dear daughter, I'll so claw you!
I'll curry your hot hide! Married and honour'd?
And turn those holy blessings into brothels?
Your beauty into blood? I'll hunt your hotness,
I'll hunt you like a train!

Master. We did all pity her.

Duke. Hang her! She is not worth man's memory;
She's false and base, and let her fright all stories.—
Well, though thou be'st mine enemy, I'll right thee,
And right thee nobly.

Boats. 'Faith, sir, since she must go,
Let's spare as few as may be.

Duke. We'll take all,
And like a torrent sweep the slaves before us.
You dare endure the worst?

Master. You know our hearts, sir;
And they shall bleed the last, ere we start from you.

Gun. We can but die; and ere we come to that,
We shall pick out some few examples for us.

Duke. Then wait the first occasion; and, like Curtius,
I'll leap the gulph before you, fearless leap it:
Then follow me like men! And if our virtues
May buoy our country up, and set her shining
In her first state, our fair revenges taken,
We have our noble ends, or else our ashes.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace, with a Gallery.

Enter Ascanio *and* Martia *above.*

Mart. As you are noble, keep me from discovery,
And let me only run a stranger's fortune!
For when the king shall find I am his daughter
He ever holds most ominous, and hates most,
With what eyes can he look, how entertain me,
But with his fears and cruelties?
Asc. I have found you;
Suspect not! I am bound to what you like best:
What you intend, I dare not be so curious
To question now; and what you are lies hid here.

Enter Ferrand *and* Ronvere *above.*

The king comes. Make your fortune; I shall joy in't.
Ronv. All things are ready, sir, to make you merry;
And such a king! you shall behold him now.
Fer. I long for't,
For I have need of mirth.
Ronv. The lady, sir!
Fer. Now, as I am a king, a sprightly beauty,
A goodly sweet aspect! My thanks, Ronvere,
My best thanks!—On your lips I seal your wishes;

Be what you can imagine, mine, and happy.
And now, sit down and smile. Come, my Ascanio,
And let this monarch enter.

Enter Duke, Master, Boatswain, Gunner, and Sailors.

Ronv. These are the Switzers,
I told your grace of.
Fer. Goodly promising fellows,
With faces to keep fools in awe! I like 'em.—
Go guard the presence well, and do your duties;
To-morrow I shall take a further view.
Duke. You shall, sir, [*Aside.*
Or I shall lose my will. How the whore's mounted!
How she sits throned! Thou blazing muddy meteor,
That fright'st the under world with lustful flashes,
How I shall dash thy flames! Away; no word more!
[*Exeunt Duke and his company. Flourish cornets.*

Enter CASTRUCCIO *in royal robes,* VILLIO, *Doctor, and a Guard.*

Fer. Now, here he comes in glory. Be merry, masters!
A banquet too? [*Meat brought in.*
Ronv. Oh, he must sit in state, sir!
Asc. How rarely he is usher'd! Can he think now
He is a king indeed?
Ronv. Mark but his countenance.
Cast. Let me have pleasures infinite, and to the height;
And women in abundance, many women!

Enter Ladies.

I will disport my grace; stand there, and long for me!
What have ye brought me here? Is this a feast
Fit for a prince? a mighty prince? Are these things,
These preparations, ha?

Doctor. May it please your grace——

Cast. It does not please my grace! Where are the marchpanes,
The custards double-royal, and the subtilties?
Why, what weak things are you to serve a prince thus?
Where be the delicates o' th' earth and air?
The hidden secrets of the sea? Am I a plough-man,
You pop me up with porridge? Hang the cooks!

Fet. Oh, most kingly!
What a majestic anger!

Cast. Give me some wine.

Asc. He cools again now.

Cast. Fool, where are my players?
Let me have all in pomp! Let 'em play some love-matter,
To make the ladies itch! I'll be with you anon, ladies!
You black eyes, I'll be with you!—Give me some wine, I say;
And let me have a masque of cuckolds enter,
Of mine own cuckolds;
And let them come in, peeping and rejoicing,
Just as I kiss their wives, and somewhat glorying.
Some wine, I say! Then, for an excellent night-piece,
To shew my glory to my loves and minions,
I will have some great castle burnt.

Villio. Hark you, brother!

If that be to please these ladies, ten to one
The fire first takes upon your own; look to that!
Then you may shew a night-piece.

Cast. Where's this wine?
Why, shall I choke? Do ye long all to be tortured?

Doctor. Here, sir.

Cast. [*Tastes.*] Why, what is this? Why, Doctor!

Doctor. Wine and water, sir.
'Tis sovereign for your heat; you must endure it.

Villio. Most excellent to cool your night-piece, sir.

Doctor. You are of a high and choleric complexion,[7]
And you must have allays.

Cast. Shall I have no sheer wine then?

Doctor. Not for a world: I tender your dear life, sir;
And he's no faithful subject——

Villio. No, by no means:
Of this you may drink, and never hang nor quarter,
Nor never whip the fool; this liquor's merciful.

Cast. I will sit down and eat then: Kings, when they are hungry,
May eat, I hope?

Doctor. Yes, but they eat discreetly.

Cast. Come, taste this dish, and cut me liberally;
I like sauce well.

Doctor. Fy, 'tis too hot, sir;
Too deeply season'd with the spice; away with't!
You must acquaint your stomach with those diets
Are temperately nourishing.

[*The meat is taken away.*

Cast. But pray stay, doctor,
And let me have my meat again.

[7] *You're of a high,* &c.] The humour of this scene is borrowed from one of the like kind in Don Quixote.—*Reed.*

Doctor. By no means:
I have a charge concerns my life.
Cast. No meat neither?
Do kings never eat, doctor?
Doctor. Very little, sir,
And that too very choice.
Villio. Your king never sleeps, brother;
He must not sleep, his cares still keep him waking:
Now he that eats and drinks much is a dormouse;
The third part of a wafer is a week's diet.
Cast. Appoint me something then.
Doctor. There!
Cast. This I feel good,
But it melts too suddenly; yet—how! that gone too? [*Taken away*.
Ye are not mad! I charge you——
Doctor. For your health, sir;
A little quickens nature, much depresses.
Cast. Eat nothing, for my health? that's a new diet.
Let me have something! something has some savour!
Why, thou uncourteous doctor, shall I hang thee?
Doctor. 'Tis better, sir, than I should let you surfeit:
My death were nothing.
Villio. To lose a king were terrible.
Cast. Nay, then I'll carve myself; I'll stay no ceremonies.
This is a partridge-pie; I am sure that's nourishing,
Or Galen is an ass. 'Tis rarely season'd!
Ha, doctor, have I hit right? a mark, a mark there!
Villio. What ails thy grace? [*Taken away*.
Cast. Retrieve those partridges;
Or, as I am a king——
Doctor. Pray, sir, be patient;

They are flown too far.
Villio. These are breathed pies, an't please you,
And your hawks are such buzzards——
Cast. A king, and have nothing,
Nor can have nothing?
Villio What think you of pudding?
A pudding royal?
Cast. To be royally starved!
Whip me this fool to death! he is a blockhead.
Villio. Let 'em think they whip me, as we think you a king;
'Twill be enough. [*Servants remove the table.*
Cast. As for you, dainty doctor—The table taken away?[8]
All gone, all snatch'd away, and I unsatisfied,
Without my wits,[9] being a king and hungry?
Suffer but this thy treason? I tell thee, doctor,
I tell it thee in earnest, and in anger,
I am damnably hungry, my very grace is hungry.[1]

[8] *The table taken away.*] These words have hitherto been printed as part of the text. There can be no doubt, we think, of their being merely a stage-direction.—Ed. 1778.

I see no reason why Castruccio should not make such an exclamation.

[9] *Without my* wits.] Sympson reads *will* instead of *wits*; but when a man is unsatisfied, it is always without his will. I, therefore, prefer the present reading. The thought of his being king, and yet to suffer hunger, was enough to put him out of his wits. —*Mason.*

[1] *I'm damnably hungry, my* very grace is hungry.] A slight transposition will set this place right.

"*My grace is very hungry*"——

To which answers Villio, right enough,

"*A hungry grace is* fittest to no meal."—*Sympson.*

There is no occasion to vary the text, the present reading being, as Mason observes, "more pompous and humorous."

Villio. A hungry grace is fittest to no meal, sir.
Doctor. Some two hours hence you shall see more: But still, sir,
You must retain a strict and excellent diet.
Villio. It sharpens you, and makes your wit so poignant,
Your very words will kill.
Doctor. A bit of marmalade,
No bigger than a pease——
Villio. And that well butter'd,
The air thrice purified, and three times spirited,
Becomes a king: Your rare conserve of nothing
Breeds no offence.
Cast. Am I turn'd king camelion,
And keep my court i' th' air?——
Fer. They vex him cruelly.
Asc. In two days more they'll starve him.
Fer. Now the women!
There's no food left but they.
Asc. They'll prove small nourishment;
Yet he has another stomach, and a great one,
I see by his eye.——
Cast. I'll have mine own power here,
Mine own authority; I need no tutor.
Doctor, this is no diet.
Doctor. It may be, sir.
Villio. By'r lady, it may turn to a dry diet;
And how thy grace will ward that——
Cast. Stand off, doctor!
And talk to those that want faith.
Fer. Hot and mighty.
Asc. He will cool apace, no doubt.

Cast. Fair, plump, and red,
A forehead high, an eye revives the dead;
A lip like ripest fruit, inviting still.
Vil. But oh, the rushy well, below the hill!

Take heed of that, for though it never fail!
Take heed, I say, for thereby hangs a tale.

Cast. I'll get ye all with child!
Vil. With one child, brother?
So many men in a blue coat?[2]
Cast. Had I fed well,
And drunk good store of wine, ye had been blest all,
Blest all with double births. Come, kiss me greedily!
And think no more upon your foolish husbands;
They are transitory things; a king's flame meets you![3]
Doct. Vanish away! [*Exeunt Women.*
Cast. How! they gone too? My guard there!
Take me this devil doctor, and that fool there,
And sow 'em in a sack! Bring back the women,
The lovely women! Drown these rogues, or hang 'em!
Asc. He is in earnest, sir.
Fer. In serious earnest.
I must needs take him off.

[2] *With one child, brother?
So many men in a* blue coat?] This, which is a very obscure expression, is entirely left without comment by all former editors. The dress of servants, in the time of our authors, was almost universally blue, and Villio taking up the expression of Castruccio, (who was a court retainer) "I'll get ye all with child!" exclaims, "What, will you beget one child upon so many women? Will you produce so many male children in one blue coat, the badge of serving men?"—The joke is a poor one, and badly expressed; but I believe it will bear no other explanation.

[3] *A king's* fame *meets you.*] The reader is left to interpret *fame* here in what sense he pleases; but I rather think that *flame* is the true reading; the mistaking of one for the other was easy, and so probably gave occasion to this slight corruption.—*Sympson.*

Enter Duke, Master, Boatswain, Gunner, and Sailors.

Duke. Now, now be free!
Now liberty! now, countrymen, shake from ye
The tyrant's yoke!
All. Liberty, liberty, liberty!
Guard. Treason, treason, treason!
Fer. We are betray'd! Fly to the town, cry treason,
And raise our faithful friends! Oh, my Ascanio!
Asc. Make haste! we have way enough.
Guard. Treason, treason!
[*Exeunt* FERRAND, ASCANIO, MARTIA, *and Guard.*
Duke. Spare none! put all to th' sword!—A vengeance shake thee!
Art thou turn'd king again?
Cast. I am a rascal:
Spare me but this time, if ever I see king more,
Or once believe in king——
Duke. The ports are ours,
The treasure and the port. Fight bravely, gentlemen!
Cry to the town, cry "Liberty and Honour!"
[*Exit Boatswain, crying Liberty and Freedom.*
Waken their persecuted souls; cry loudly!
We'll share the wealth among ye.
Cast. Do you hear, captain?
If ever you hear me name a king——
Duke. You shall not.
Cast. Or, though I live under one, obey him—
Gun. This rogue again?
Duke. Away with him, good Gunner.
Cast. Why, look ye, sir; I'll put you to no charge;
I'll never eat.

Gun. I'll take a course you shall not.
Come, no more words.
Cast. Say nothing when you kill me.

Enter Boatswain.

Boats. He's taken to the tower's strength.[4]
Duke. Now stand sure, gentlemen!
We have him in a pen, he cannot 'scape us;
The rest o' th' castle's ours.
Within. "Liberty, liberty!"
Duke. What, is the city up?
Boats. They are up and glorious,
And rolling like a storm they come; their tents
Ring nothing but "Liberty and Freedom!"
The women are in arms too.
Duke. Let 'em come all.
Honour and liberty!
All. Honour and liberty! [*Exeunt.*

[4] *Duke* He's taken to the tower's strength:
Now stand sure, gentlemen,
We have him in a pen, he cannot 'scape us,
The rest o' th' castle's ours; liberty, liberty!
What, is the city up?] This strange jumble has hitherto been printed as one speech, and given to the *Duke*. Sympson recommends giving the first line to the *Boatswain*: And surely the words *Liberty, liberty!* in the fourth line, are an exclamation *within*.—Ed. 1778.

SCENE II.

A Room in Virolet's *House.*

Enter JULIANA.

Jul. This woman's threats, her eyes, even red with fury,
Which, like prodigious meteors, foretold
Assured destruction, are still before me.
Besides, I know such natures unacquainted
With any mean, or in their love, or hatred;
And she that dared all dangers to possess him,
Will check at nothing, to revenge the loss
Of what she held so dear. I first discover'd
Her bloody purposes, which she made good,
And openly profess'd 'em: That in me
Was but a cold affection; charity
Commands so much to all; for Virolet,
Methinks, I should forget my sex's weakness,
Rise up, and dare beyond a woman's strength;
Then do, not counsel. He is too secure;
And, in my judgment, 'twere a greater service
To free him from a deadly enemy,
Than to get him a friend. I undertook too
To cross her plots; opposed my piety
Against her malice; and shall virtue suffer?
No, Martia; wert thou here equally arm'd,
I have a cause, 'spite of thy masculine breeding,

That would assure the victory. My angel
Direct and help me!

Enter VIROLET, *habited like* RONVERE. JULIANA *stands apart.*

Vir. The state in combustion,
Part of the citadel forced, the treasure seized on;
The guards, corrupted, arm themselves against
Their late protected master; Ferrand fled too,
And with small strength, into the castle's tower,
The only Aventine that now is left him?
And yet the undertakers, nay, performers,
Of such a brave and glorious enterprise,
Are yet unknown: They did proceed like men,
I like a child; and had I never trusted
So deep a practice unto shallow fools,
Besides my soul's peace in my Juliana,
The honour of this action had been mine,
In which, accursed, I now can claim no share.
Jul. Ronvere; 'tis he; a thing, next to the devil,
I most detest, and like him terrible;
Martia's right-hand; the instrument, I fear too,
That is to put her bloody will into act.
Have I not will enough, and cause too mighty?
Weak women's fear, fly from me!
Vir. Sure this habit,
This likeness to Ronvere, which I have studied,
Either admits me safe to my design,
Which I too cowardly have halted after,
And suffer'd to be ravish'd from my glory,
Or sinks me and my miseries together;
Either concludes me happy.
Jul. He stands musing;
Some mischief is now hatching:
In the full meditation of his wickedness,

I'll sink his cursed soul.[5] Guide my hand, Heaven,
And to my tender arm give strength and fortune,
That I may do a pious deed, all ages
Shall bless my name for, all remembrance crown
me!

Vir. It shall be so.

Jul. It shall not! Take that token, [*Stabs him.*
And bear it to the lustful arms of Martia!
Tell her, for Virolet's dear sake, I sent it.

Vir. Oh, I am happy! let me see thee, that I
May bless the hand that gave me liberty!
Oh, courteous hand! Nay, thou hast done most
nobly,
And Heaven has guided thee; 'twas their great
justice.
Oh, blessed wound, that I could come to kiss thee!
How beautiful and sweet thou shew'st!

Jul. Oh!

Vir. Sigh not,
Nor weep not, dear! shed not those sovereign bal-
sams
Into my blood, which must recover me;
Then I shall live, again to do a mischief
Against the mightiness of love and virtue.
Some base unhallow'd hand shall rob thy right of—
Help me; I faint. So.

Jul. Oh, unhappy wench!

[5] *In the full meditation of his wickedness,*
I'll sink his cursed soul.] This is one of the numerous instances in old plays where this malicious sentiment is used. It occurs in Hamlet, (Reed's Shakspeare, XVIII. 231,) and the editors have quoted in their notes similar passages from Webster's White Devil, from the Honest Lawyer by S. S., from Machin's Dumb Knight, and from our authors' Four Plays in One. They might have quoted the passage in the text, and another in Ford's tragedy, 'Tis Pity She's a Whore.

How has my zeal abused me! You that guard virtue,
Were ye asleep? or do ye laugh at innocence,
You suffer'd this mistake? Oh, my dear Virolet!
An everlasting curse follow that form
I struck thee in! his name be ever blasted!
For his accursed shadow has betray'd
The sweetness of all youth, the nobleness,
The honour, and the valour; wither'd for ever
The beauty and the bravery of all mankind!
Oh, my dull devil's eyes!

Vir. I do forgive you; [*Kisses her.*
By this, and this, I do. I know you were cozen'd;
The shadow of Ronvere I know you aim'd at,
And not at me; but 'twas most necessary
I should be struck; some hand above directed you,
For Juliana could not shew her justice,
Without depriving high Heaven of his glory,
On any subject fit for her,[6] but Virolet.
Forgive me too, and take my last breath, sweet one!
This the new marriage[7] of our souls together.
Think of me, Juliana; but not often,
For fear my faults should burthen your affections.
Pray for me, for I faint.

Jul. Oh, stay a little,
A little, little, sir! [*Offers to kill herself.*

Vir. Fy, Juliana!

Jul. Shall I out-live the virtue I have murder'd?

Vir. Hold, or thou hat'st my peace! Give me the dagger;
On your obedience, and your love, deliver it!
If you do thus, we shall not meet in Heaven, sweet;

[6] Or *any subject.*] Amended by Sympson.

[7] This *the new marriage.*] Sympson says, we should certainly read *'tis* for *this*, "or the sentence will be as much nonsensical as elliptical." *This*, for *this is*, is a common ellipsis, and by no means nonsensical.—Ed. 1778.

No guilty blood comes there: Kill your intentions,
And then you conquer. There, where I am going,
Would you not meet me, dear?
Jul. Yes.
Vir. And still love me?
Jul. And still behold you.
Vir. Live then, till Heaven calls you:
Then, ripe and full of sweetness, you rise sainted;
Then I, that went before you to prepare,
Shall meet and welcome you, and daily court you,
With hymns of holy love.[8] God! I go out!
Give me your hand. Farewell! in peace, farewell!
Remember me! farewell! [*Dies.*
Jul. Sleep you,[9] sweet glasses!
An everlasting slumber crown those crystals!

[8] *With hymns of holy love——I go out:*] The colon at the end of the line seems greatly to injure the sense of this passage, as the — to have swallowed up a word which is requisite to complete both that and the measure: I imagine we should fill up and point thus,

> *With hymns of holy love——'fore I go out*
> *Give me your hand;* &c.

The judicious reader will easily see the reason of both.—*Sympson.*

We rather imagine "the judicious reader" will see no reason for *either.*—The ideal delicacy of the first editors of several of our authors' plays induced them to place an *hiatus* for many words at which no real delicacy could receive the least shock; and, in the present instance, as in multitudes of others, we have no doubt but *Gods* was the original word for which an *hiatus* is here substituted. This reading appears much more spirited than Sympson's.—Ed. 1778. The delicacy is not to be ascribed to the editors of the old copies, but to the licensers of the stage and the press. I have preferred varying the word introduced by the last editors.

[9] *Sleep you,* &c.] This passion of Juliana calls for, and deserves our highest admiration: 'tis drawn with so masterly an hand, that a person must be endued with a very small share of taste not to be touched at the reading of it: Our poets' style, in the pathetic, appears sufficiently plain through the body of their plays, but here

All my delight, adieu! farewell, dear Virolet,
Dear, dear, most dear! Oh, I can weep no more;
My body now is fire, and all-consuming.
Here will I sit, forget the world and all things,
And only wait what Heaven shall turn me to;
For now methinks I should not live.
[*She sits down.*

Enter PANDULPHO *with a book.*

Pand. Oh, my sweet daughter,
The work is finish'd now I promised thee:
Here are thy virtues shew'd, here register'd,
And here shall live for ever.
Jul. Blot it, burn it!
I have no virtue; hateful I am as hell is!
Pand. Is not this Virolet?
Jul. Ask no more questions!
Mistaking him, I kill'd him.
Pand. Oh, my son!
Nature turns to my heart again. My dear son!
Son of my age! wouldst thou go out so quickly?
So poorly take thy leave, and never see me?
Was this a kind stroke, daughter? Could you love him,
Honour his father, and so deadly strike him?
Oh, wither'd timeless youth! are all thy promises,
Thy goodly growth of honours, come to this?
Do I halt still i' th' world, and trouble Nature,
When her main pieces founder, and fail daily?

Enter LUCIO *and three Servants.*

Lucio. He does weep certain. What body's that lies by him?

it flames out, and perhaps has not its superior in any part of their master Shakspeare's compositions.—*Sympson.*

How do you, sir?
Pand. Oh, look there, Lucio,
Thy master, thy best master!
Lucio. Woe is me!
They have kill'd him; slain him basely! Oh, my master!
Pand. Well, daughter, well! what heart you had to do this!
I know he did you wrong; but 'twas his fortune,
And not his fault: For my sake, that have loved you—
But I see now you scorn me too.
Lucio. Oh, mistress!
Can you sit there, and his cold body breathless?
Basely upon the earth?
Pand. Let her alone, boy:
She glories in his end.
Lucio. You shall not sit here,
And suffer him you loved—Ha! good sir, come hither,
Come hither quickly! heave her up! Oh, Heaven, sir!
Oh, God, my heart! she's cold, cold, cold, and stiff too.
Stiff as a stake; she's dead!
Pand. She's gone; ne'er bend her:[1]
I know her heart, she could not want his company.
Blessing go with thy soul! sweet angels shadow it!
Oh, that I were the third now! what a happiness!
But I must live, to see you laid in earth both;
Then build a chapel to your memories,
Where all my wealth shall fashion out your stories;

[1] *Ne'er* bend *her.*] This expression is explained by our authors in the Maid's Tragedy:

> " *I have heard, if there be any life, but bow*
> *The body thus, and it will shew itself.*"—Ed. 1778.

Then dig a little grave besides, and all's done.
How sweet she looks! her eyes are open smiling;
I thought she had been alive. You are my charge, sir;
And amongst you I'll see his goods distributed.
[*To the Servants.*
Take up the bodies; mourn in heart, my friends;
You have lost two noble succours. Follow me;
And thou, sad country, weep this misery!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An open Place in the City before the Citadel.

Enter Duke, Boatswain, Master, Gunner, Citizens, with Soldiers.[a]

Duke. Keep the ports strongly mann'd, and let none enter,
But such as are known patriots.
All. Liberty, liberty!
Duke. 'Tis a substantial thing, and not a word,
You men of Naples; which, if once taken from us,
All other blessings leave us; 'tis a jewel
Worth purchasing at the dear rate of life,
And so to be defended. Oh, remember
What you have suffer'd, since you parted with it;
And if again you wish not to be slaves,

[a] The old stage-direction (no doubt from the prompter's book) has it, "Soldiers *as many as may be.*"

And properties to Ferrand's pride and lust,
Take noble courage, and make perfect what
Is happily begun.

1 *Cit.* Our great preserver!
You have enfranchised us from wretched bondage.

2 *Cit.* An't might be known, to whom we owe our freedom,
We to the death would follow him.

3 *Cit.* Make him king,
The tyrant once removed.

Duke. That's not my end:
'Twas not ambition that brought me hither,
With these my faithful friends, nor hope of spoil.
For when we did possess the tyrant's treasure,
By force extorted from you, and employ'd
To load you with most miserable thraldom,
We did not make it ours; but with it purchased
The help of these, to get you liberty,
That for the same price kept you in subjection.
Nor are we Switzers, worthy countrymen,
But Neapolitans. Now eye me well;
[*Throws off his disguise.*
And though the reverend emblems of mine age
(My silver locks) are shorn, my beard cut off,[3]

[3] ——— *my beard* cut off,
Partaking yet of an adulterate colour.] This is a glaring contradiction indeed, for if his beard was cut off, the colour of it could not possibly be adulterate: If we do but remember what we are told of this duke's having his beard run into *a peak of twenty*, we may read the passage thus with Mr Seward,

——— *my beard* cut sharp;

Or, as I think, nearer the traces of the letters thus,

——— *my beard* cut half.

'Tis well known that dying of beards was a frequent custom in our poets' time.—*Sympson.*

Partaking yet of an adulterate colour;
Though fourteen years you have not seen this face,
You may remember it, and call to mind
There was a Duke of Sesse, a much-wrong'd prince,
Wrong'd by this tyrant Ferrand.

1 *Cit.* Now I know him.

2 *Cit.* 'Tis he. Long live the Duke of Sesse!

Duke. I thank you.
The injuries I received, I must confess,
Made me forget the love I owed this country,
For which, I hope, I have given satisfaction,
In being the first that stirr'd to give it freedom;
And with your loves and furtherance, will call back
Long-banish'd Peace, and Plenty to this people.

2 *Cit.* Lead where you please, we'll follow.

1 *Cit.* Dare all dangers.

Enter PANDULPHO, *the bodies of* VIROLET *and* JULIANA *upon a hearse.*

Duke. What solemn funeral's this?

Pand. There rest a while,
And if't be possible there can be added
Wings to your swift desire of just revenge,
Hear (if my tears will give way to my words)
In brief a most sad story.

Duke. Speak, what are they?
I know thee well, Pandulpho.

Pand. My best lord!
As far as sorrow will give leave, most welcome!
This Virolet was, and but a son of mine,

The duke's meaning (more familiarly than accurately expressed) is, "Though my beard is DIMINISHED, and in colour adulterated, to hide my age, yet you may remember," &c.—Ed. 1778.

I might say, the most hopeful of our gentry;
And, though unfortunate, never ignoble:
But I'll speak him no further. Look on this,
This face, that in a savage would move pity,
The wonder of her sex! and having said
'Tis Juliana, Eloquence will want words
To set out her deservings. This bless'd lady,
That did endure the rack to save her husband,
That husband, who, in being forced to leave her,
Endured a thousand tortures; by what practice
I know not, (but 'twas sure a cunning one)
Are made, the last I hope, but sad examples,
Of Ferrand's tyranny.—
Convey the bodies hence!
Duke. Express your sorrow
In your revenge, not tears, my worthy soldiers!
That fertile earth, that teem'd so many children
To feed his cruelty, in her wounded womb
Can hardly now receive 'em.
Boats. We are cold;
Cold walls shall not keep him from us!
Gun. Were he cover'd
With mountains, and room only for a bullet
To be sent level at him, I would speed him.
Master. Let's scale this petty tower! At sea we are falcons,
And fly unto the main-top in a moment:
What then can stop us here?
1 *Cit.* We'll tear him piece-meal!
2 *Cit.* Or eat a passage to him!
Duke. Let discretion
Direct your anger: That's a victory,
Which is got with least loss; let us make ours such!
And therefore, friends, while we hold parley here,
Raise your scalado on the other side;
But, enter'd, wreak your sufferings.

1 *Cit.* In our wrongs,

[*Exeunt Sailors and Soldiers.*

There was no mean——

2 *Cit.* Nor in our full revenge
Will we know any.

Duke. Be appeased, good man!

[*To* PANDULPHO.

No sorrow can redeem them from Death's prison;
What his inevitable hand hath seized on,
The world cannot recover. All the comfort
That I can give to you, is to see vengeance
Pour'd dreadfully upon the author's head,
Of which their ashes may be sensible,
That have fallen by him. [*Sound a parley.*

Enter FERRAND, MARTIA, ASCANIO, *and* RONVERE *on the ramparts of the citadel.*

Pand. They appear.

Fer. 'Tis not that we esteem rebellious traitors
Worthy an answer to their proudest summons,
That we vouchsafe our presence, or to exchange
One syllable with 'em; but to let such know,
Though circled round with treason, all points bent
As to their centre at my heart, 'tis free,
Free from fear, villains; and in this weak tower
Ferrand commands as absolute as when
He trod upon your necks, and as much scorns you.
And when the sun of majesty shall break through
The clouds of your rebellion, every beam,
Instead of comfortable heat, shall send
Consuming plagues among you, and you call
That government which you term'd *tyrannous,*
Hereafter, *gentle.*

Duke. Flatter not thyself
With these deluding hopes, thou cruel beast!
Thou art i' th' toil, and the glad huntsman prouder,

By whom thou art taken, of his prey, than if
(Like thee) he should command, and spoil his forest.
Fer. What art thou?
Duke. To thy horror, Duke of Sesse.
Fer. The devil!
Duke. Reserved for thy damnation.
Fer. Why shakes my love?
Mart. Oh, I am lost for ever!
Mountains divide me from him! some kind hand
Prevent our fearful meeting! or lead me
To the steep rock, whose rugged brows are bent
Upon the swelling main; there let me hide me:
And as our bodies then shall be divided,
May our souls never meet!
Fer. Whence grows this, sweetest?
Mart. There are a thousand furies in his looks;
And in his deadly silence more loud horror,
Than when in hell the tortured and tormentors
Contend whose shrieks are greater. Wretched me!
It is my father.
Duke. Yes, and I will own her, sir,
Till my revenge. It is my daughter, Ferrand,
My daughter thou hast whored.
Fer. I triumph in it!
To know she's thine, affords me more true pleasure
Than the act gave me, when even at the height,
I crack'd her virgin zone. Her shame dwell on thee,
And all thy family! May they never know
A female issue, but a whore!—Ascanio,
Ronvere, look cheerfully; be thou a man too,
And learn of me to die! That we might fall,
And in our ruins swallow up this kingdom,
Nay, the whole world, and make a second chaos!
And if from thence a new beginning rise,
Be it recorded this did end with us,
And from our dust hath embrion!

Ronv. I lived with you,
And will die with you; your example makes me
Equally bold.
Asc. And I resolved to bear
Whate'er my fate appoints me.
Duke. They are ours:
Now to the spoil!
Boats. Pity the lady; to all else be deaf.
[*Exeunt.*
Within. Kill, kill, kill!
[*Alarum, flourish trumpets, retreat.*

Re-enter Duke, with FERRAND'S *head; the Citizens, Master, Boatswain, Gunner, Soldiers bringing in* ASCANIO *and* MARTIA.

Duke. Cruel beginnings meet with cruel ends;
And the best sacrifice to Heaven for peace
Is tyrant's blood, and those that stuck fast to him,
Flesh'd instruments in his commands to mischief,
With him dispatch'd.
Boats. They are all cut off.
Duke. 'Tis well.
All. Thanks to the Duke of Sesse!
Duke. Pay that to Heaven,
And for a general joy give general thanks;
For blessings ne'er descend from Heaven, but when
A grateful sacrifice ascends from men.
To your devotion! leave me: There's a scene
Which I would act alone. Yet you may stay;
For wanting just spectators, 'twill be nothing.
The rest forbear me!
Cit. Liberty, liberty, liberty!
Mart. I would I were as far beneath the centre,
As now I stand above it. How I tremble!
Thrice happy they that died! I dying live

To stand the whirlwind of a father's fury.
Now it moves toward me.

Duke. Thou—I want a name
By which to style thee: All articulate sounds
That do express the mischief of vile woman,
That are, or have been, or shall be, are weak
To speak thee to the height. Witch! Parricide!
For thou, in taking leave of modesty,
Hast kill'd thy father, and his honour lost;
He's but a walking shadow to torment thee.
To leave and rob thy father, then set free
His foes, whose slavery he did prefer
Above all treasure, was a strong defeazance,
To cut off even the surest bonds of mercy;
After all this, (having given up thyself,
Like to a sensual beast, a slave to lust)
To play the whore, and then (high Heaven, it racks
me!)
To find out none to quench thy appetite
But the most cruel king, whom next to hell
Thy father hated, and whose black embraces
Thou shouldst have fled from, as the whips of furies!
What canst thou look for?

Mart. Death! and 'tis not in you
To hurt me further. My old resolution,
Take now the place of fear! In this I lived,
In this I'll die, your daughter.

Enter PANDULPHO, *and the bodies borne on the hearse.*

Pand. Look but here!
You had, I know, a guilty hand in this;
Repent it, lady.

Mart. Juliana dead?
And Virolet?

Pand. By her unwilling hand.
Mart. Fates, you are equal!—What can now fall on me,
That I will shrink at? Now unmoved I dare
Look on your anger, and not bend a knee
To ask your pardon: Let your rage run higher
Than billows raised up by a violent tempest,
And be, as that is, deaf to all entreaties!
They are dead, and I prepared; for in their fall
All my desires are summ'd up.
Duke. Impudent too?
Die in it, wretch! [*Offers to kill her.*
Boats. Stay, sir! [*Boatswain kills her.*
Duke. How darest thou, villain,
Snatch from my sword the honour of my justice?
Boats. I never did you better service, sir;
Yet have been ever faithful. I confess
That she deserved to die; but by whose hand?
Not by a father's. Double all her guilt,
It could not make you innocent, had you done it:
In me 'tis murder, in you 'twere a crime
Heaven could not pardon. Witness that I love you!
And in that love I did it.
Duke. Thou art noble;
I thank thee for't. The thought of her die with her!
Asc. My turn is next; since she could find no mercy,
What am I to expect?
Cit. With one voice, sir,
The citizens salute you with the style
Of King of Naples.
Duke. I must be excused;
The burden is too heavy for my shoulders;
Bestow it where 'tis due.—Stand forth, Ascanio!
It does belong to you; live long and wear it:
And, warn'd by the example of your uncle,

Learn that you are to govern men, not beasts;
And that it is a most improvident head,
That strives to hurt the limbs that do support it!
Give burial to the dead. For me, and mine,
We will again to sea, and never know
The place, which in my birth first gave me woe.
[*Flourish of trumpets. Exeunt.*

A

WIFE FOR A MONTH.

BY

JOHN FLETCHER.

A

WIFE FOR A MONTH.

THIS Tragi-Comedy, which, like the other plays in this volume, was first printed by the players in 1647, was the sole production of Fletcher, and was licensed for the stage by Sir Henry Herbert, being performed by the king's servants, May 27, 1624. Notwithstanding its very great merit, it was neglected already in the days of Langbaine, and indeed the subject of the plot seems to render its revival in our days very improbable. There are few plays, however, which will afford so much pleasure in the closet, when the improbability of some parts of the plot is kept out of sight. The exquisite beauty of certain scenes and single speeches, and the almost uninterrupted harmony of the versification, cannot fail to delight every reader. The characters possess the general value of those delineated by Fletcher. Without pretensions to the skill of Shakspeare in this department of dramatic excellence, which no one possessed in the same degree before or since his day, they are discriminated with fully as much art as those of any of his contemporaries. Valerio is a character very happily executed; his love for Evanthe is painted in exquisite colours; and the agitations of a lover's mind have been seldom so strikingly and naturally pourtrayed. Evanthe may be brought forward as a splendid instance of Fletcher's almost unrivalled success in female characters of her class.—Villains are less happily drawn by Fletcher; he generally represents them downrightly wicked, without endeavouring to make them interesting even while they are detestable. Hence we must not expect to meet with a Richard III., or an Iago, in his dramas; nor can the usurper, Frederick, and the infamous pander, Sorano, bear comparison with any of Shakspeare's characters of a similar kind.—Fletcher has succeeded better here than in most other plays where he has introduced a do-

mestic fool: Tony no doubt reminds us of Touchstone and other clowns of the great master of dramatic poetry, but it is a great matter to have imitated him so well.

Our poet had certainly The Maid's Tragedy in his mind when he wrote the latter acts of this play. The scene in the bed-chamber, together with Valerio's abstinence from his wife, will bring to the memory of every attentive reader similar scenes in that tragedy, differently conducted however, and with great skill adapted to the plot of the Wife for a Month.—The catastrophe of the play exhibits another singular coincidence with a scene of a very modern drama. Valerio's winning the affections of his wife in disguise is very similar to a scene between Amelia and Charles in the Robbers. As Schiller wrote this tragedy at the age of eighteen, no imitation can be reasonably inferred, as it is very unlikely that he should have been then acquainted with authors so little known on the continent as Beaumont and Fletcher.[1]

Langbaine observes, that the story of Alphonso, his character, and the treatment he receives from his brother, are borrowed from the history of Sancho VIII. King of Leon.

[1] For the same reason it is very improbable that Schiller should have taken the character of Charles the Robber from that of Severino, in Massinger's Guardian. See Mr Gifford's edition, vol. IV. p. 158.

PROLOGUE.

You are welcome, gentlemen; and 'would our feast
Were so well season'd, to please every guest!
Ingenuous appetites, I hope we shall,
And their examples may prevail in all.
Our noble friend, who writ this, bid me say,
He had rather dress, upon a triumph-day,
My lord-mayor's feast, and make him sauces too,
Sauce for each several mouth; nay further go,
He had rather build up those invincible pies
And castle-custards[1] that affright all eyes,
Nay eat 'em all and their artillery,
Than dress for such a curious company
One single dish: Yet he has pleased ye too,
And you have confess'd he knew well what to do:
Be hungry as you were wont to be, and bring
Sharp stomachs to the stories he shall sing,
And he dare yet, he says, prepare a table
Shall make you say, well drest, and he well able.

[1] *He had rather build up those* invincible pies
And castle-custards.] The ingenuity of ancient cooks in raising pastry-fortifications has been already noticed. In the text, we have not only fortresses of paste, but castles made of custards, furnished with eatable artillery, on a triumph-day, that is, one of the greatest festivities at the mansion-house. Another similar device of march-pane is mentioned in Witts and Fancies, 1595. 4. "At a nobleman's banquet a slip of march-pane stuff was set upon the board, wherein was all manner of fishes of the like stuff."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alphonso, *king of Naples.*
Frederick, *unnatural and libidinous, brother to Alphonso, and usurper of his kingdom.*
Sorano, *a lord, brother to Evanthe, Frederick's wicked instrument.*
Valerio, *a noble young lord, servant to Evanthe.*
Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, } *three honest court lords.*
Rugio, *an honest lord, friend to Alphonso.*
Marco, *a friar, Alphonso's friend.*
Podramo, *a necessary creature to Sorano.*
Tony, *Frederick's knavish fool.*
Castruccio, *captain of the citadel, an honest man.*
Lawyer.
Physician.
Captain.
Cutpurse.
Friars.
Suitors.

Citizens, and Attendants.

Maria,[a] *queen, wife to Frederick, a virtuous lady.*
Evanthe, *sister to Sorano, the chaste wife of Valerio;* or A Wife for a month.
Cassandra, *an old bawd, waiting-woman to Evanthe.*

Ladies and City Wives.

[a] The queen has been nameless hitherto, but in the first folio, *Mar* is prefixed to her speeches in the first act, and I have ventured to name her *Maria* upon this testimony throughout the play, particularly as she is not the queen of the legitimate sovereign, but of a usurper.

Persons in the Masque.

Cupid.
The three Graces.
Fancy.
Desire.
Delight.
Hope.
Fear.
Distrust
Jealousy
Care.
Ire.
Poverty
Despair.

SCENE,—Naples.[3]

[3] The principal actors were, Joseph Taylor, Richard Robinson, Nicholas Toolie, Robert Benfield, John Underwood, George Birch.—Folio 1679.

A

WIFE FOR A MONTH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter FREDERICK, SORANO, VALERIO, CAMILLO, CLEANTHES, MENALLO, *and Attendants.*

Sor. Will your grace speak?
Fred. Let me alone, Sorano:
Although my thoughts seem sad, they are welcome to me.
Sor. You know I am private as your secret wishes,
Ready to fling my soul upon your service,[1]
Ere you command me on't.
Fred. Bid those depart.
Sor. You must retire, my lords.
Cam. What new design

[1] *Ready to fling my soul, &c.*] Sorano's readiness to assist his master's amours is equal to, and as infamous as, that of Pandarus, in Shakspeare's Troilus and Cressida.—*Reed.*

Is hammering in his head now?
Cle. Let's pray heartily
None of our heads meet with it: My wife's old,
That's all my comfort.
Men. Mine's ugly, that I am sure on,
And I think honest too; 'twould make me start else.
Cam. Mine's troubled in the country with a fever,
And some few infirmities else. He looks again;
Come, let's retire: Certain 'tis some she-business,[a]
This new lord is employ'd.
[*Exeunt* Camillo, Cleanthes, *and* Menallo.
Val. I'll not be far off,
Because I doubt the cause. [*Retires.*
Fred. Are they all gone?
Sor. All but your faithful servant.
Fred. I would tell thee,
But 'tis a thing thou canst not like.
Sor. Pray you speak it:
Is it my head? I have it ready for you, sir:
Is't any action in my power? my wit?
I care not of what nature, nor what follows.
Fred. I am in love.
Sor. That's the least thing of a thousand,
The easiest to achieve.
Fred. But with whom, Sorano?

[a] —— *Certain 'tis some she-business,*
This new lord's employed.] Mr Sympson, without authority, or notice, reads,

"*This new lord's employ'd* in,"

which proves he did not understand the poet. Camillo, a *good* man, is intended to say, "Certainly 'tis some illicit amour, as this [*bad*] lord is employ'd."—*J. N.*

There can be nothing plainer than this explanation, and yet Mason wishes to retain the variation of Sympson.

Sor. With whom you please, you must not be denied, sir.
Fred. Say, it be with one of thy kinswomen?
Sor. Say, with all;
I shall more love your grace, I shall more honour you;
And 'would I had enough to serve your pleasure!
Fred. Why, 'tis thy sister then, the fair Evanthe;
I'll be plain with thee.
Sor. I'll be as plain with you, sir;
She brought not her perfections to the world,
To lock them in a case, or hang 'em by her;
The use is all she breeds 'em for; she's yours, sir.
Fred. Dost thou mean seriously?
Sor. I mean my sister;
And if I had a dozen more, they were all yours.
Some aunts I have, they have been handsome women;
My mother's dead indeed; and some few cousins,
That are now shooting up, we shall see shortly.
Fred. No; 'tis Evanthe.
Sor. I have sent my man unto her,
Upon some business to come presently[3]
Hither; she shall come; your grace dare speak unto her?
Large golden promises, and sweet language, sir,
You know what they work; she's a complete courtier:

[3] *presently*
Hither, *she shall come.*] *Hither*, *i. e.* into your apartments. But Sorano could not say that he had *sent for her* to come *thither*. The *comma*, therefore, should be, as I have put it, after *presently*. —*Sympson.*

There is no occasion to alter the punctuation. Sorano had not sent his servant to come to the palace where he must have been when he received his order, but had sent him to his sister to bid her come hither (to the palace) upon some business.

Besides, I'll set in.
Fred. She waits upon my queen:
What jealousy and anger may arise,
Incensing her——
Sor. You have a good sweet lady,
A woman of so even and still a temper,
She knows not anger: Say, she were a fury,
I had thought you had been absolute, the great king,
The fountain of all honours, place,[4] and pleasures,
Your will and your commands unbounded also:
Go, get a pair of beads and learn to pray, sir.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord, your servant stays.
Sor. Bid him come hither,
And bring the lady with him. [*Exit Servant.*
Fred. I will woo her;
And either lose myself, or win her favour.
Sor. She is coming in.
Fred. Thy eyes shoot through the door;
They are so piercing, that the beams they dart
Give new light to the room!

Enter PODRAMO *and* EVANTHE.

Evan. Whither dost thou go?
This is the king's side, and his private lodgings;
What business have I here?
Pod. My lord sent for you.
Evan. His lodgings are below; you are mistaken!
We left them at the stair-foot.

[4] *The fountain of all honours,* plays, *and pleasures.*] The variation in the text was proposed by Mr Sympson, and, though not absolutely necessary, it is certainly an improved reading.

Pod. Good sweet madam!
Evan. I am no counsellor, nor important suitor,[5]
Nor have no private business through these chambers,
To seek him this way. O' my life, thou'rt drunk,
Or worse than drunk, hired to convey me hither
To some base end! Now I look on thee better,
Thou hast a bawdy face, and I abhor thee,
A beastly bawdy face! I'll go no further.
Sor. Nay, shrink not back; indeed you shall, good sister.
Why do you blush? the good king will not hurt you;
He honours you, and loves you.
Evan. Is this the business?
Sor. Yes, and the best you ever will arrive at,
If you be wise.
Evan. My father was no bawd, sir,
Nor of that worshipful stock, as I remember.
Sor. You are a fool!
Evan. You are that I shame to tell you!
Fred. Gentle Evanthe!
Evan. The gracious queen, sir,
Is well and merry, Heaven be thanked for it;
And, as I think, she waits you in the garden.
Fred. Let her wait there; I talk not of her garden;
I talk of thee, sweet flower.
Evan. Your grace is pleasant,
To mistake a nettle for a rose.

[5] *I am no counsellor, nor* important *suitor.*] *Important* is continually used for *importunate.* So in King Lear—

"——— Great France,
My mourning and *important* tears hath pitied."

Fred. No rose,
Nor lily, nor no glorious hyacinth,
Are of that sweetness, whiteness, tenderness,
Softness, and satisfying blessedness,
As my Evanthe.
Evan. Your grace speaks very feelingly:
I would not be a handsome wench in your way, sir,
For a new gown.
Fred. Thou art all handsomeness;
Nature will be ashamed to frame another
Now thou art made; thou hast robb'd her of her cunning:
Each several part about thee is a beauty.
Sor. Do you hear this, sister?
Evan. Yes, unworthy brother!
But all this will not do.
Fred. But love, Evanthe,
Thou shalt have more than words; wealth, ease, and honours,
My tender wench.
Evan. Be tender of my credit,
And I shall love you, sir, and I shall honour you.
Fred. I love thee to enjoy thee, my Evanthe,
To give thee the content of love.
Evan. Hold, hold, sir,
You are too fleet: I have some business this way,
Your grace can ne'er content.
Sor. You stubborn toy!
Evan. Good my lord Bawd, I thank you!
Fred. Thou shalt not go. Believe me, sweet Evanthe,
So high I will advance thee for this favour,
So rich and potent I will raise thy fortune,
And thy friends mighty——
Evan. Good, your grace, be patient;
I shall make the worst honourable wench that ever was,

Shame your discretion, and your choice.
Fred. Thou shalt not.
Evan. Shall I be rich, do you say, and glorious,
And shine above the rest, and scorn all beauties,
And mighty in command?
Fred. Thou shalt be any thing.
Evan. Let me be honest too, and then I'll thank you.
Have you not such a title to bestow too?
If I prove otherwise, I would know but this, sir;
Can all the power you have, or all the riches,
But tie men's tongues up from discoursing of me,
Their eyes from gazing at my glorious folly,
Time that shall come, from wond'ring at my impudence,
And they that read my wanton life, from curses?
Can you do this? have you this magic in you?
This is not in your power, though you be a prince, sir,
No more than evil is in holy angels,
Nor I, I hope.[6] Get wantonness confirm'd
By act of parliament an honesty,
And so received by all, I'll hearken to you.
Heaven guide your grace! [*Going.*
Fred. Evanthe, stay a little!
I'll no more wantonness; I'll marry thee.
Evan. What shall the queen do?
Fred. I'll be divorced from her.
Evan. Can you tell why? What has she done against you?
Has she contrived a treason 'gainst your person?

[6] *This is not in your power, though you be a prince,*
No more than evil is in holy angels,
Nor I, I hope.] That is, nor am I, I hope, in your power.—*Mason.*

Abused your bed? Does disobedience urge you?
Fred. That's all one; 'tis my will.
Evan. 'Tis a most wicked one,
A most absurd one, and will shew a monster!
I had rather be a whore, and with less sin,
To your present lust, than queen to your injustice.
Yours is no love, Faith and Religion fly it,
Nor has no taste of fair affection in it.
Some hellish flame abuses your fair body,
And hellish furies blow it. Look behind you:
Divorce you from a woman of her beauty,
Of her integrity, her piety,
Her love to you, to all that honours you,
Her chaste and virtuous love? are these fit causes?
What will you do to me, when I have cloy'd you?
You may find time out in eternity,
Deceit and violence in heavenly justice,
Life in the grave, and death among the blessed,
Ere stain or brack[7] in her sweet reputation.
Sor. You have fool'd enough; be wise now, and a woman!
You have shew'd a modesty sufficient,
If not too much, for court.
Evan. You have shew'd an impudence
A more experienced bawd would blush and shake at!
You will make my kindred mighty?
Fred. Pr'ythee hear me!
Evan. I do, sir, and I count it a great offer.
Fred. Any of thine.
Evan. 'Tis like enough you may clap honour on them,
But how 'twill sit, and how men will adore it,
Is still the question. I'll tell you what they'll say, sir,

[7] *Brack.*] *i. e.* Breach, flaw.

What the report will be, and 'twill be true too;
(And it must needs be comfort to your master![8])
"These are the issues of her impudence."
I'll tell your grace, so dear I hold the queen,
So dear that honour that she nursed me up in,
I would first take to me, for my lust, a Moor,
One of your galley-slaves, that cold and hunger,
Decrepid misery, had made a mock-man,
Than be your queen!

Fred. You are bravely resolute.

Evan. I had rather be a leper, and be shunn'd,
And die by pieces, rot into my grave,
Leaving no memory behind to know me,
Than be a high whore to eternity!

Fred. You have another gamester, I perceive by ye;
You durst not slight me else.

Sor. I'll find him out;
Though he lie next thy heart hid, I'll discover him;
And, ye proud peat,[9] I'll make you curse your insolence!

Val. [*Apart.*] Tongue of an angel, and the truth of Heaven,
How am I blest! [*Exit.*

Sor. Podramo, go in haste [*Apart to him.*
To my sister's gentlewoman; (you know her well)
And bid her send her mistress presently

[8] *And it must needs be comfort to your* master.] Seward, who could not conceive that Evanthe calls Sorano the master, or tutor, in iniquity to Frederick, reads—*minister.*

[9] *And, ye proud* peat.] This was the original of our word *pet*, and generally used with the same meaning. So in Eastward Hoe, Girtred says—"You do not scorn my ladyship though it is in a waistcoat? You are a *peat* indeed! Do I offer to mortgage my ladyship for you and for your avail, and do you turn the lip and the alas to my ladyship?"—

The lesser cabinet she keeps her letters in,
And such-like toys, and bring it to me instantly.
Away!
Pod. I am gone. [*Exit.*

Enter Maria, *with two Ladies.*

Sor. The queen!
Fred. Let's quit the place; she may grow jealous.
[*Exeunt* Frederick *and* Sorano.
Mar. So suddenly departed! what's the reason?
Does my approach displease his grace? are my eyes
So hateful to him? or my conversation
Infected, that he flies me?—Fair Evanthe!
Are you there? then I see his shame.
Evan. 'Tis true, madam,
'T has pleased his goodness to be pleasant with me.
Mar. 'Tis strange to find thy modesty in this place!
Does the king offer fair? does thy face take him
Ne'er blush, Evanthe, 'tis a very sweet one.
Does he rain gold, and precious promises,
Into thy lap? will he advance thy fortunes?
Shalt thou be mighty, wench?
Evan. Never mock, madam;
'Tis rather on your part to be lamented,
At least revenged. I can be mighty, lady,
And glorious too, glorious and great as you are
Mar. He'll marry thee?
Evan. Who would not be a queen, madam?
Mar. 'Tis true, Evanthe, 'tis a brave ambition
A golden dream, that may delude a good mind.
What shall become of me?
Evan. You must learn to pray;
Your age and honour will become a nunnery.
Mar. Wilt thou remember me? [*Weeps*

Evan. She weeps!—Sweet lady, [*Kneels.*
Upon my knees I ask your sacred pardon,
For my rude boldness; and know, my sweet mistress,
If e'er there were ambition in Evanthe,
It was and is to do you faithful duties.
'Tis true I have been tempted by the king,
And with no few and potent charms, to wrong ye,
To violate the chaste joys of your bed;
And, those not taking hold, to usurp your state:
But she that has been bied up under ye,
And daily fed upon your virtuous precepts,
Still growing strong by example of your goodness,
Having no errant motion from obedience,
Flies from these vanities, as mere illusions,
And, arm'd with honesty, defies all promises!
In token of this truth, I lay my life down
Under your sacred foot, to do you service.

Mar. Rise, my true friend, thou virtuous bud of beauty!
Thou virgins' honour, sweetly blow and flourish!
And that rude nipping wind that seeks to blast thee,
Or taint thy root, be cursed to all posterity!
To my protection from this hour I take ye;
Yes, and the king shall know——

Evan. Give his heat way, madam,
And 'twill go out again; he may forget all.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter Camillo, Cleanthes, *and* Menallo.

Cam. What have we to do with the times? we cannot cure 'em.
Let 'em go on: When they are swoln with surfeits,
They'll burst and stink; then all the world shall smell 'em.

Cle. A man may live a bawd, and be an honest man.

Men. Yes, and a wise man too; 'tis a virtuous calling.

Cam. To his own wife especially, or to his sister,
The nearer to his own blood, still the honester:
There want such honest men; 'would we had more of 'em!

Men. To be a villain is no such rude matter.

Cam. No, if he be a neat one, and a perfect;
Art makes all excellent. What is it, gentlemen,
In a good cause to kill a dozen coxcombs,
That blunt rude fellows call good patriots?
Nothing, nor ne'er look'd after.

Men. 'Tis e'en as much,
As easy too, as honest, and as clear,
To ravish matrons, and deflower coy wenches:
But here they are so willing, 'tis a compliment.

Cle. To pull down churches with pretension
To build 'em fairer, may be done with honour;
And all this time believe no God.
Cam. I think so;
'Tis faith enough if they name him in their angers,
Or on their rotten tombs [1] engrave an angel.
Well, brave Alphonso, how happy had we been,
If thou hadst reign'd!
Men. 'Would I had his disease,
Tied, like a leprosy, to my posterity,
So he were right again.
Cle. What is his malady?
Cam. Nothing but sad and silent melancholy,
Laden with griefs and thoughts, no man knows
why neither.
The good Brandino, father to the princes, [2]
Used all the art and industry that might be,
To free Alphonso from this dull calamity,
And seat him in his rule; he was his eldest,
And noblest too, had not fair Nature stopt in him,
For which cause this was chosen to inherit,
Frederick the younger.
Cle. Does he use his brother
With that respect and honour that befits him?
Cam. He is kept privately, as they pretend,
To give more ease and comfort to his sickness;
But he has honest servants, the grave Rugio,
And friar Marco, that wait upon his person,
And in a monastery he lives.
Men. 'Tis full of sadness,
To see him when he comes to his father's tomb,
(As once a day that is his pilgrimage,

[1] *Or on their rotten* tombs *engrave an angel.*] My Sympson wishes to read, O'ER *their rotten* BONES; but we see no need of change.—Ed. 1778.

[2] —— *father to the* princess.] Altered in 1750.

Whilst in devotion the choir sings an anthem,)
How piously he kneels, and, like a virgin,
That some cross fate had cozen'd of her love,
Weeps till the stubborn marble sweats with pity,
And to his groans the whole choir bears a chorus!

Enter Frederick, Sorano *with the Cabinet, and* Podramo.

Cam. So do I too.—The king, with his contrivers!
This is no place for us.
[*Exeunt* Cleanthes, Camillo, *and* Menallo.
Fred. This is a jewel!
Lay it aside. What paper's that?
Pod. A letter;
But 'tis a woman's, sir, I know by the hand,
And the false orthography; they write old Saxon.
Fred. May-be her ghostly mother's that instructs her.
Sor. No, 'tis a cousin's, and came up with a great cake.
Fred. What's that?
Sor. A pair of gloves the duchess gave her;
For so the outside says.
Fred. That other paper?
Sor. A charm for the tooth-ach; here's nothing but saints and crosses.
Fred. Look in that box; methinks that should hold secrets.
Pod. 'Tis paint, and curls of hair; she begins to exercise.
A glass of water too; I would fain taste it,
But I am wickedly afraid 'twill silence me;
Never a conduit-pipe to convey this water?
Sor. These are all rings, deaths' heads, and such *memento's*,

Her grandmotherand worm-eaten aunts left to her,
To tell her what her beauty must arrive at.

Fred. That, that?

Pod. They are written songs, sir, to provoke young ladies.
Lord, here's a prayer-book! how these agree!
Here's a strange union!

Sor. Ever by a surfeit
You have a julep set, to cool the patient.

Fred. Those, those?

Sor. They are verses: "To the blest Evanthe."

Fred. Those may discover. Read them out, Sorano. [SORANO *reads.*

"To the blest Evanthe.

Let those complain that feel Love's cruelty,
And in sad legends write their woes;
With roses gently he has corrected me,
My war is without rage or blows:
My mistress' eyes shine fair on my desires,
And hope springs up inflamed with her new fires.

No more an exile will I dwell,
With folded arms, and sighs all day,
Reck'ning the torments of my hell,
And flinging my sweet joys away:
I am call'd home again to quiet peace,
My mistress smiles, and all my sorrows cease.

Yet what is living in her eye,
Or being blest with her sweet tongue,
If these no other joys imply?
A golden gyve,[3] *a pleasing wrong:*

[3] *Gyve.*] *i. e.* Fetter.

To be your own but one poor Month, I'd give
My youth, my fortune, and then leave to live!"

Fred. This is my rival; that I knew the hand now!
Sor. I know it, I have seen it; 'tis Valerio's,
That hopeful gentleman's that was brought up
With you, and, by your charge, nourish'd and fed
At the same table, with the same allowance.
Fred. And all this courtesy to ruin me?
Cross my desires? He had better have fed humblier,
And stood at greater distance from my fury!
Go for him quickly, find him instantly,
Whilst my impatient heart swells high with choler!
Better have loved Despair, and safer kiss'd her!
[*Exeunt* SORANO *and* PODRAMO.

Enter EVANTHE *and* CASSANDRA.

Evan. Thou old weak fool! dost thou know to what end,
To what betraying end, he got this casket?
Durst thou deliver him, without my ring,
Or a command from mine own mouth, that cabinet
That holds my heart? You unconsiderate ass,
You brainless idiot!
Cas. I saw you go with him,
At the first word commit your person to him,
And make no scruple; he's your brother's gentleman,
And, for any thing I know, an honest man;
And might not I upon the same security
Deliver him a box?
Evan. A bottle-head!
Fred. [*Apart.*] You shall have cause to chafe, as I will handle it.

Evan. I had rather thou hadst deliver'd me to
pirates,
Betray'd me to uncurable diseases,
Hung up my picture in a market-place, [4]
And sold me to vile bawds! [5]
Cas. As I take it, madam,
Your maidenhead lies not in that cabinet;
You have a closer, and you keep the key too:
Why are you vex'd thus?
Evan. I could curse thee wickedly,
And wish thee more deform'd than age can make
thee!
Perpetual hunger, and no teeth to satisfy it, [6]
Wait on thee still, nor sleep be found to ease it!
Those hands that gave the casket, may the palsy

[4] *Hung up my picture*, &c.] This seems to allude to a custom which formerly was frequent at Naples, of hanging up the pictures of the most celebrated courtezans in the public parts of the town, to serve as directions where they lived. See Mrs Behn's play of the Rover, or Banished Cavaliers, where the scene is laid in the same place.—*Reed.*

The same allusion occurs in Pericles, Prince of Tyre: and Mr Mason asks, in a note on that play, whether Fletcher had not that tragedy in his mind when he wrote the Wife for a Month. But the circumstance was probably well known at the time; and there is no reason to suppose that Fletcher particularly recollected the passage in Pericles, probably an obsolete play in 1624, when the present tragi-comedy was written.

[5] *And sold me to* wild *bawds.*] This may possibly be right, but had any of the copies run thus, *to* vild *bawds*, I should have made no scruple to prefer it as better.—*Sympson.*

There can be no doubt of the author's writing *vilde*, which word, modernized, is *vile*.—Ed. 1778.

[6] *Perpetual hunger, and no* teeth *to satisfy it.*] Sympson proposes to read—

"——— *No* meat *to satisfy it,*"

instead of *teeth*; but the latter is the better expression. The want of teeth [in the presence of meat] is more tantalizing than the want of meat—*Mason.*

For ever make unuseful, even to feed thee!
Long winters, that thy bones may turn to isicles,
No hell can thaw again, inhabit by thee!
Is thy care like thy body, all one crookedness?
How scurvily thou criest now! like a drunkard!
I'll have as pure tears from a dirty spout.
Do, swear thou didst this ignorantly, swear it,
Swear and be damn'd, thou half witch!

Cas. These are fine words!
Well, madam, madam!

Evan. 'Tis not well, thou mummy!
'Tis impudently, basely done, thou dirty——

Fred. Has your young sanctity done railing, madam,
Against your innocent 'squire? Do you see this sonnet,
This loving script? Do you know from whence it came too?

Evan. I do, and dare avouch it pure and honest.

Fred. You have private visitants, my noble lady,
That in sweet numbers court your goodly virtues,
And to the height of adoration.

Evan. Well, sir,
There's neither heresy nor treason in it.

Fred. A prince may beg at the door, whilst these feast with ye;
A favour or a grace, from such as I am,
Coarse common things—

Enter VALERIO *and* PODRAMO.

You are welcome! Pray come near, sir:
Do you know this paper?

Val. [*Aside.*] I am betray'd!—I do, sir;
'Tis mine, my hand and heart. If I die for her,
I am thy martyr, Love, and time shall honour me.

Cas. You saucy sir, that came in my lady's name
For her gilt cabinet, you cheating sir too,
You scurvy usher, with as scurvy legs,
And a worse face, thou poor base hanging-holder,
How durst thou come to me with a lie in thy mouth?
An impudent lie——

Pod. Holla, good Gill! you hobble.

Cas. A stinking lie, more stinking than the teller!
To play the pilfering knave? There have been rascals
Brought up to fetch and carry, like your worship,
That have been hang'd for less; whipt there are daily;
And if the law will do me right——

Pod. What then, old maggot?

Cas. Thy mother was carted younger.—I'll have thy hide,
Thy mangy hide, embroider'd with a dog-whip,
As it is now with potent pox, and thicker.

Fred. Peace, good antiquity! I'll have your bones else
Ground into gunpowder to shoot at cats with.
One word more, and I'll blanch thee like an almond·
There's no such cure for the she-falling sickness
As the powder of a dried bawd's skin. Be silent!—
You are very prodigal of your service here, sir;
Of your life more, it seems.

Val. I repent neither;
Because, your grace shall understand, it comes
From the best part of love, my pure affection;
And, kindled with chaste flame, I will not fly from it:
If it be error to desire to marry,
And marry her that sanctity would dote on,
I have done amiss; if it be a treason
To graft my soul to virtue, and to grow there,
To love the tree that bears such happiness,
(Conceive me, sir; this fruit was ne'er forbidden)

y, to desire to taste too, I am traitor.
Had you but plants enough of this blest tree, sir,
Set round about your court, to beautify it,
Deaths twice so many, to dismay the approachers,
The ground would scarce yield graves to noble lovers.

Fred. 'Tis well maintain'd. You wish and pray to Fortune,
Herein your sonnet, (and she has heard your prayers)
So much you dote upon your own undoing,
But one Month to enjoy her as your Wife,
Though at the expiring of that time you die for't.

Val. I could wish many, many ages, sir;
To grow as old as Time in her embraces,
If Heaven would grant it, and you smile upon it:
But if my choice were two hours, and then perish,
I would not pull my heart back.

Fred. You have your wish:
To-morrow I will see you nobly married;
Your Month take out in all content and pleasure;
The first day of the following Month you die for't.
Kneel not! not all your prayers can divert me.—
Now mark your sentence; mark it, scornful lady!
If, when Valerio's dead, within twelve hours,
(For that's your latest time) you find not out
Another husband, on the same condition
To marry you again, you die yourself too!

Evan. Now you are merciful! I thank your grace.

Fred. If, when you are married, you but seek to 'scape
Out of the kingdom, you, or she, or both,
Or to infect men's minds with hot commotions,
You die both instantly!—Will you love me now, lady?
My tale will now be heard; but now I scorn you!

[*Exeunt all but* VALERIO *and* EVANTHE.

Evan. Is our fair love, our honest, our entire,

Come to this hazard?

Val. 'Tis a noble one,
And I am much in love with Malice for it;
Envy could not have studied me a way,
Nor Fortune pointed out a path to Honour,
Straighter and nobler, if she had her eyes.
When I have once enjoy'd my sweet Evanthe,
And blest my youth with her most dear embraces,
I have done my journey here, my day is out:
All that the world has else is foolery,
Labour, and loss of time. What should I live for?
Think but man's life a Month, and we are happy.
I would not have my joys grow old for any thing:
A Paradise, as thou art, my Evanthe,
Is only made to wonder at a little,
Enough for human eyes, and then to wander from.
Come, do not weep, sweet; you dishonour me!
Your tears and griefs but question my ability,
Whether I dare die. Do you love entirely?

Evan. You know I do.

Val. Then grudge not my felicity.

Evan. I'll to the queen.

Val. Do any thing that's honest;
But, if you sue to him, in death I hate you!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter Camillo, Cleanthes, *and* Menallo.

Cam. Was there ever heard of such a marriage?
Men. Marriage and hanging go by destiny;
'Tis the old proverb; now they come together.
Cle. But a Month married, then to lose his life for't?
I would have a long Month sure, that pays the soldiers.[2]

[2] *I would have a long Month sure, that pays the soldiers.*] It would appear that the pay of soldiers in the Low Countries was sometimes increased by paying them for more days than the month or week contains. So in The Witch of Edmonton, by Rowley, Dekkar, and Ford:—

" *Cuddy.* I was ten days together there the last Shrove-tide.
Com. How could that be, when there are but seven days in the week?
Cuddy Pr'ythee, peace! I reckon *stila nova* as a traveller. thou understand'st as a fresh-water farmer that never saw a week beyond sea. Ask any soldier that ever received his pay but in the Low-Countries, and he'll tell thee there are *eight days in the week there*, hard by."—(Ford's *Works*, Ed. 1811, vol. ii. p. 444.) Again, in The Fair Maid of the Inn, the Pedant says to Forobosco the mountebank,
" I have another business too, because I mean to leave Italy, and bury myself in those nether parts, the *Low-Countries*.
For. What's that, sir?
Ped. I would fain make *nine days to the week*, for the more ample benefit of *the captain*."

Cam. Or get all the almanacks burnt, (that were a rare trick)
And have no Month remember'd.

Enter TONY, *with an urinal.*

How now, Tony?
Whose water are you casting?[3]
Tony. A sick gentleman's,
Is very sick, much troubled with the stone;
He should not live above a Month, by his urine:
About St David's Day[4] it will go hard with him;
He will then be troubled with a pain in his neck too.
Men. A pestilent fool!—When wilt thou marry, Tony?
Tony. When I mean to be hang'd; and 'tis the surer contract.
Cle. What think you of this marriage of Valerio's?
Tony. They have given him a hot custard,
And mean to burn his mouth with't. Had I known
He had been given to die honourably,
I would have help'd him to a wench, a rare one,
Should have kill'd him in three weeks, and saved the sentence.
Cam. There be them would have spared ten days of that too.
Tony. It may be so; you have women of all virtues:
There be some guns that I could bring him to,

[3] *Whose water are you casting?*] This was the usual phrase for inspecting the urine, supposed at that time the best criterion to judge of all possible diseases.

[4] This play acted about the latter end of January.—*Theobald.* I suppose Theobald means that the supposed time of action was at the end of that month.

Some mortar-pieces that are placed i' th' suburbs,[5]
Would tear him into quarters in two hours;
There be also of the race of the old cockatrices,
That would dispatch him with once looking on him.

Men. What Month wouldst thou chuse, Tony,
If thou hadst the like fortune?

Tony. I would chuse
A mull'd sack Month, to comfort my belly; for sure
My back would ache for't; and, at the Month's end,
I would be most dismally drunk, and scorn the gallows.

Men. I would chuse March, for I would come in like a lion.

Tony. But you'd go out like a lamb, when you went to hanging.

Cam. I would take April, take the sweet o' th' year,
And kiss my wench upon the tender flowrets,
Tumble on every green, and, as the birds sung,
Embrace, and melt away my soul in pleasure.

Tony. You would go a-maying gaily to the gallows.

Cle. Pr'ythee tell us some news.

Tony. I'll tell ye all I know:
You may be honest, and poor fools, as I am,
And blow your fingers' ends.

Cam. That's no news, fool.

Tony. You may be knaves then when you please, stark knaves,
And build fair houses; but your heirs shall have none of 'em.

Men. These are undoubted.

Tony. Truth's not worth the hearing!

[5] *Suburbs.*] The outskirts of towns were anciently the peculiar and privileged residence of strumpets.

I'll tell you news then: There was a drunken sailor,
That got a mermaid with child as she went a-milking,
And now she sues him in the bawdy-court for it;
The infant monster is brought up in Fish-street.

Cam. Ay, this is something!

Tony. I'll tell you more; there was a fish taken,
A monstrous fish, with a sword by his side, a long sword,
A pike in's neck, and a gun in's nose, a huge gun,
And letters of mart[6] in's mouth, from the duke of Florence.

Cle. This is a monstrous lie!

Tony. I do confess it:
Do you think I'd tell you truths, that dare not hear 'em?
You are honest things, we courtiers scorn to converse with. [*Exit.*

Cam. A plaguy fool! But let's consider, gentlemen,
Why the queen strives not to oppose this sentence;
The kingdom's honour suffers in this cruelty.

Men. No doubt the queen, though she be virtuous,
Winks at the marriage; for by that only means
The king's flame lessens to the youthful lady,
If not goes out; within this Month, I doubt not,
She hopes to rock asleep his anger also.
Shall we go see the preparation?
'Tis time, for strangers come to view the wonder.

Cam. Come, let's away. Send my friends happier weddings! [*Exeunt.*

[6] *Letters of* mart.] We now say letters of *marque*. The words were formerly used indiscriminately.

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter MARIA *and* EVANTHE.

Mar. You shall be merry; come, I'll have it so:
Can there be any nature so unnoble,
Or anger so inhuman, to pursue this?
Evan. I fear there is.
Mar. Your fears are poor and foolish.
Though he be hasty, and his anger death,
His will like torrents not to be resisted,
Yet law and justice go along to guide him;
And what law, or what justice, can he find
To justify his will? what act or statute,
By human or divine establishment,
Left to direct us, that makes marriage death?
Honest fair wedlock? 'Twas given for increase,
For preservation of mankind, I take it;
He must be more than man then that dare break it.
Come, dress you handsomely; you shall have my jewels,
And put a face on that contemns base fortune;
'Twill make him more insult to see you fearful:
Outlook his anger.[7]

[7] Outlook *his anger.*] i. e. face down, bear down by magnanimity, as Steevens explains the word in the following lines of King John:

"Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified.

Evan. Oh, my Valerio!
Be witness, my pure mind, 'tis thee I grieve for!
Mar. But shew it not. I would so crucify him
With an innocent neglect of what he can do,
A brave strong pious scorn, that I would shake him!
Put all the wanton Cupids in thine eyes,
And all the graces on that nature gave thee;
Make up thy beauty to that height of excellence,
(I'll help thee, and forgive thee) as if Venus
Were now again to catch the God of War,
In his most rugged anger. When thou hast him
(As 'tis impossible he should resist thee)
And kneeling at thy conquering feet for mercy,
Then shew thy virtue, then again despise him,
And all his power; then with a look of honour
Mingled with noble chastity, strike him dead!
Evan. Good madam, dress me;
You arm me bravely.
Mar. Make him know his cruelty
Begins with him first; he must suffer for it;
And that thy sentence is so welcome to thee,
And to thy noble lord, you long to meet it.
Stamp such a deep impression of thy beauty
Into his soul, and of thy worthiness,
That when Valerio and Evanthe sleep
In one rich earth, hung round about with blessings,
He may run mad, and curse his act. Be lusty;
I'll teach thee how to die too, if thou fear'st it.
Evan. I thank your grace! you have prepared me strongly;
And my weak mind——
Mar. Death is unwelcome never,

As to my ample hope was promised.
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
I culled these fiery spirits from the world,
To *outlook* conquest."

Unless it be to tortured minds and sick souls,
That make their own hells; 'tis such a benefit
When it comes crown'd with honour, shews so
sweet too!
Though they paint it ugly, that's but to restrain us,
For every living thing would love it else,
Fly boldly to their peace ere Nature call'd 'em;
The rest we have from labour and from trouble
Is some incitement; every thing alike,
The poor slave that lies private has his liberty,
As amply as his master,[8] in that tomb
The earth as light upon him, and the flowers
That grow about him smell as sweet, and flourish;
But when we love with honour to our ends,
When memory and virtues are our mourners,
What pleasures there! they are infinite, Evanthe.
Only, my virtuous wench, we want our senses,
That benefit we are barr'd, 'twould make us proud
else,
And lazy[9] to look up to happier life,

[8] *The poor slave that lies* private *has his liberty,*
As amply as his master, in that *tomb,*
The earth as light upon him——] *Private*, in its common acceptation, would be flat here, but in its original sense, *privatus*, deprived of life and motion, it gives the proper idea. But why in *that* tomb? No particular tomb had been specified; I read THE *tomb*, and add a verb to the next sentence:—

As amply as his master, in the *tomb*
The earth's *as light upon him*.—Seward.

Private does not bear the Latin sense which the pedantry of Seward has extorted from it, but means simply humble, obscure. The introduction of the verb is fully as injudicious, and, as the last editors observe, flattens the text. As to the other variation (the *tomb*) it is specious, but not absolutely necessary, as the queen may be supposed to point to a tomb from a window.

[9] *And* lazy.] The last editors wish to read *crazy*, and say they have no doubt that *lazy* is corrupt. But *lazy* is clearly the right reading, an signifies indolent and careless. The queen means to

The blessings of the people would so swell us.
Evan. Good madam, dress me; you have drest my soul:
The merriest bride I'll be, for all this misery,
The proudest to some eyes too.
Mar. 'Twill do better;
Come, shrink no more.
Evan. I am too confident. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another in the same.

Enter FREDERICK *and* SORANO.

Sor. You are too remiss and wanton in your angers;
You mould things handsomely, and then neglect 'em:
A powerful prince should be constant to his power still,

say, that if we enjoyed our senses in the grave, we should be so proud and delighted with the praises and blessings of the people, that we should not be anxious for a state of more perfect happiness.—*Mason.*

Though I have generally left the reader to discover the particular merits of scenes and speeches, I cannot avoid pointing out the extreme beauty of the queen's speech. Lessons of morality have been frequently drawn from tomb-stones and church-yards, but that in the text is so entirely free from fanatic gloom and Calvinistic terrorism, at the same time that it furnishes equal matter for serious reflection, that I should not hesitate to prefer it to any of the tomb-reflections in the Night Thoughts.

And hold up what he builds; then people fear him.
When he lets loose his hand, it shews a weakness,
And men examine or contemn his greatness:
A scorn of this high kind should have call'd up
A revenge equal, not a pity in you.

Fred. She is thy sister.

Sor. An she were my mother,
Whilst I conceive 'tis you she has wrong'd,[1] I hate her,
And shake her nearness off. I study, sir,
To satisfy your angers that are just,
Before your pleasures.

Fred. I have done that already,
I fear, has pull'd too many curses on me!

Sor. Curses, or envies, on Valerio's head
(Would you take my counsel, sir) they should all light,
And with the weight not only crack his scull,
But his fair credit. The exquisite vexation
I have devised, (so please you give way in't,
And let it work) shall more afflict his soul,
And trench upon that honour that he brags of,
Than fear of death in all the frights he carries.
If you sit down here, they will both abuse you,
Laugh at your poor relenting power, and scorn you.
What satisfaction can their deaths bring to you,
That are prepared, and proud to die, and willingly,
And at their ends will thank you for that honour?
How are you nearer the desire you aim at?
Or if it be revenge your anger covets,
How can their single deaths give you content, sir?
Petty revenges end in blood, slight angers;
A prince's rage should find out new diseases,[2]

[1] *While I conceive she has you wrong'd.*] Corrected in 1679.

[2] *A prince's rage should find out new diseases,*
Death were a pleasure too, *to pay proud fools with.*] The sense

Death were a pleasure to, to pay proud fools with.
Fred. What should I do?
Sor. Add but your power unto me,
Make me but strong by your protection,
And you shall see what joy and what delight,
What infinite pleasure this poor Month shall yield him.
I'll make him wish he were dead on his marriage-day,
Or bed-rid with old age; I'll make him curse,
And cry and curse, give me but power.
Fred. You have it:
Here, take my ring; I am content he pay for't.
Sor. It shall be now revenge, as I will handle it!
He shall live after this to beg his life too:
Twenty to one, by this thread, as I'll weave it,
Evanthe shall be yours.
Fred. Take all authority,
And be most happy!
Sor. Good sir, no more pity! [*Exeunt.*

of this passage is entirely perverted by the false pointing, and a slight error of the press. It should run [as in the text] meaning that a prince's rage should suggest new torments, compared with which death itself would be a pleasure.—*Mason.*

The last editors had substituted a semicolon for a comma at the end of the penultimate line.

SCENE IV.

The Gate of the Palace.

Enter TONY, *three Citizens, and three Wives.*

1 *Wife.* Good master Tony, put me in.
Tony. Where do you dwell?
1 *Wife.* Forsooth, at the sign of the Great Shoulder of Mutton.
Tony. A hungry man would hunt your house out instantly;
Keep the dogs from your door. Is this lettice ruff your husband?
A fine sharp sallad to your sign.
2 *Wife.* Will you put me in too?
3 *Wife.* And me, good master Tony?
Tony. Put ye all in?
You had best come twenty more; you think 'tis easy,
A trick of legerdemain, to put ye all in:
'Twould pose a fellow that had twice my body,
Though it were all made into chines and fillets.
2 *Wife.* Put's into th' wedding, sir! we would fain see that.
1 *Wife.* And the brave masque too.
Tony. You two are pretty women:
Are you their husbands?
2 *Cit.* Yes, for want of better.
Tony. I think so too; you would not be so mad else

To turn 'em loose to a company of young courtiers,
That swarm like bees in May, when they see young
wenches.
You must not squeak.

3 *Wife.* No, sir; we are better tutored.

Tony. Nor, if a young lord offer you the courtesy[3]—

2 *Wife.* We know what 'tis, sir.

Tony. Nor you must not grumble,
If you be thrust up hard; we thrust most furiously.

1 *Wife.* We know the worst.

Tony. Get you two in then quietly,
[*Suffers* 1 *and* 2 *Woman to pass in.*
And shift for yourselves.—We must have no old
women,
They are out of use, unless they have petitions;
Besides, they cough so loud, they drown the music.—
You would go in too? but there's no place for ye;
I am sorry for't; go, and forget your wives;
Or pray they may be able to suffer patiently:
You may have heirs may prove wise aldermen.
Go, or I'll call the guard.

3 *Cit.* We will get in;
We'll venture broken pates else!

Tony. 'Tis impossible,
You are too securely arm'd.—[*Exeunt Citizens and*
3 *Woman.*]—How they flock hither,

[3] This scene ridicules the crowding of citizens to the court-masques, in the reigns of James and Charles I., where it appears the citizens' wives who possessed any share of beauty were admitted, while their unfortunate husbands were contemptuously rejected. In consequence of this practice, great debaucheries were committed by the courtiers, and the number of crowned heads in the city greatly multiplied. See a humorous speech on the subject in Ben Jonson's Masque of Love Restored. Sir Edward Peyton also alludes to the practice in his Catastrophe of the Stuarts.

And with what joy the women run by heaps
To see this marriage! They tickle to think of it;
They hope for every Month a husband too.
Still how they run, and how the wittols[4] follow 'em,
The weak things that are worn between the legs,
That brushing, dressing, nor new naps can mend,
How they post to see their own confusion!
This is a merry world.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Look to the door, sirrah;
Thou art a fool, and mayst do mischief lawfully.

Tony. Give me your hand! you are my brother fool;
You may both make the law, and mar it presently.
Do you love a wench?

Fred. Who does not, fool?

Tony. Not I,
Unless you'll give me a longer lease to marry her.

Fred. What are all these that come? what business have they?

Tony. Some come to gape, those are my fellow fools;
Some to get home their wives, those be their own fools;
Some to rejoice with thee, those be the time's fools;
And some I fear to curse thee, those are poor fools,
A set, people call them honest.[5]

[4] *Wittols.*] That is, patient cuckolds conscious of their wives' infidelity.

[5] A set, *people call 'em honest.*] Mr Seward proposes correcting this place thus,

Yet *people call 'em honest.*

Enter CASSANDRA, *passing over.*

Look, look, king, look!
A weather-beaten lady new careen'd!
Fred. An old one.
Tony. The glasses of her eyes are new rubb'd over,
And the worm-eaten records in her face
Are daub'd up neatly:
She lays her breasts out too, like two poach'd eggs[6]
That had the yolks suck'd out: They get new heads also,
New teeth, new tongues, (for the old are all worn out)
And, as 'tis hoped, new tails.
Fred. For what?
Tony. For old courtiers;
The young ones are too stirring for their travels.
Fred. Go, leave your knavery, and help to keep the door well;
I will have no such press.

I had put in my margin,

And yet *people,* &c.

The preference is left to the reader's judgment.—*Sympson.*

A set people may signify "*formal, precise* people that call those poor fools honest;" or that "people call those poor fools an honest set."—Ed. 1778.

I had hit upon the slight variation of introducing a comma after *set* before I looked into Mason's comments, and discovered that he makes the same proposal, which he supports by the following quotation from the sequel of the play, where Sorano, describing the same persons, says,—

—— They are such,
The foolish people call their country's honours.

6 *Like to poach'd eggs.*] Mr Seward concurred with me in altering the text.—*Sympson.*

Tony. Lay thy hand o' thy heart, king!
Fred. I'll have you whipp'd!
Tony. The Fool and thou art parted. [*Exit.*
Fred. Sorano, work, and free me from this spell;
'Twixt love and scorn, there's nothing felt but hell!
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Room in the same.

Enter Valerio, Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, *and Servants dressing him.*

Val. Tie on my scarf; you are so long about me!
Good my lords, help; give me my other cloak;
That hat and feather. Lord, what a tailor's this,
To make me up thus strait! one sigh would burst me;
I have not room to breathe; come, button, button,
Button, apace!
Cam. I am glad to see you merry, sir.
Val. 'Twould make you merry, had you such a wife,
And such an age to enjoy her in.
Men. An age, sir?
Val. A Month's an age to him that is contented;
What should I seek for more?—Give me my sword.—
Ha, my good lords! that every one of you now
Had but a lady of that youth and beauty
To bless yourselves this night with! would ye not?
Pray ye speak uprightly——

Cle. We confess you happy,
And we could well wish such another banquet;
But on that price, my lord——
Val. 'Twere nothing, else;
No man can ever come to aim at Heaven,
But by the knowledge of a hell.—These shoes are heavy,
And, if I should be call'd to dance, they'll clog me;
Get me some pumps.—I'll tell you, brave Camillo,
And you, dear friends; the king has honour'd me,
Out of his gracious favour, has much honour'd me,
To limit me my time; for who would live long?
Who would be old? 'tis such a weariness,
Such a disease, that hangs like lead upon us.
As it increases, so vexations,
Griefs of the mind, pains of the feeble body,
Rheums, coughs, catarrhs; we are but our living coffins:
Besides, the fair soul's old too,[7] it grows covetous;
Which shews all honour is departed from us,
And we are earth again!
Cle. You make fair use, sir.
Val. I would not live to learn to lie, Cleanthes,
For all the world; old men are prone to that too.
Thou that hast been a soldier, Menallo,
A noble soldier, and defied all danger,
Adopted thy brave arm the heir to victory;
Wouldst thou live so long till thy strength forsook thee?
Till thou grew'st only a long tedious story
Of what thou hadst been? till thy sword hang by,
And lazy spiders fill'd the hilt with cobwebs?

[7] *Besides the fair soul's old too,* &c.] So Shakspeare has the same thought, in his Timon of Athens, act ii. scene ii.

"And Nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey dull and heavy."—*Reed.*

Men. No, sure, I would not.
Val. 'Tis not fit you should;
To die a young man is to be an angel;
Our great good parts put wings unto our souls![8]—
Pray you tell me, is't a handsome masque we have?
Cam. We understand so.
Val. And the young gentlemen dance?
Cle. They do, sir, and some dance well.
Val. They must, before the ladies.
We'll have a rouse before we go to bed, friends,
A lusty one; 'twill make my blood dance too.
[*Music within.*
Cam. Ten,[9] if you please.
Val. And we'll be wond'rous merry.
They stay sure! Come; I hear the music; forward!
You shall have all gloves presently. [*Exit.*
Men. We attend, sir,
But first we must look to the doors, the king has charged us. [*Exeunt.*

[8] *Put wings unto our souls:*
We'll have a rouse before we go to bed, friends,
Pray ye tell me, &c.] The second line is surely an accidental interpolation here; but comes in with great propriety six lines lower. The former copies exhibit it in *both* places.—Ed. 1778.

[9] *A lusty one, 'twill make my blood dance* too.
Cam. Ten, *if you please.*] This contemptible punning upon words was the sin of the times, not of the poets.—Ed. 1778.
The editors were surely themselves guilty of punning upon what the poet wrote without the least intention of producing a pun. Camillo was not such a silly witling as to intend saying, "It will not only make your blood dance *two*, but if you please *ten*." He merely says, we will have not only a single *rouse* (or large dose of liquor) to make our blood dance, but ten if you choose.

SCENE VI.

Another in the same with a drawn Curtain in the back-ground.

Enter two Servants. [*Knocking within.*

1 *Serv.* What a noise do you keep there? Call my fellows o' th' guard!
You must cease now until the king be enter'd;
He is gone to the temple now.
2 *Serv.* Look to that back door,
And keep it fast; they swarm like bees about it.

Enter CAMILLO, CLEANTHES, MENALLO; TONY *at the door.*

Cam. Keep back those citizens; and let their wives in,
Their handsome wives.
Tony. They have crowded me to verjuice;
I sweat like a butter-box.
1 *Serv.* Stand further off there.
Men. Take the women aside, and talk with 'em in private;
Give 'em that they came for.
Tony. The whole court cannot do it;
Besides, the next masque, if we use 'em so,
They'll come by millions to expect our largess.
We have broke an hundred heads.
Cle. Are they so tender?

Tony. But 'twas behind; before they have all murrions.[1]

Cam. Let in those ladies; make 'em room, for shame there!

Tony. They are no ladies; there's one bald before 'em,
A gentlewoman bald! they are curtail'd queans in hired clothes.[2]
They come out of Spain, I think; they are very sultry.

Men. Keep 'em in breath for an ambassador.
Methinks, my nose shakes at their memories.
What bouncing's that? [*Knocks within.*

1 *Cit.* [*Within.*] I am one o' th' music, sir.

2 *Cit.* [*Within.*] I have sweet-meats for the banquet.

Cam. Let 'em in.

Tony. They lie, my lord! they come to seek their wives;
Two broken citizens.

Cam. Break 'em more; they are but brusled yet![3]
Bold rascals! offer to disturb your wives?

Cle. Lock the doors fast! the music; hark! the king comes. [*Music.*

[1] *Murrions.*] Properly *morions*, helmets, casques.

[2] *They are no ladies; there's one* bald *before 'em*
A gent. bald; *they are* curtail'd *queans in hired clothes.*] So all the editions hitherto read. Gentleman and gentlewoman are frequently in the folios thus abbreviated, and the latter word was certainly the one intended by the poet. The baldness alluded to was the consequence of the venereal disease, and this proves the propriety of the pointing. They are probably called *curtail'd queans*, in allusion to the short mantles anciently worn by prostitutes.

[3] *They are but* brusled *yet.*] Mason proposes to read *bruised;* but the old text is right. *Brusle* occurs with the same signification in these plays as *brustle*, which Skinner explains to *crackle*, to make a small noise.

A curtain drawn. Enter FREDERICK, MARIA, VALERIO, EVANTHE, *Ladies, Attendants,* CAMILLO, CLEANTHES, SORANO, MENALLO.

A Masque. Cupid descends in a chariot, the Graces sitting by him. Cupid, his eyes bound, the Graces unbind them; he speaks.

Cupid. "Unbind me, my delight; this night is mine!
Now let me look upon what stars here shine,
Let me behold the beauties, then clap high
My colour'd wings, proud of my deity.
I am satisfied; bind me again, and fast;
My angry bow will make too great a waste
Of beauty else. Now call my masquers in,[4]
Call with a song, and let the sports begin;
Call all my servants, the effects of love,
And to a measure let them nobly move."
[*The Graces sing.*

Come, ye servants of proud Love,
Come away:
Fairly, nobly, gently move!
Too long, too long you make us stay.
Fancy, Desire, Delight, Hope, Fear,
Distrust, and Jealousy, be you too here;

4 ——*Now call my maskers in,*
Call with a song.] Cupid bids some of his attendants call in the maskers with a song, but it seems it was to little purpose, since, by the present disposition of the scene, he sings the song himself: To make the god's command of any signification or avail, we ought to insert some speaker before, *Come you servants,* &c. And who can be more proper than one of the *Graces* who descended with him, and waited at his side?—*Sympson.*

The Graces are fully as likely to join in the song all together, as Cupid does not give directions to any peculiar one.

Consuming Care, and raging Ire,
And Poverty in poor attire,
March fairly in, and last Despair.
Now full music strike the air.

Enter the masquers,[5] *Fancy, Desire, Delight, Hope, Fear, Distrust, Jealousy, Care, Ire, Poverty, Despair; they dance, after which Cupid speaks.*

Cupid. "Away! I have done; the day begins to light.
Lovers, you know your fate; good night, good night!"

[*Exeunt Masquers. Cupid and the Graces ascend in the chariot.*

Fred. Come, to the banquet! when that's ended, sir,
I'll see you a-bed, and so good-night. Be merry;
You have a sweet bed-fellow.

Val. I thank your grace,
And ever shall be bound unto your nobleness.

Fred. I pray I may deserve your thanks. Set forward! [*Exeunt.*

[5] *Enter the maskers,—Care, Ire, Despair.*] The stage direction here is faulty, as it does not set down the several names of the *maskers* in the foregoing song; for upon comparison we shall find, that out of eleven there are but ten reckoned up, *Poverty* being dropt betwixt *Ire* and *Despair*. This observation I am not singular in, Mr Theobald having before made the same in his margin. —*Sympson.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Cathedral. A Tomb in the Back-ground.

Enter divers Monks, ALPHONSO *going to the tomb,* RUGIO *and Friar* MARCO.

Marco. The night grows on; lead softly to the tomb,
And sing not till I bid ye; let the music
Play gently as he passes.
Rug. Oh, fair picture,
That wert the living hope of all our honours!
How are we banish'd from the joy we dream'd of!
Will he ne'er speak more?
Marco. 'Tis full three months, Lord Rugio,
Since any articulate sound came from his tongue.
Set him down gently. [ALPHONSO *sits in a chair.*
Rug. What should the reason be, sir?
Marco. As 'tis in nature with those loving husbands,
That sympathise their wives' pains and their throes,
When they are breeding, (and 'tis usual too;
We have it by experience) so in him, sir,
In this most noble spirit that now suffers;
For when his honour'd father, good Brandino,
Fell sick, he felt the griefs, and labour'd with them;
His fits, and his disease he still inherited,
Grew the same thing, and, had not Nature check'd him,

Strength and ability, he had died that hour too.
Rug. Emblem of noble love!
Marco. That very minute
His father's breath forsook him, that same instant,
(A rare example of his piety,
And love paternal) the organ of his tongue
Was never heard to sound again; so near death
He seeks to wait upon his worthy father,
But that we force his meat, he were one body.
Rug. He points to the tomb.
Marco. That is the place he honours;
A house I fear he will not be long out of.
He will to th' tomb: Good my lord, lend your hand.
[ALPHONSO *is led to the tomb.*
Now sing the funeral song, and let him kneel,
For then he's pleased. [*A song.*
Rug. Heaven lend thy powerful hand,
And ease this prince!
Marco. He will pass back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter VALERIO.

Val. They drink abundantly; I am hot with wine too,
Lustily warm. I'll steal now to my happiness;
'Tis midnight, and the silent hour invites me:
But she is up still, and attends the queen.
Thou dew of wine and sleep, hang on their eye-lids,

Steep their dull senses in the healths they drink,
That I may quickly find my loved Evanthe!
The king is merry too, and drank unto me;
Sign of fair peace. Oh, this night's blessedness!
If I had forty heads, I would give all for it.
Is not the end of our ambitions,
Of all our human studies, and our travels,
Of our desires, the obtaining of our wishes?
Certain, it is; and there man makes his centre.
I have obtained Evanthe, I have married her:
Can any fortune keep me from enjoying her?—

Enter SORANO.

I have my wish; what's left me to accuse now?
I am friends with all the world, but thy base malice:
Go, glory in thy mischiefs, thou proud man,
And cry it to the world, thou hast ruined virtue!
How I contemn thee, and thy petty malice!
And with what scorn I look down on thy practice!
Sor. You'll sing me a new song anon, Valerio,
And wish these hot words——
Val. I despise thee, fellow!
Thy threats, or flatteries, all I fling behind me.
I have my end, I have thy noble sister,
A name too worthy of thy blood! I have married her,
And will enjoy her too.
Sor. 'Tis very likely.
Val. And that short Month I have to bless me with her
I'll make an age; I'll reckon each embrace
A year of pleasure, and each night a jubilee,
Every quick kiss a spring; and when I mean
To lose myself in all delightfulness,
Twenty sweet summers I will tie together.
In spite of thee, and thy malignant master,

I will die old in love, though young in pleasure!

Sor. But that I hate thee deadly, I could pity thee;
Thou art the poorest miserable thing
This day on earth! I'll tell thee why, Valerio:
All thou esteem'st, and build'st upon for happiness,
For joy, for pleasure, for delight, is past thee,
And, like a wanton dream, already vanish'd!

Val. Is my love false?

Sor. No, she is constant to thee;
Constant to all thy misery she shall be,
And curse thee too.

Val. Is my strong body weaken'd,
Charm'd or abused with subtle drink? Speak, villain!

Sor. Neither; I dare speak, thou art still as lusty
As when thou lovedst her first, as strong and hopeful.
The Month thou hast given thee is a Month of misery,
And where thou think'st each hour shall yield a pleasure,
Look for a killing pain, for thou shalt find it:
Before thou diest, each minute shall prepare it,
And ring so many knells to sad afflictions;
The king has given thee a long Month to die in,
And miserably die!

Val. Undo thy riddle;
I am prepared, whatever fate shall follow.

Sor. Dost thou see this ring?

Val. I know it too.

Sor. Then mark me:
By virtue of this ring, this I pronounce to thee.
It is the king's will——

Val. Let me know it suddenly!

Sor. If thou dost offer to touch Evanthe's body,
Beyond a kiss, though thou art married to her,

And lawfully, as thou think'st, mayst enjoy her,
That minute she shall die!
Val. Oh, devil!
Sor. If thou discover this command unto her,
Or to a friend that shall importune thee,
And why thou abstainest, and from whose will, ye all perish,
Upon the self-same forfeit!—Are you fitted, sir?
Now, if you love her, you may preserve her life still;
If not, you know the worst. How falls your Month out?
Val. This tyranny could never be invented
But in the school of hell, earth is too innocent!
Not to enjoy her when she is my wife?
When she is willing too?
Sor. She is most willing,
And will run mad to miss; but if you hit her,
Be sure you hit her home, and kill her with it,
(There are such women that will die with pleasure)
The ax will follow else, that will not fail
To fetch her maidenhead, and dispatch her quickly;
Then shall the world know you are the cause of murder,
And as 'tis requisite, your life shall pay for't.
Val. Thou dost but jest; thou canst not be so monstrous
As thou proclaim'st thyself; thou art her brother,
And there must be a feeling heart within thee
Of her afflictions: Wert thou a stranger to us,
And bred amongst wild rocks, thy nature wild too,
Affection in thee, as thy breeding, cold,
And unrelenting as the rocks that nourish'd thee,
Yet thou must shake to tell me this; they tremble
When the rude sea threatens divorce amongst 'em,
They that are senseless things shake at a tempest;
Thou art a man——
Sor. Be thou too then; 'twill try thee,

And patience now will best become thy nobleness.
Val. Invent some other torment to afflict me,
All, if thou please, put all afflictions on me,
Study thy brains out for 'em, so this be none,
I care not of what nature, nor what cruelty,
Nor of what length.
Sor. This is enough to vex you.
Val. The tale of Tantalus is now proved true,
And from me shall be register'd authentic!
To have my joys within my arms, and lawful,
Mine own delights, yet dare not touch? Even as
Thou hatest me, brother, let no young man know this,
As thou shalt hope for peace when thou most need'st it,
Peace in thy soul! Desire the king to kill me,
Make me a traitor, any thing, I'll yield to it,
And give thee cause, so I may die immediately!
Lock me in prison where no sun may see me,
In walls so thick no hope may e'er come at me,
Keep me from meat, and drink, and sleep, I'll bless thee!
Give me some damned potion to deliver me,
That I may never know myself again, forget
My country, kindred, name, and fortune; last,
That my chaste love may ne'er appear before me,
This were some comfort!
Sor. All I have I have brought you,
And much good may it do you,[5] my dear brother!
See you observe it well; you'll find about you
Many eyes set, that shall o'erlook your actions:
If you transgress, you know—and so I leave you.
[*Exit.*

[6] *And much may ye do it with it.*] So the first folio. The text is from the second.

Val. Heaven be not angry,[7] and I have some hope yet; [*Kneels.*
To whom I kneel; be merciful unto me,

[7] Val. *Heaven be not angry, and I have some hope yet,*
And when you please, and how, allay my miseries.

Enter FREDERICK.

To whom I kneel be merciful unto me,
Look on my harmless youth angels of pity,
And from my bleeding heart wipe off my sorrows,
The power, the pride, the malice and injustice
Of cruel men are bent against my innocence.
You that controul the mighty wills of princes,
And bow their stubborn armes, look on my weakness.
And when you please, and how, allay my miseries. *Exit.*]

This fine speech I have recovered from the folio of 1647, which why it should have been dropped, all but the first line, by the two later editors, I am at a loss to understand. I have given it in the text, expressly as I found it, though I think it not so correct as to preclude all attempts toward its melioration and amendment. The second line I would strike out as supernumerary and tautological, as well as the stage direction, *Enter Frederick*: *Armes* in the last but one, is plainly corrupted; in short, I would propose to read and point the whole [as in the text.]—*Sympson.*

The striking out *Enter Frederick* is certainly right, and it only gained place by the omission of this speech, now restored. The first insertion of the line,

And when you please, and how, allay my miseries,

is also an error, palpably arising from the same source: We have therefore omitted both. But there seems to be a more material mistake, and that is, a transposition of two verses in the beginning of the speech: We have placed the lines as we believe the author intended them to stand; by which slight change the whole of this fine speech becomes extremely clear.—Ed. 1778.

The transposition of the second and third lines is quite unnecessary, for Valerio kneels to Heaven, not to the angels of Heaven. The repetition of the line, and the absurd stage-direction, may be accounted for by supposing that the intermediate lines were crossed out in the prompter's book, and afterwards restored according to the general practice professed by the editors of the first folio, without attending to the repetition of the line, and without trans-

Look on my harmless youth, Angels of pity,
And from my bleeding heart wipe off my sorrows!
The power, the pride, the malice and injustice
Of cruel men are bent against mine innocence:
You that controul the mighty wills of princes,
And bow their stubborn arms, look on my weakness,
And when you please, and how, allay my miseries!
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Bed-Chamber in the same.

Enter FREDERICK *and* SORANO.

Fred. Hast thou been with him?
Sor. Yes, and given him that, sir,
Will make him curse his birth; I told you which way.
Did you but see him, sir, but look upon him,
With what a troubled and dejected nature
He walks now in a mist, with what a silence,
As if he were the shroud he wrapt himself in,
And no more of Valerio but his shadow,
He seeks obscurity to hide his thoughts in,
You would wonder and admire, for all you know it.

ferring the stage-direction. The same thing has happened in the Beggar's Bush, (vol. III. p. 205, 206.) See also The Faithful Friend, printed from the prompter's MS. in this collection. Mason very needlessly proposes to alter *arms* in the penultimate line to *aims*; but the old text requires neither defence nor explanation.

His jollity is down, valed to the ground, sir,
And his high hopes of full delights and pleasures
Are turn'd tormentors to him, stiong diseases.
Fred. But is there hope of her?
Sor. It must fall necessary
She must dislike him, quarrel with his person,
(For women once deluded are next devils)
And, in the height of that opinion, sir,
You shall put on again, and she must meet you.
Fred. I am glad of this.
Sor. I'll tell you all the circumstance
Within this hour. But sure I heard your grace,
To-day as I attended, make some stops,
Some broken speeches, and some sighs between;
And then your brother's name I heard distinctly,
And some sad wishes after.
Fred. You are i' th' right, sir;
I would he were as sad as I could wish him,
Sad as the earth!
Sor. Would you have it so?
Fred. Thou hear'st me.
Though he be sick, with small hope of recovery,
That hope still lives, and men's eyes live upon it,
And in their eyes their wishes: My Sorano,
Were he but cold once in the tomb he dotes on,
(As 'tis the fittest place for melancholy)
My court should be another Paradise,
And flow with all delights.
Sor. Go to your pleasures;
Let me alone with this: Hope shall not trouble you,
Nor he, three days.
Fred. I shall be bound unto thee.

Enter VALERIO, CAMILLO, CLEANTHES, *and* MENALLO.

Sor. I'll do it neatly too, no doubt shall catch me.

Fred. Be gone. They are going to bed; I'll bid good-night to 'em.

Sor. And mark the man! you'll scarce know 'tis Valerio. [*Exit.*

Cam. Chear up, my noble lord; the minute's come,
You shall enjoy the abstract of all sweetness.
We did you wrong; you need no wine to warm you,
Desire shoots through your eyes like sudden wild-fires.

Val. Beshrew me, lords, the wine has made me dull;
I am I know not what.

Fred. Good pleasure to ye!
Good night and long too! As you find your appetite,
You may fall to.

Val. I do beseech your grace, [*Aside to* FREDERICK.
For which of all my loves and services
Have I deserved this?

Fred. I am not bound to answer you.

Val. Nor I bound to obey in unjust actions.

Fred. Do as you please; you know the penalty,
And, as I have a soul, it shall be executed!
Nay, look not pale; I am not used to fear, sir.
If you respect your lady—Good-night to you! [*Exit.*

Val. But for respect to her, and to my duty,
That reverend duty that I owe my sovereign,
Which anger has no power to snatch me from,
The good-night should be thine, good-night for ever!—
The king is wanton, lords; he would needs know of me
How many nick chaces I would make to-night.

Men. My lord, no doubt you'll prove a perfect gamester.

Val. 'Faith, no; I am unacquainted with the pleasure;
Bungle a set I may.—How my heart trembles, [*Aside.*
And beats my breast as it would break his way out!—
Good-night, my noble friends.

Cle. Nay, we must see you
Toward your bed, my lord.

Val. Good faith, it needs not;
'Tis late, and I shall trouble you.

Cam. No, no;
Till the bride come, sir——

Val. I beseech you, leave me;
You will make me bashful else, I am so foolish;
Besides, I have some few devotions, lords,
And he that can pray with such a book in's arms—

Cam. We'll leave you then; and a sweet night wait upon ye!

Men. And a sweet issue of this sweet night crown ye!

Cle. All nights and days be such till you grow old, sir!

[*Exeunt* CAMILLO, CLEANTHES, *and* MENALLO.

Val I thank ye;—'tis a curse sufficient for me,
A labour'd one too, though you mean a blessing.
What shall I do? I am like a wretched debtor,
That has a sum to tender on the forfeit
Of all he's worth, yet dare not offer it.
Other men see the sun, yet I must wink at it,
And though I know 'tis perfect day, deny it.
My veins are all on fire, and burn like Ætna,
Youth and desire beat 'larums to my blood,
And add fresh fuel to my warm affections.
I must enjoy her; yet, when I consider,

When I collect myself, and weigh her danger,
The tyrant's will, and his power taught to murder,
My tender care controls my blood within me,
And, like a cold fit of a peevish ague,
Creeps to my soul, and flings an ice upon me,
That locks all powers of youth up: But prevention[8]—
Oh, what a blessedness 'twere to be old now,
To be unable, bed-rid with diseases,
Or halt on crutches to meet holy Hymen;
What a rare benefit! But I am curst!
That that speaks other men most freely happy,
And makes all eyes hang on their expectations,
Must prove the bane of me, Youth and Ability.

Enter MARIA, EVANTHE, *Ladies, and* TONY.

She comes to bed; how shall I entertain her?
Tony. Nay, I come after too; take the Fool with ye,
For lightly he is ever one at weddings.
Mar. Evanthe,[9] make you unready, your lord stays for you,
And pr'ythee be merry!
Tony. Be very merry, chicken;
Thy lord will pipe to thee anon, and make thee dance too.
Lady. Will he so, goodman Ass?
Tony. Yes, goody filly:

[8] *That locks all powers of youth up* but *prevention.*] So the first folio points. That in the text is from the second. The reader will have observed before that Mason is a mortal foe to broken sentences, and wishes to read, for that reason, very tamely,

That locks all powers of youth up *by* prevention.

[9] *Make you* unready.] This, in the language of the day, signified undress yourself.

An you had such a pipe, that piped so sweetly,
You would dance to death; you have learnt your
sinque-a-pace.[1]

Evan. Your grace desires that, that's too free
in me;
I am merry at the heart.

Tony. Thou wilt be anon;
The young smug boy will give thee a sweet cordial.

Evan. I am so taken up in all my thoughts,
So possest, madam, with the lawful sweets
I shall this night partake of with my lord,
So far transported (pardon my immodesty)——

Val. Alas, poor wench, how shall I recompence
thee!

Evan. That though they must be short, and
snatched away too
Ere they grow ripe, yet I shall far prefer 'em
Before a tedious pleasure with repentance.

Val. Oh, how my heart aches!

Evan. Take off my jewels, ladies,
And let my ruff loose: I shall bid good-night to ye;
My lord stays here.

Mar. My wench, I thank thee heartily,
For learning how to use thy few hours handsomely;
They will be years, I hope. Off with your gown
now.—
Lay down the bed there.

Tony. Shall I get into it,
And warm it for thee? A fool's fire is a fine thing!
And I'll so buss thee!

Mar. I'll have you whipp'd, you rascal!

Tony. That will provoke me more. I'll talk with
thy husband:

[1] *Sinque-a-pace.*] Cinque-pace was a popular dance, the measures of which were regulated by the number five. The word with the same allusion occurs in many old plays.

He's a wise man, I hope.
Evan. Good-night, dear madam!
Ladies, no further service; I am well.
I do beseech your grace to give us this leave;
My lord and I to one another freely,
And privately, may do all other ceremonies;
Woman and page we'll be to one another,
And trouble you no farther.
Tony. Art thou a wise man?
Val. I cannot tell thee, Tony; ask my neighbours.
Tony. If thou be'st so, go lie with me to-night,
(The old fool will lie quieter than the young one,
And give thee more sleep) thou wilt look to-morrow else
Worse than the prodigal fool the ballad speaks of,
That was squeez'd through a horn.
Val. I shall take thy counsel![2]
Mar. Why then, good-night, good-night, my best Evanthe!
My worthy maid, and, as that name shall vanish,
My worthy wife,[3] a long and happy.—Follow, sirrah!
Evan. That shall be my care. Goodness rest with your grace!
Mar. Be lusty, lord, and take your lady to you;

[2] Val. *I shall take thy counsel.*] This is *aside* if the words are right; but perhaps they would be better joined, with some little change, to the end of the Fool's speech:

That was squeez'd through a horn. Wilt *take my counsel?*
Sympson.

Valerio speaks ironically.—*J. N.*

[3] *A worthy wife, a long and happy;* follow, sirrah.
Evan. *That shall be my care,*
Goodness rest with your grace.] Sympson bestows great care in correcting this passage, but there is no need whatever for amendment, and hardly for a note. Evanthe answers to that part of the queen's speech addressed to her, and of course takes no notice of her direction to the fool.

And that power that shall part you be unhappy!

Val Sweet rest unto you! to ye all, sweet ladies! Tony, good-night!

Tony Shall not the Fool stay with thee?

Mar. Come away, sirrah!

[*Exeunt* MARIA *and Ladies.*

Tony. How the fool is sought for!

Sweet malt is made of easy fire;
A hasty horse will quickly tire;
A sudden leaper sticks i' th' mire;
Phlebotomy, and the word "lie nigher,"
Take heed of, friend, I thee require.
This from an Almanack I stole,
And learn this lesson from a Fool.

Good-night, my bird! [*Exit* TONY.

Evan. Good-night, wise master Tony.— Will you to bed, my lord? Come let me help you.

Val. To bed, Evanthe? art thou sleepy?

Evan. No; I shall be worse, if you look sad upon me. Pray you let's to bed!

Val. I am not well, my love.

Evan. I'll make you well; there's no such physic for you As your warm mistress' arms.

Val. Art thou so cunning?

Evan. I speak not by experience; (pray you mistake not) But, if you love me——

Val. I do love so dearly, So much above the base bent of desire, I know not how to answer thee.

Evan. To bed then; There I shall better credit you. Fy, my lord! Will you put a maid to't, to teach you what to do?

An innocent maid? Are you so cold a lover?
In truth, you make me blush! 'Tis midnight too,
And 'tis no stolen love, but authorised openly,
No sin we covet. Pray let me undress you;
You shall help me. Pr'ythee, sweet Valerio,
Be not so sad; the king will be more merciful.

Val. May not I love thy mind?

Evan. And I yours too;
'Tis a most noble one, adorn'd with virtue;
But if we love not one another really,
And put our bodies and our minds together,
And so make up the concord of affection,
Our love will prove but a blind superstition.
This is no school to argue in, my lord,
Nor have we time to talk away allowed us:
Pray let's dispatch. If any one should come
And find us at this distance, what would they think?
Come, kiss me, and to bed!

Val That I dare do,
And kiss again.

Evan Spare not; they are your own, sir.

Val. But to enjoy thee is to be luxurious,
Too sensual in my love, and too ambitious!—
Oh, how I burn!—To pluck thee from the stalk
Where now thou grow'st a sweet bud and a beauteous,
And bear'st the prime and honour of the garden,
Is but to violate thy spring, and spoil thee.

Evan. To let me blow, and fall alone, would anger you.

Val. Let's sit together thus, and, as we sit,
Feed on the sweets of one another's souls.
The happiness of love is contemplation,
The blessedness of love is pure affection,
Where no alloy of actual dull desire,
Of pleasure that partakes with wantonness,

Of human fire that burns out as it kindles,
And leaves the body but a poor repentance,
Can ever mix: Let's fix on that, Evanthe;
That's everlasting, the other casual;
Eternity breeds one, the other Fortune,
Blind as herself, and full of all afflictions:
Shall we love virtuously?

Evan. I ever loved so.

Val. And only think our love: The rarest pleasure,
(And that we most desire, let it be human)
If once enjoy'd grows stale, and cloys our appetites.
I would not lessen in my love for any thing;
Nor find thee but the same in my short journey,
For my love's safety.[4]

Evan. Now I see I am old, sir,
Old and ill-favour'd too, poor and despised,
And am not worth your noble fellowship,
Your fellowship in love; you would not else
Thus cunningly seek to betray a maid,
A maid that honours you thus piously,
Strive to abuse the pious love she brings you.
Farewell, my lord; since you have a better mistress,
(For it must seem so, or you are no man)
A younger, happier, I shall give her room,
So much I love you still.

Val. Stay, my Evanthe!
Heaven bear me witness, thou art all I love,

[4] *Nor find thee but the same in my short journey,*
For my love's *safety.*] Valerio would not suffer the least abatement of her affection if he might save——what by it? his love? his *life* to be sure he designed to say, and the true reading is,

For my life's *safety.*—Sympson.

Very good sense may be made out of the text: "He would not lessen in his love for any thing, and therefore wishes to find her still the same, that his love may not lessen." In his "short journey" his *life's safety* is quite out of the question.—Ed. 1778.

All I desire! And now, have pity on me!—
I never lied before; forgive me, Justice!
Youth and Affection, stop your ears unto me!
[*Aside.*

Evan. Why do you weep? If I have spoke too harshly,
And unbeseeming, my beloved lord,
My care and duty, pardon me!

Val. Oh, hear me,
Hear me, Evanthe!—I am all on torture, [*Aside.*
And this lie tears my conscience as I vent it!—
I am no man.

Evan. How, sir?

Val. No man for pleasure;
No woman's man.

Evan. Goodness forbid, my lord!
Sure you abuse yourself.

Val. 'Tis true, Evanthe;
I shame to say you'll find it. [*Weeps.*

Evan. He weeps bitterly: [*Aside.*
'Tis my hard fortune; bless all young maids from it!—
Is there no help, my lord, in art will comfort ye?

Val. I hope there is.

Evan. How long have you been destitute?

Val. Since I was young.

Evan. 'Tis hard to die for nothing.—
Now you shall know, 'tis not the pleasure, sir,
(For I'm compell'd to love you spiritually)
That women aim at, I affect you for;
'Tis for your worth: And kiss me; be at peace.
Because I ever loved you, I still honour you,
And with all duty to my husband follow you.
Will you to bed now? You are ashamed, it seems:
Pygmalion pray'd, and his cold stone took life.
You do not know with what zeal I shall ask, sir,

And what rare miracle that may work upon you.
Still blush? Prescribe your law.

Val. I pr'ythee pardon me!
To bed, and I'll sit by thee, and mourn with thee,
Mourn both our fortunes, our unhappy ones.
Do not despise me; make me not more wretched!
I pray to Heaven, when I am gone, Evanthe,
(As my poor date is but a span of time now)
To recompence thy noble patience,
Thy love and virtue, with a fruitful husband,
Honest and honourable.

Evan. Come, you have made me weep now.
All fond desire die here, and welcome chastity,
Honour and chastity! Do what you please, sir.
[*Exeunt*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Antichamber to the Dwelling of Alphonso *in the Monastery.*

Enter at one door RUGIO *and Friar* MARCO, *at the other door* SORANO, *with a little glass phial.*

Rug. What ails this piece of mischief to look sad?
He seems to weep too.

Marco. Something is a-hatching,
And of some bloody nature too, Lord Rugio,
This crocodile mourns thus cunningly.
Sor. Hail, holy father!
And good-day to the good Lord Rugio!
How fares the sad prince, I beseech you, sir?
Rug. 'Tis like you know; you need not ask that question:
You have your eyes and watches on his miseries
As near as ours; I would they were as tender!
Marco. Can you do him good? As the king and you appointed him,
So he is still; as you desired I think too,
For every day he is worse: Heaven pardon all!
Put off your sorrow; you may laugh now, lord;
He cannot last long to disturb your master:
You have done worthy service to his brother,
And he most memorable love.
Sor. You do not know, sir,
With what remorse I ask, nor with what weariness
I groan and bow under this load of honour;
And how my soul sighs for the beastly services
I have done his pleasures, these be witness with me!
And from your piety believe me, father,
I would as willingly uncloath myself
Of title, (that becomes me not, I know;
Good men and great names best agree together)
Cast off the glorious favours, and the trappings
Of sound and honour, wealth and promises,
His wanton pleasures have flung on my weakness,
And chuse to serve my country's cause and virtue's,
Poorly and honestly, and redeem my ruins,
As I would hope remission of my mischiefs.
Rug. Old and experienced men, my lord Sorano,
Are not so quickly caught with gilt hypocrisy.
You pull your claws in now, and fawn upon us,
As lions do to entice poor foolish beasts;

And beasts we should be too, if we believed you:
Go, exercise your art——

Sor. For Heaven sake, scorn me not,
Nor add more hell to my afflicted soul
Than I feel here! As you are honourable,
As you are charitable, look gently on me!
I will no more to court, be no more devil;
I know I must be hated even of him
That was my love now; and the more he loves me
For his foul ends, when they shall once appear to him,
Muster before his conscience, and accuse him,
The fouler and the more falls his displeasure:
Princes are fading things, so are their favours.

Marco. He weeps again;
His heart is touch'd, sure, with remorse.

Sor. See this,
And give me fair attention. Good my lord,
And worthy father, see; within this phial,
The remedy and cure of all my honour,
And of the sad prince, lie.

Rug. What new trick's this?

Sor. 'Tis true, I have done offices abundantly
Ill and prodigious to the prince Alphonso;
And, whilst I was a knave, I sought his death too.

Rug. You are too late convicted to be good yet.

Sor. But, father, when I felt this part afflict me,
This inward part, and call'd me to an audit
Of my misdeeds and mischiefs——

Marco. Well; go on, sir.

Sor. Oh, then, then, then! what was my glory then, father!
The favour of the king, what did that ease me?
What was it to be bow'd to by all creatures?
Worshipt, and courted? what did this avail me?
I was a wretch, a poor lost wretch!

Marco. Still better.

Sor. Till, in the midst of all my grief, I found
Repentance; and a learned man to give the means
to it;
A Jew, an honest and a rare physician:
Of him I had this jewel; 'tis a jewel,
And, at the price of all my wealth, I bought it.
If the king knew it, I must lose my head;
And willingly, most willingly, I would suffer.
A child may take it, 'tis so sweet in working.
Marco. To whom would you apply it to?
Sor. To the sick prince;
It will in half a day dissolve his melancholy.
Rug. I do believe, and give him sleep for ever.
What impudence is this, and what base malice,
To make us instruments of thy abuses!
Are we set here to poison him?
Sor. Mistake not;
Yet I must needs say, 'tis a noble care,
And worthy virtuous servants. If you'll see
A flourishing estate again in Naples,
And great Alphonso reign, that's truly good,
And like himself able to make all excellent,
Give him this drink; and this good health unto
him! [*Drinks.*
I am not so desperate yet to kill myself.
Never look on me as a guilty man,
Nor on the water as a speedy poison:
I am not mad, nor laid out all my treasure,
My conscience and my credit, to abuse ye.
How nimbly and how chearfully it works now
Upon my heart and head! Sure I'm a new man!
There is no sadness that I feel within me,
But, as it meets it, like a lazy vapour
How it flies off! Here, give it him with speed:
You are more guilty than I ever was,
And worthier of the name of evil subjects,
If but an hour you hold this from his health.

Rug. 'Tis some rare virtuous thing sure;[5] he is a good man!
It must be so; come, let's apply it presently,
And may it sweetly work!
Sor. Pray let me hear on't;
And carry it close, my lords.
Marco. Yes, good Sorano.
[*Exeunt* RUGIO *and* MARCO.
Sor. Do, my good fools, my honest pious coxcombs,
My wary fools too! Have I caught your wisdoms?
You never dream'd I knew an antidote,
Nor how to take it to secure mine own life;
I am an ass! Go, give him the fine cordial,
And when you have done, go dig his grave, good friar.
Some two hours hence we shall have such a bawling,
And roaring up and down for *aqua vitæ*,
Such rubbing, and such 'nointing, and such cooling!
I have sent him that will make a bonfire in's belly:
If he recover it, there is no heat in hell sure.
[*Exit.*

5 *'Tis some rare* virtuous *thing.*] So Milton in his *Il Penseroso* uses the word,

And of the virtuous *ring and glass*, &c.—*Sympson.*

Virtuous continually occurs for *salutiferous* in old writings.

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter FREDERICK *and* PODRAMO.

Fred. Podramo!
Pod. Sir.
Fred. Call hither Lord Valerio;
And let none trouble us.
Pod. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit.*
Fred. I know he wants no additions to his tortures,
He has enough for human blood to carry;
(Yet I must vex him further[6])
So many, that I wonder his hot youth
And high-bred spirit breaks not into fury;
I must yet torture him a little further,
And make myself sport with his miseries;
My anger is too poor else. Here he comes.

Enter VALERIO.

Now, my young-married lord, how do you feel yourself?
You have the happiness you ever aim'd at,
The joy and pleasure.

[6] (*Yet I must vex him further.*) This line seems to be an interpolation; and was perhaps occasioned by the players' omitting the three next lines.—Ed. 1778.

Val. 'Would you had the like, sir!
Fred. You tumble in delights with your sweet lady,
And draw the minutes out in dear embraces;
You live a right lord's life.
Val. 'Would you had tried it,
That you might know the virtue but to suffer!
Your anger, though it be unjust and insolent,
Sits handsomer upon you than your scorn;
To do a wilful ill, and glory in it,
Is to do it double, double to be damn'd too.
Fred. Hast thou not found a loving and free prince?
High in his favours too? that has conferr'd
Such hearts-ease, and such heaps of comfort on thee,
All thou couldst ask?
Val. You are too grown a tyrant,
Upon so suffering and so still a subject!
You have put upon me such a punishment,
That if your youth were honest it would blush at:
But you're a shame to nature, as to virtue.
Pull not my rage upon you! 'tis so just,
It will give way to no respect. My life,
My innocent life, (I dare maintain it, sir)
Like a wanton prodigal you have flung away;
Had I a thousand more, I would allow 'em,
And be as careless of 'em as your will is:
But to deny those rights the law hath given me,
The holy law, and make her life the penance,
Is such a studied and unheard-of malice,
No heart that is not hired from hell dare think of!
To do it then too, when my hopes were high,
High as my blood, all my desires upon me,
My free affections ready to embrace her,

And she mine own—Do you smile at this? is't done well?
Is there not heaven above you that sees all?
[*Exit.*

Enter Cassandra.

Fred. Come hither, Time. How does your noble mistress?
Cas. As a gentlewoman may do in her case
That's newly married, sir; sickly sometimes,
And fond on't, like your majesty.
Fred. She's breeding then?
Cas. She wants much of her colour,
And has her qualms as ladies use to have, sir,
And her disgusts.
Fred. And keeps her chamber?
Cas. Yes, sir.
Fred. And eats good broths and jellies?
Cas. I am sure she sighs, sir,
And weeps, good lady!
Fred. Alas, good lady, for it!
She should have one could comfort her, Cassandra,
Could turn those tears to joys, a lusty comforter.
Cas. A comfortable man does well at all hours,
For he brings comfortable things.
Fred. Come hither;
And hold your fan between, you have eaten onions.—
Her breath stinks like a fox, her teeth are contagious; [*Aside.*
These old women are all elder-pipes.—Do you mark me? [*Gives a purse.*
Cas. Yes, sir; but does your grace think I am fit,
That am both old and virtuous?
Fred. Therefore the fitter, the older still the better;

I know thou art as holy as an old cope,
Yet, upon necessary use——
Cas. 'Tis true, sir.
Fred. Her feeling sense is fierce still; speak unto her,
(You are familiar) speak, I say, unto her,
Speak to the purpose; tell her this, and this.
[*Whispers.*
Cas. Alas, she is honest, sir, she is very honest,
And would you have my gravity——
Fred. Ay, ay;
Your gravity will become the cause the better.
I'll look thee out a knight shall make thee a lady too,
A lusty knight, and one that shall be ruled by thee;
And add to these, I'll make 'em good.[7] No mincing,
Nor ducking out of nicety, good lady,
But do it home. We'll all be friends too, tell her,
And such a joy——
Cas. That's it that stirs me up, sir;
I would not for the world attempt her chastity,
But that they may live lovingly hereafter.
Fred. For that I urge it too.
Cas. A little evil
May well be suffer'd for a general good, sir.
I'll take my leave of your majesty.
Fred. Go fortunately;
Be speedy too. [*Exit* CASSANDRA.

Enter VALERIO.

Here comes Valerio;
If his afflictions have allay'd his spirit,

[7] *And add to these, I'll make 'em good.*] That is, though you should add to those further conditions, I'll fulfil them.—*Mason.*

My work has end.—Come hither, Lord Valerio;
How do you now?
Val. Your majesty may guess,
Not so well, nor so fortunate as you are,
That can tie up men's honest wills and actions.[8]
Fred. You clearly see now, brave Valerio,
What 'tis to be the rival to a prince,
To interpose against a raging lion:
I know you have suffer'd, infinitely suffer'd,
And with a kind of pity I behold it;
And if you dare be worthy of my mercy,
I can yet heal you, (yield up your Evanthe)
Take off my sentence also.
Val. I fall thus low, sir, [*Kneels.*
My poor sad heart under your feet I lay,
And all the service of my life.
Fred. Do this then,
For without this 'twill be impossible:
Part with her for a while.
Val. You have parted us;
What should I do with that I cannot use, sir?
Fred. 'Tis well consider'd: Let me have the lady,
And thou shalt see how nobly I'll befriend thee,
How all this difference——
Val. Will she come, do you think, sir?
Fred. She must be wrought, (I know she is too modest)
And gently wrought, and cunningly.
Val. 'Tis fit, sir.
Fred. And secretly it must be done.
Val. As thought.
Fred. I'll warrant you her honour shall be fair still;

[8] In the first folio, some lines which occur before, (p 206,) are repeated here: from
"You have the happiness," &c. to the line,
"Sits handsomer upon you than your scorn."

No soil nor stain shall appear on that, Valerio.
You see a thousand that bear sober faces,
And shew off as inimitable modesties;
You would be sworn too that they were pure matrons,
And most chaste maids; and yet, to augment their fortunes,
And get them noble friends——

Val. They are content, sir,
In private to bestow their beauties on 'em.

Fred. They are so, and they are wise; they know no want for't,
For no eye sees they want their honesties.

Val. If it might be carried thus?

Fred. It shall be, sir.

Val. I'll see you dead first! [*Aside.*]—With this caution,
Why, sure, I think it might be done.

Fred. Yes, easily.

Val. For what time would your grace desire her body?

Fred. A month or two. It shall be carried still
As if she kept[9] with you, and were a stranger,
Rather a hater, of the grace I offer;
And then I will return her, with such honour—

Val. 'Tis very like; I dote much on your honour!

Fred. And load her with such favour too, Valerio—

Val. She never shall claw off: I humbly thank you!

Fred. I'll make ye both the happiest, and the richest,
And the mightiest too——

Val. But who shall work her, sir?

[9] *Kept.*] To keep is still a college phrase for to dwell, lodge.

For, on my conscience, she is very honest,
And will be hard to cut as a rough diamond.
Fred. Why, you must work her; any thing from your tongue,
Set off with golden and persuasive language,
Urging your dangers too——
Val. But all this time
Have you the conscience, sir, to leave me nothing,
Nothing to play withal?
Fred. There be a thousand;
Take where thou wilt.
Val. May I make bold with your queen?
She is useless to your grace,' as it appears, sir,
And but a loyal wife, that may be lost too:
I have a mind to her, and then 'tis equal.
Fred. How, sir?
Val. 'Tis so, sir. Thou most glorious impudence,
Have I not wrongs enow to suffer under,
But thou must pick me out to make a monster?
A hated wonder to the world? Do you start
At my entrenching on your private liberty,
And would you force a highway through mine honour,
And make me pave it too? But that thy queen
Is of that excellence in honesty,
And guarded with divinity about her,
No loose thought can come near, nor flame unhallow'd,
I would so right myself——
Fred. Why, take her to you;
I am not vex'd at this; thou shalt enjoy her:
I'll be thy friend, if that may win thy courtesy.
Val. I will not be your bawd, though for your royalty.
Was I brought up and nourish'd in the court,
With thy most royal brother, and thyself,
Upon thy father's charge, thy happy father's,

And suck'd the sweetness of all human arts,
Learn'd arms and honour, to become a rascal?
Was this the expectation of my youth,
My growth of honour? Do you speak this truly,
Or do you try me, sir? for I believe not,
At least I would not, and methinks 'tis impossible,
There should be such a devil in a king's shape,
Such a malignant fiend!

Fred. I thank you, sir!
To-morrow is your last day, and look to it——
Get from my sight, away!

Val. You are——Oh, my heart's too high
And full to think upon you! [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

Another in the same.

Enter EVANTHE *and* CASSANDRA.

Evan. You think it fit then, mortified Cassandra,
That I should be a whore?

Cas. Why a whore, madam?
If every woman that upon necessity
Did a good turn (for there's the main point, mark it)
Were term'd a whore, who would be honest, madam?
Your lord's life, and your own, are now in hazard;
Two precious lives may be redeem'd with nothing.

Little or nothing; say, an hour's or day's sport,
Or such a toy; the end to it is [not] wantonness,[1]
That we call lust, that maidens lose their fame for,
But a compell'd necessity of honour,
Fair as the day, and clear as innocence;
Upon my life and conscience, a direct way——

Evan. To be a rascal.

Cas 'Tis a kind of rape too;
That keeps you clear; for where your will's compell'd,
Though you yield up your body, you are safe still.

Evan. Thou art grown a learned bawd; I ever look'd
Thy great sufficiency would break out.

Cas. You may,
You that are young and fair, scorn us old creatures;
But you must know my years ere you be wise, lady,
And my experience too. Say the king loved you?
Say it were nothing else?

Evan. Ay, marry wench,
Now thou com'st to me.

Cas. Do you think princes' favours are such slight things,
To fling away when you please? There be young ladies,
Both fair and honourable, that would leap to reach 'em,
And leap aloft too.

Evan Such are light enough;
I am no vaulter, wench. But canst thou tell me,

[1] —— *the end to it is wantonness.*] For want of a negative particle here, the old procuress is made to contradict all she was contending for; the place ought to run so,

—— *the end to it is* not *wantonness.*

Mr Seward likewise made the same observation.—*Sympson.*

Though he be a king, whether he be sound or no?
I would not give my youth up to infection.
Cas. As sound as honour ought to be, I think, lady.
Go to! be wise; I do not bid you try him;
But, if he love you well, and you neglect him,
Your lord's life hanging on the hazard of it——
If you be so wilful proud——
Evan. Thou speak'st to the point still;
But, when I have lain with him, what am I then, gentlewoman?
Cas. What are you? why, the same you are now, a woman,
A virtuous woman, and a noble woman;
Touching at what is noble, you become so.
Had Lucrece e'er been thought of, but for Tarquin?
She was before a simple unknown woman;
When she was ravish'd, she was a reverend saint.
And do you think she yielded not a little,
And had a kind of will to have been re-ravish'd?
Believe it, yes. There are a thousand stories
Of wond'rous loyal women, that have slipp'd,
But it has been on the ice of tender honour,
That kept them cool still to the world. I think you are blest,
That have such an occasion in your hands
To beget a chronicle, a faithful one.
Evan. It must needs be much honour!
Cas. As you may make it, infinite, and safe too;
And when 'tis done, your lord and you may live
So quietly, and peaceably together,
And be what you please!
Evan. But suppose this, wench,
The king should so delight me with his company,
I should forget my lord, and no more look on him.
Cas. That's the main hazard; for I tell you truly,

I have heard Report speak he's an infinite pleasure,
Almost above belief. There be some ladies,
And modest to the world too, wond'rous modest,
That have had the blessedness to try his body,
That I have heard proclaim him a new Hercules.
Evan. So strongly able?
Cas. There will be the danger,
You being but a young and tender lady,
Although your mind be good, yet your weak body,
At first encounter too, to meet with one
Of his unconquer'd strength——
Evan. Peace, thou rude bawd,
Thou studied old corruptness![1] tie thy tongue up,
Your hired base tongue! Is this your timely counsel?
Dost thou seek to make me dote on wickedness,
Because 'tis ten times worse than thou deliver'st it?
To be a whore, because he has sufficiency
To make a hundred? Oh, thou impudence!
Have I relieved thy age to mine own ruin?
And worn thee in my bosom, to betray me?
Can years and impotence win nothing on thee
That's good and honest, but thou must go on still?
And where thy blood wants heat to sin thyself,
Force thy decrepid will to make me wicked?
Cas. I did but tell you——
Evan. What the damned'st woman,
The cunning'st and the skilful'st bawd, comes short of!
If thou hadst lived ten ages to be damn'd in,
And exercised this art the devil taught thee,
Thou couldst not have express'd it more exactly.
Cas. I did not bid you sin.

[1] —— *old corruptness.*] This in Martial's words is, *non vitiosa sed vitium.*—Sympson.

Evan. Thou wooed'st me to it;
Thou, that art fit for prayer and the grave,
Thy body earth already, and corruption,
Thou taught'st the way. Go, follow your fine function:
There are houses of delight, that want good matrons,
Such grave instructors; get thee thither, monster,
And read variety of sins to wantons;
And when they roar with pains, learn to make plaisters.

Cas. This we have for our good wills.

Evan. If e'er I see thee more,
Or any thing that's like thee, to affright me,
By this fair light, I'll spoil thy bawdery!
I'll leave thee neither eyes nor nose to grace thee!
When thou want'st bread, and common pity towards thee,
And art a-starving in a ditch, think of me:
Then die, and let the wand'ring bawds lament thee!
Be gone; I charge thee leave me!

Enter Frederick.

Cas. You'll repent this. [*Exit.*

Fred. She's angry, and t'other crying too; my suit's cold:
I'll make your heart ache, stubborn wench, for this!
Turn not so angry from me; I will speak to you.
Are you grown proud with your delight, good lady?
So pamper'd with your sport, you scorn to know me?

Evan. I scorn you not; I would you scorn'd not me, sir,
And forced me to be weary of my duty!
I know your grace; 'would I had never seen you!

Fred. Because I love you, because I dote upon you,
Because I am a man that seek to please you.
Evan. I have man enough already to content me,
As much, as noble, and as worthy of me,
As all the world can yield.
Fred. That's but your modesty:
You have no man—nay, never look upon me;
I know it, lady—no man to content you;
No man that can, or, at the least, that dare,
Which is a poorer man, and nearer nothing.
Evan. Be nobler, sir, inform'd.
Fred. I'll tell thee, wench,
The poor condition of this poorer fellow,
And make thee blush for shame at thine own error:
He never tender'd yet a husband's duty
To thy warm longing bed.
Evan. How should he know that? [*Aside.*
Fred. I am sure he did not, for I charged him no,
Upon his life I charged him, but to try him.
Could any brave or noble spirit stop here?
Was life to be preferr'd before affection?
Lawful and long'd-for too?
Evan. Did you command him?
Fred. I did, in policy, to try his spirit.
Evan. And could he be so dead-cold to observe it?
Brought I no beauty, nor no love along with me?
Fred. Why, that is it that makes me scorn to name him.
I should have loved him, if he had ventured for't;
Nay, doted on his bravery.
Evan. Only charged?
And with that spell sit down! Dare men fight bravely,
For poor slight things, for drink, or ostentation,

And there endanger both their lives and fortunes,
And for their lawful loves fly off with fear?

Fred. 'Tis true; and with a cunning base fear too to abuse thee,
Made thee believe, poor innocent Evanthe,
Wretched young girl, it was his impotency:
Was it not so? deny it.

Evan. Oh, my anger!
At my years, to be cozen'd with a young man!

Fred. A strong man too; certain he loved you dearly!

Evan. To have my shame and love mingled together,
And both flung on me like a weight to sink me!
I would have died a thousand times!

Fred. So would any,
Any that had the spirit of a man:
I would have been kill'd in your arms.

Evan. I would he had been,
And buried in mine arms! that had been noble:
And what a monument would I have made him!
Upon this breast he should have slept in peace,
Honour and everlasting Love his mourners;
And I still weeping, 'till old Time had turn'd me,
And pitying powers above, into pure crystal.

Fred. Hadst thou loved me, and had my way been stuck
With deaths, as thick as frosty nights with stars,
I would have ventured.

Evan. Sure there is some trick in't:
Valerio ne'er was coward. [*Aside.*

Fred. Worse than this too,
Tamer, and seasoning of a baser nature,
He set your woman on you to betray you,
Your bawdy woman, or your sin-solicitor;
(I pray but think what this man may deserve now)
I know he did, and did it to please me too.

Evan. Good sir, afflict me not too fast! I feel
I am a woman, and a wrong'd one too,
And sensible I am of my abuses.
Sir, you have loved me——
Fred. And I love thee still,
Pity thy wrongs, and dote upon thy person.
Evan. To set my woman on me! 'twas too base, sir.
Fred. Abominable vile.
Evan. But I shall fit him.
Fred. All reason and all law allows it to you;
And you're a fool, a tame fool, if you spare him.
Evan. You may speak now, and happily prevail too;
And I beseech your grace be angry with me.
Fred. I am at heart.—She staggers in her faith,
And will fall off, I hope; I'll ply her still.—[*Aside.*
Thou abused innocence, I suffer with thee!
If I should give him life, he would still betray thee;
That fool that fears to die for such a beauty,
Would for the same fear sell thee unto misery.
I do not say [3] he would have been bawd himself too.
Evan. Follow'd thus far? nay, then I smell the malice; [*Aside.*
It tastes too hot of practised wickedness:

[3] *I don't say*, &c.] From Evanthe's answer, it seems probable the poet wrote, *I* DARE *say*, &c.—Ed. 1778.

Surely, had the editors read a little further, they would have struck out this useless note. Frederick says again,

I will *not* say he offered fair Evanthe.

He evidently goes gradually and artfully to work, afraid of Evanthe's suspicions being roused by an accusation too downright, and seems insidiously to retract his first assertions, to gain her confidence more strongly.

There can be no such man, I am sure no gentleman.
Shall my anger make me whore, and not my pleasure?
My sudden unconsiderate rage abuse me?
Come home again, my frighted faith, my virtue,
Home to my heart again!—He be a bawd too?

Fred. I will not say he offer'd, fair Evanthe.

Evan. Nor do not dare! 'Twill be an impudence,
And not an honour, for a prince to lie.
Fy, sir, a person of your rank to trifle!
I know you do lie.

Fred. How?

Evan. Lie shamefully;
And I could wish myself a man but one day,
To tell you openly, you lie too basely!

Fred. Take heed, wild fool!

Evan. Take thou heed, thou tame devil!
Thou all Pandora's box, in a king's figure!
Thou hast almost whored my weak belief already,
And like an engineer blown up mine honour:
But I shall countermine, and catch your mischief;
This little fort you seek I shall man nobly,
And strongly too, with chaste obedience
To my dear lord, with virtuous thoughts that scorn you.
Victorious Thamyris never won more honour
In cutting off the royal head of Cyrus,
Than I shall do in conquering thee. Farewell!
And, if thou canst be wise, learn to be good too;
'Twill give thee nobler lights than both thine eyes do.
My poor lord and myself are bound to suffer;
And when I see him faint under your sentence,
I'll tell you more; it may be, then I'll yield too.

Fred. Fool unexampled, shall my anger follow thee? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in Alphonso's *Monastery.*

Enter RUGIO *and Friar* MARCO.

Rug. Curse on our sights![4] our fond credulities!
A thousand curses on the slave that cheated us,
The damned slave!
Marco. We have e'en shamed our service,
Brought our best care and loyalties to nothing:
'Tis the most fearful poison, the most potent——
Heaven give him patience! Oh, it works most strongly,
And tears him——Lord!
Rug. That we should be so stupid
To trust the arrant'st villain that e'er flatter'd,
The bloodiest too! to believe a few soft words from him,
And give way to his prepared tears!
Alph. [*Within.*] Oh, oh, oh!
Rug. Hark, friar Marco;

[4] *Curse on our sights.*] Sympson says, that every body sees that this must be wrong; but I see clearly that it is right. They curse their sights, because it was their eyes deceived them. They gave no credit to Sorano until they saw him drink the poison; and, accordingly, Rugio afterwards says,

—— That we should be such blockheads,
As to be taken with his drinking first,
And never think what antidotes are made for.—*Mason.*

Hark, the poor prince! That we should be such blockheads,
As to be taken with his drinking first,
And never think what antidotes are made for!
Two wooden sculls we have, and we deserve to be hang'd for't:
For certainly it will be laid to our charge;
As certain too, it will dispatch him speedily.
Which way to turn or what to——

Marco. Let us pray!
Heaven's hand is strong.

Rug. The poison's strong, you would say.
'Would any thing—He comes; let's give him comfort.

ALPHONSO *is brought on a couch*[5] *by two Friars.*

Alph. Give me more air, air, more air! blow, blow![6]
Open, thou Eastern gate, and blow upon me!
Distil thy cold dews, oh, thou icy moon,
And rivers run through my afflicted spirit!
I am all fire, fire, fire! The raging Dog-star
Reigns in my blood! Oh, which way shall I turn me?
Ætna, and all his flames, burn in my head.
Fling me into the ocean, or I perish!
Dig, dig, dig, till the springs fly up,
The cold, cold springs, that I may leap into 'em,
And bathe my scorch'd limbs in their purling pleasures!

[5] *Carried in a* coach.] This ridiculous stage-direction in the first folio has also occurred in the quarto of Ford's Lover's Melancholy, (ed. 1811, vol I. p. 208.)

[6] The reader may compare the following scene with a parallel one in Valentinian, (vol. IV. p. 475,) which it far exceeds, and to the celebrated one in Shakspeare's King John, to which it is scarcely inferior.

Or shoot me up into the higher region,
Where treasures of delicious snow are nourish'd,
And banquets of sweet hail!
Rug. Hold him fast, friar;
Oh, how he burns!
Alph. What, will ye sacrifice me?
Upon the altar lay my willing body,
And pile your wood up, fling your holy incense,
And, as I turn me, you shall see all flame,
Consuming flame. Stand off me, or you are ashes!
Rug. and Marco. Most miserable wretches!
Alph. Bring hither Charity,
And let me hug her, friar: They say she's cold,
Infinite cold; devotion cannot warm her.
Draw me a river of false lovers' tears
Clean through my breast; they are dull, cold, and forgetful,
And will give ease. Let virgins sigh upon me
Forsaken souls; their sighs are precious,[7]
Let them all sigh. Oh, hell, hell, hell! oh, horror!
Marco. To bed, good sir.
Alph. My bed will burn about me:
Like Phaeton, in all-consuming flashes
I am enclosed! Let me fly, let me fly, give room!
Betwixt the cold bear, and the raging lion,[8]

[7] —— the *sighs are precious.*] So all the copies.—*Sympson.*

[8] *Betwixt the cold bear* and *the raging lion.*] The learned reader need not to be told, that the *bear* and *lion* here, by a beautiful *synecdoche*, stand for the *frigid* and the *torrid zones*, and betwixt the two means the *temperate zone*. But does safety dwell here to a man wrapt in flames? No, the *frigid zone* only, which might quench their violence, can bring him safety, and all his other wishes hurry him

To night and cold, to nipping frosts and winds,
That cut the stubborn rocks and make them shiver.

The absurdity, therefore, of the old reading was no sooner observed, than a probability occurred of the manner how it came into

Lies my safe way. Oh, for a cake of ice now,
To clap unto my heart to comfort me!
Decrepid Winter, hang upon my shoulders,
And let me wear thy frozen icicles
Like jewels round about my head, to cool me!
My eyes burn out, and sink into their sockets,
And my infected brain like brimstone boils!
I live in hell, and several furies vex me!
Oh, carry me where no sun ever shew'd yet
A face of comfort, where the earth is crystal,
Never to be dissolved! where nought inhabits
But night and cold, and nipping frosts, and winds
That cut the stubborn rocks and make them shiver:
Set me there, friends!

Rug. Hold fast; he must to bed, friar.
What scalding sweats he has!

Marco. He'll scald in hell for't,
That was the cause.

the text. I believe the author's manuscript had accidentally omitted the *s* in *bears*, and run thus:

> *'Twixt the cold bear*, far from *the raging lion*,
> *Lies my safe way*.

A playhouse *prompter*, or common *corrector* of the press, thinking this not English, without entering into the spirit of the author, would naturally correct it into the old text:

> *Betwixt the cold bear* and *the raging lion*.

And that I have therefore only restored the original, is further probable from hence: The allusion to Phaeton is evidently carried on in this line, and Ovid makes Phœbus advise him particularly to avoid the *serpent*, i. e. the *constellation* that lies *betwixt the two bears*. The reverse of this, therefore, would naturally occur on this occasion.—*Seward*.

The old reading, notwithstanding Seward's learned argument, I believe to be the true one. The allusion is to the story of Phaeton, and particularly to this line—

> *In medio tutissimus ibis*.

The word *safe* proves this allusion.—*Mason*.

Alph. Drink, drink, a world of drink!
Fill all the cups, and all the antique vessels,
And borrow pots; let me have drink enough!
Bring all the worthy drunkards of the time,
The experienced drunkards, let me have them all,
And let them drink their worst, I'll make them idiots!
I'll lie upon my back, and swallow vessels,
Have rivers made of cooling wine run through me,
Not stay for this man's health, or this great prince's,
But take an ocean, and begin to all! Oh, oh!
Marco. He cools a little; now away with him,
And to his warm bed presently.
Alph. No drink?
No wind? no cooling air?
Rug. You shall have any thing.—
His hot fit lessens; Heaven put in a hand now,
And save his life!—There's drink, sir, in your chamber,
And all cool things.
Alph. Away, away; let's fly to 'em!
[*Exeunt, carrying him out.*

SCENE V.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter VALERIO *and* EVANTHE.

Evan. To say you were impotent! I am ashamed on't!
To make yourself no man? to a fresh maid too,

A longing maid? upon her wedding-night also,
To give her such a dor? [9]
Val. I pr'ythee pardon me!
Evan. Had you been drunk, 't had been excusable;
Or, like a gentleman, under the surgeon's hands,
And so not able, there had been some colour;
But wretchedly to take a weakness to you,
A fearful weakness, to abuse your body,
And let a lie work like a spell upon you,
A lie to save your life——
Val. Will you give me leave, sweet?
Evan. You have taken too much leave, and too base leave too,
To wrong your love! Hast thou a noble spirit?
And canst thou look up to the people's loves,
That call thee worthy, and not blush, Valerio?
Canst thou behold me that thou hast betray'd thus,
And no shame touch thee?
Val. Shame attend the sinful!
I know my innocence.
Evan. Ne'er think to face it, that's a double weakness,
And shews thee falser still! The king himself,
Though he be wicked, and our enemy,
But juster than thou art,[1] in pity of my injuries,
Told me the truth.
Val. What did he tell, Evanthe?

[9] —— *upon her wedding-night also*
To give her such a dor?] Such a disappointment. So in Love's Pilgrimage:

> "My love was fool'd, time numbered to no end,
> My expectation flouted; and guess you, sir,
> What *dor* unto a doating maid this was,
> What a base breaking-off!"

[1] *But juster than* thine.] Corrected in 1679.

Evan. That, but to gain thy life a fortnight longer,
Thy loved poor life, thou gav'st up all my duties.
Val. I swear 'tis false! my life and death are equal;
I have weigh'd 'em both, and find 'em but one fortune.
But kings are men, and live as men, and die too,
Have the affections men have, and their falsehoods;
Indeed, they have more power to make 'em good.
The king's to blame; it was to save thy life, wench,
Thy innocent life, that I forbore thy bed,
For if I had touch'd thee thou hadst died; he swore it.
Evan. And was not I as worthy to die nobly,
To make a story for the time that follows,
As he that married me? What weakness, sir,
Or disability, do you see in me,
Either in mind or body, to defraud me
Of such an opportunity? Do you think I married you
Only for pleasure, or content in lust?
To lull you in mine arms, and kiss you hourly?
Was this my end? I might have been a queen, sir,
If that had caught me, and have known all delicates:
There's few that would have shunn'd so fair an offer.
Oh, thou unfaithful fearful man, thou hast kill'd me!
In saving me this way, thou hast destroy'd me,
Robb'd me of that thy love can never give more!
To be unable, to save *me?* Oh, misery!
Had I been my Valerio, thou Evanthe,
I would have lain with thee under a gallows,
Though the hangman had been my Hymen, and the furies,

With iron whips and forks, ready to torture me:
I would have hugg'd thee too, though hell had gaped at me.
Save *my* life! that expected to die bravely,
That would have woo'd it too? 'Would I had married
An eunuch, that had truly no ability,[3]
Than such a fearful liar! Thou hast done me
A scurvy courtesy, that has undone me.

Val. I'll do no more; since you're so nobly fashion'd,
Made up so strongly, I'll take my share with you;
Nay, dear, I'll learn of you.

Evan. He weeps too, tenderly;
My anger's gone. Good my lord, pardon me;
And if I have offended, be more angry:
It was a woman's flash, a sudden valour,
That could not lie conceal'd.

Val. I honour you;
By all the rites of holy marriage,
And pleasures of chaste love, I wonder at you!
You appear the vision of a Heaven unto me,
Stuck all with stars of honour shining clearly,
And all the motions of your mind celestial!
Man is a lump of earth; the best man spiritless,
To such a woman; all our lives and actions
But counterfeits in arras to this virtue.
Chide me again; you have so brave an anger,
And flows so nobly from you, thus deliver'd,

[3] ——— *would I had married*
An eunuch, that had truly no ability,
Than such a ——] The want of *rather* before *than such*, &c. has a fine effect, and the hurry of her passion fully justifies such a wilful omission in the poet.—*Sympson.*

Such omissions are so frequent in old dramatists, that it cannot be supposed that the poet intended any particular beauty of expression by the ellipsis.

That I could suffer like a child to hear you,
Nay, make myself guilty of some faults to honour
you.
Evan. I'll chide no more; you have robb'd me
of my courage,
And with a cunning patience check'd my impudence.
Once more, forgiveness! [*She kneels.*
Val. Will this serve, Evanthe? [*Kisses her.*
And this, my love? Heaven's mercy be upon us!
But did he tell no more?
Evan. Only this trifle;
You set my woman on me, to betray me:
'Tis true, she did her best; a bad old woman!
It stirr'd me, sir.
Val. I cannot blame thee, jewel.
Evan. And methought, when your name was
sounded that way——
Val. He that will spare no fame, will spare no
name, sweet.
Though, as I am a man, I am full of weakness,
And may slip happily into some ignorance,
Yet at my years to be a bawd, and cozen
Mine own hopes with my doctrine——
Evan. I believe not,
Nor never shall.—Our time is out to-morrow.
Val. Let's be to-night then full of fruitfulness;
Now we are both of one mind, let's be happy!
I am no more a wanting man, Evanthe,
Thy warm embraces shall dissolve that impotence,
And my cold lie shall vanish with thy kisses.
You hours of night, be long as when Alcmena
Lay by the lusty side of Jupiter;
Keep back the day, and hide his golden beams
Where the chaste watchful morning may not find
'em:
Old doting Tython, hold Aurora fast,

And though she blush the day-break from her cheeks,
Conceal her still: Thou, heavy wain, stand firm,
And stop the quicker revolutions;
Or, if the day must come to spoil our happiness,
Thou, envious sun, peep not upon our pleasure;
Thou, that all lovers curse, be far off from us!

Evan. Then let's to bed; and this night, in all joys
And chaste delights——

Enter CASTRUCCIO, *with a guard.*

Cast. Stay! I must part ye both;
It is the king's command, who bids me tell you,
To-morrow is your last hour.

Val. I obey, sir:
In Heaven we shall meet, captain, where king Frederick
Dare not appear to part us.

Cast. Mistake me not;
Though I am rough in doing of my office,
You shall find, sir, you have a friend to honour you.

Val. I thank you, sir.

Evan. Pray, captain, tell the king,
They that are sad on earth in Heaven shall sing.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

ALPHONSO'S *Apartment in the Monastery.*

Enter Friar MARCO *and* RUGIO.

Rug. Have you writ to the captain of the castle?
Marco. Yes, and charged him,
Upon his soul's health, that he be not cruel;
Told him Valerio's worth among the people,
And how it must be punish'd in posterity,
Though he 'scape now.
Rug. But will not he, friar Marco,
Betray this to the king?
Marco. Though he be stubborn,
And of a rugged nature, yet he's honest,
And honours much Valerio.
Rug. How does Alphonso?
For now, methinks, my heart is light again,
And pale fear fled.
Marco. He is as well as I am;
The rogue, against his will, has saved his life:
A desperate poison has re-cured the prince.
Rug. To me, 'tis most miraculous.
Marco. To me too,
Till I consider why it should do so;
And now I have found it a most excellent physic:
It wrought upon the dull, cold, misty parts,
That clogg'd his soul, (which was another poison,
A desperate too) and found such matter there,
And such abundance also to resist it,

And wear away the dangerous heat it brought with it,
The pure blood and the spirits 'scaped untainted.
Rug. 'Twas Heaven's high hand, none of Sorano's pity.
Marco. Most certain 'twas; had the malicious villain
Given him a cooling poison, he had paid him.

Enter CASTRUCCIO.

Rug. The captain of the castle!
Marco. Oh, you are welcome.
How does your prisoner?
Cast. He must go for dead;
But when I do a deed of so much villainy,
I'll have my skin pull'd o'er mine ears, my lord!
Though I'm the king's, I am none of his abuses.
How does your royal charge? That I might see once——

Enter ALPHONSO *and Friars.*

Marco. I pray see now; you are a trusty gentleman.
Alph. Good fathers, I thank Heaven, I feel no sickness——
Cast. He speaks again!
Alph. Nothing that bars the free use of my spirit.
Methinks the air is sweet to me, and company
A thing I covet now. Castruccio?
Cast. Sir.—
He speaks and knows! For Heaven's sake, break my pate, lord,
That I may be sure I sleep not!
Alph. Thou wert honest,
Ever among the rank of good men counted.

I have been absent long out of the world,
A dream I have lived. How does it look, Castruccio?
What wonders are abroad?
Cast. I fling off duty
To your dead brother, (for he is dead in goodness)
And to the living hope of brave Alphonso,
The noble heir of Nature, and of Honour,
I fasten my allegiance.
Marco. Softly, captain;
We dare not trust the air with this bless'd secret.—
Good sir, be close again; Heaven has restored you,
And by miraculous means, to your fair health,
And made the instrument your enemies' malice,
Which does prognosticate your noble fortune;
Let not our careless joy lose you again, sir,
Help to deliver you to a further danger.
I pray you pass in, and rest awhile forgotten;
For if your brother come to know you are well again,
And ready to inherit, as your right,
Before we have strength enough to assure your life,
What will become of you? and what shall we
Deserve in all opinions that are honest,
For our loss of judgment, care, and loyalty?
Rug. Dear sir, pass in. Heaven has begun the work,
And bless'd us all; let our endeavours follow,
To preserve this blessing to our timely issues,
And bring it to the noble end we aim at:
Let our cares work now, and our eyes pick out
An hour to shew you safely to your subjects,
A secure hour!
Alph. I am counsell'd: Ye are faithful.
Cast. Which hour shall not be long, as we shall handle it.
Once more, the tender of my duty.

Alph. Thank ye.
Cast. Keep you the monastery.
Rug. Strong enough, I'll warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter TONY *and* PODRAMO.

Pod. Who are all these that crowd about the court, Fool?
Those strange new faces?
Tony. They are suitors, coxcomb,
Dainty fine suitors to the widow-lady.
Thou hadst best make one of 'em; thou wilt be hang'd as handsomely
At the month's end, and with as much joy follow'd,
(An't were to-morrow) as many mourning bawds for thee,
And holy nuns, whose vestal fire ne'er vanishes,
In sackcloth smocks, as if thou wert heir apparent
To all the impious suburbs and the sink-holes.
Pod. Out, you base rogue!
Tony. Why dost abuse thyself?
Thou art to blame; I take thee for a gentleman.
But why does not thy lord and master marry her?
Pod. Why, she's his sister.
Tony. 'Tis the better, fool;
He may make bold with his own flesh and blood,
For, o' my conscience, there's none else will trust him;

Then he may pleasure the king at a dead pinch too,
Without a Mephistophilus,[3] such as thou art,
And engross the royal disease like a true subject.
Pod. Thou wilt be whipp'd.
Tony. I am sure thou wilt be hang'd;
I have lost a ducat else, which I would be loth
To venture without certainty. They appear.
[*Suitors pass by.*
Pod. Why, these are rascals.
Tony. They were meant to be so;
Does thy master deserve better kindred?
Pod. There's an old lawyer,
Trimm'd up like a gally-foist;[4] what would he do with her?
Tony. As usurers do with their gold; he would look on her,
And read her over once a-day, like a hard report,
Feed his dull eye, and keep his fingers itching:
For any thing else, she may appeal to a parliament;
Sub pœna's and *posteas*[5] have spoil'd his codpiece.
There's a physician too, older than he,
A Gallen Gallinaceus,[6] but he has lost his spurs;
He would be nibbling too.
Pod. I mark'd the man,
If he be a man.
Tony. He has much ado to be so;
Searcloths and sirrups glew him close together,

[3] *Mephistophilus.*] A familiar spirit attending upon Dr Faustus. *Sympson.*

[4] *Gally-foist.*] *i. e.* Like a vessel dressed out and decorated. The city-barge, which was used upon the lord-mayor's day, when he was sworn into his office at Westminster, used to be called the *gally-foist.*—*Reed.*

[5] *Sub pæna's and* post kaes *have spoil'd.*] Amended by Sympson.

[6] And *Gallen Gallenaceus.*] The necessary correction in the text is Mr Mason's.

He would fall a-pieces else: Mending of she-patients,
And then trying whether they be right or no
In his own person, (there's the honest care on't)
Has mollified the man: If he do marry her,
And come but to warm him well at Cupid's bonfire,
He will bulge so subtilly and suddenly,
You may snatch him up by parcels, like a sea-wreck.
Will your worship go, and look upon the rest, sir,
And hear what they can say for themselves?
Pod. I'll follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another in the same.

Enter CAMILLO, MENALLO, CLEANTHES, *and* CASTRUCCIO.

Cam. You tell us wonders!
Cast. But I tell you truths;
They are both well.
Men. Why are not we in arms then?
And all the island given to know [7]——
Cast. Discreetly
And privately it must be done; 'twill miss else,

[7] *And all the* island *given to know.*] As the scene is throughout at *Naples*, this expression, if not a corruption, is a flagrant oversight.—*Sympson.*

And prove our ruins. Most of the noble citizens
Know it by me, and stay the hour to attend it.
Prepare your hearts and friends, let theirs be right too,
And keep about the king, to avoid suspicion.
When you shall hear the castle bell, take courage,
And stand like men. Away! the king is coming.
[*Exeunt all but* CASTRUCCIO.

Enter FREDERICK *and* SORANO.

Fred. Now, captain! What have you done with your prisoner?
Cast. He is dead, sir, and his body flung i' th' sea,
To feed the fishes; 'twas your will, I take it;
I did it from a strong commission,
And stood not to capitulate.
Fred. 'Tis well done,
And I shall love you for your faith. What anger
Or sorrow did he utter at his end?
Cast. 'Faith, little, sir, that I gave any ear to:
He would have spoke, but I had no commission
To argue with him, so I flung him off.
His lady would have seen; but I lock'd her up,
For fear her woman's tears should hinder us.
Fred. 'Twas trusty still. I wonder, my Sorano,
We hear not from the monastery: I believe
They gave it not, or else it wrought not fully.
Cast. Did you name the monastery?
Fred. Yes, I did, captain.
Cast. I saw the friar this morning, and Lord Rugio,
Bitterly weeping, and wringing of their hands;
And all the holy men hung down their heads.
Sor. 'Tis done, I'll warrant you.
Cast. I ask'd the reason.

Fred. What answer hadst thou?
Cast. This in few words, sir:
Your brother's dead; this morning he deceased.
I was your servant, and I wept not, sir;
I knew 'twas for your good.
Fred. It shall be for thine too,
Captain; indeed it shall.—Oh, my Sorano,
Now we shall live!
Sor. Ay, now there's none to trouble you.
Fred. Captain, bring out the woman; and give way
To any suitor that shall come to marry her,
Of what degree soever.
Cast. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit* CASTRUCCIO.
Fred. Oh, let me have a lusty banquet after it;
I will be high and merry!
Sor. There be some lords
That I could counsel you to fling from court, sir;
They pry into our actions. They are such
The foolish people call their country's honours,
(Honest brave things) and style them with such titles,
As if they were the patterns of the kingdom;
Which makes them proud, and prone to look into us,
And talk at random of our actions.
They should be lovers, sir, of your commands,
And followers of your will, bridles and curbs
To the hard-headed commons that malign us.

Enter CAMILLO, CLEANTHES, *and* MENALLO.

They come here to do honour to my sister,
To laugh at your severity, and fright us:
If they had power, what would these men do!
Do you hear, sir, how privily they whisper?
Fred. I shall silence 'em,

And to their shames, within this week, Sorano;
In the mean time, have patience.
Sor. How they leer,[8]
And look upon me as I were a monster!
And talk and jeer!—How I shall pull your plumes, lords,
How I shall humble you within these two days!
Your great names, nor your country, cannot save ye.
Fred. Let in the suitors.—Yet submit, I'll pardon you.

Enter EVANTHE, *Lawyer*, *Physician*, *Captain*, *Cutpurse*, *and* TONY.

You are half undone already; do not wind
My anger to that height, it may consume you,
And utterly destroy thee, fair Evanthe!
Yet I have mercy.
Evan. Use it to your bawds;
To me use cruelty, it best becomes you,
And shews more kingly! I contemn your mercy!
It is a cozening and a bawdy mercy.
Can any thing be hoped for, to relieve me?
Or is it fit I thank you for a pity,
When you have kill'd my lord?
Fred. Who will have her?
Evan. My tears are gone,
My tears of love unto my dear Valerio,
But I have fill'd mine eyes again with anger;
Oh, were it but so powerful to consume you!
My tongue with curses I have arm'd against you,

8 —— *How they* JEER?
And look *upon me as I were a monster,*
And talk *and* JEER.] We have no doubt but *jeer*, in the first place, is corrupt, and have therefore substituted *leer*: *Leer* and *look*; *talk* and *jeer*.—*Ed.* 1778.

(With maiden curses, that heaven crowns with horrors)
My heart set round with hate against thy tyranny.
Oh! 'would my hands could hold the fire of heaven,
Wrapt in the thunder that the gods revenge with,
That like stern justice I might fling it on thee!
Thou art a king of monsters, not of men,
And shortly thou wilt turn this land to devils!

Fred. I'll make you one first, and a wretched devil.—
Come, who will have her?

Law. I, an't like your majesty. I am a lawyer,
I can make her a jointure of any man's land in Naples.
And she shall keep it too; I have a trick for it.

Tony. Canst thou make her a jointure of thine honesty,
Or thy ability, thou lewd abridgment?
Those are nonsuited and flung o'er the bar.

Phy. An't please your majesty to give me leave,
I dare accept her; and though old I seem, lady,
Like Æson, by my art I can renew
Youth and ability.

Tony. In a powdering-tub
Stew thyself tender again, like a cock-chicken;
The broth may be good, but the flesh is not fit for dogs, sure.

Capt. Lady, take me, and I'll maintain thine honour:
I am a poor captain, as poor people call me,
Very poor people; for my soldiers, they
Are quarter'd in the outsides of the city,
Men of ability to make good a highway;
We have but two grand enemies that oppose us,
The don Gout, and the gallows.

Tony. I believe you;

And both these you will bind her for a jointure.—
Now, Signor Firk![9]

Cutpurse. Madam, take me, and be wise:
I am rich and nimble, and those are rare in one man;
Every man's pocket is my treasury,
And no man wears a suit but fits me neatly.
Clothes you shall have, and wear the purest linen:
I have a tribute out of every shop, lady.
Meat you shall eat, (I have my caters[1] out too,
The best and lustiest) and drink good wine, good lady,
Good quickening wine, wine that will make you caper.
And at the worst——

Tony It is but capering short, sir.
You seldom stay for agues or for surfeits;
A shaking fit of a whip sometimes o'ertakes ye.
Marry, you die most commonly of choakings;
Obstructions of the halter are your ends ever:
Pray leave your horn and your knife for her to live on.

Evan. Poor wretched people, why do you wrong yourselves?
Though I fear'd death, I should fear you ten times more;
You are every one a new death, and an odious!
The earth will purify corrupted bodies;
You'll make us worse, and stink eternally.
Go home, go home, and get good nurses for you;
Dream not of wives.

Fred. You shall have one of 'em,
If they dare venture for you.

Evan. They are dead already,
Crawling diseases that must creep into

[9] *Firk.*] This word had anciently a variety of meanings. The one intended here is to steal, to cut purses.

[1] *Caters.*] *i. e.* caterers.—The word occurs several times in these plays.

The next grave they find open: Are these fit husbands
For her you have loved, sir? Though you hate me now,
And hate me mortally, as I hate you,
Your nobleness, (in that you have done otherwise,
And named Evanthe once as your poor mistress)
Might offer worthier choice.

Fred. Speak, who dare take her
For one month, and then die?

Phy. Die, sir?

Fred. Ay, die, sir!
That's the condition.

Phy. One month is too little
For me to repent in for my former pleasure,
[And] to go still on, unless I were sure she would kill me,
And kill me delicately before my day.[2]
Make it up a year; for by that time I must die,
My body will hold out no longer.

Fred. No, sir;
It must be but a month.

Law. Then farewell, madam!
This is like to be a great year of dissention
Among good people, and I dare not lose it;
There will be money got.

Capt. Bless your good ladyship!
There's nothing in the grave but bones and ashes;
In taverns there's good wine, and excellent wenches,
And surgeons while we live.

[2] *One month is too little*
For me to repent in for my former pleasure,
To go still on, unless I were sure she would kill me.] Mason says this is nonsense, except we make the sentence imperfect, or read in the last line—*And* go still on. I prefer retaining the word *to*, and prefix the conjunctive particle before the line. I cannot, however, suppress the suspicion that one or more lines are lost.

Cutpurse. Adieu, sweet lady!
Lay me, when I am dead, near a rich alderman,
I cannot pick his purse: No, I'll no dying;
Though I steal linen, I'll not steal my shrowd yet.
All. Send you a happy match! [*Exeunt.*
Tony. And you all halters!
You have deserved 'em richly. These do all villainies,
And mischiefs of all sorts, yet those they fear not:
To flinch where a fair wench is at the stake!
Evan. Come, your sentence! let me die! You see, sir,
None of your valiant men dare venture on me;
A Month's a dangerous thing.[3]—Will you then be willing

[3] *A Month's a dangerous thing.*

Enter Valerio disguised.

Fred. Away with her,
Let her die instantly.

Evan. *Will you then be willing*, &c.] There certainly are some speeches wanting between Frederick's order in the fourth line, and Evanthe's question in the fifth; the reader cannot but perceive a want of connection here, and as such I have marked an *hiatus*, which I fear we shall never be able to fill up.—*Sympson.*

We much doubt whether, "there are some speeches wanting" here, but believe that "Frederick's order," which occurs again very soon, should not be inserted in this place. It is plain, from the whole tenor of the scene, that he has given Evanthe the alternative of the sentence of death and marriage, or submission to his will and pardon. The suitors having all refused to accept her, like Valerio, as *a Wife for a Month*, she calls on Frederick to pronounce sentence of death on her. He then, as may be gathered from her answer, proposes himself to her; and if (as is not improbable) the poet meant this proposal should be supposed to be made in a whisper, no speech is wanting. She then asks him, if he will accept her on the terms allotted to other suitors; and continuing her scorn, provokes him to condemn her, and cry out,

Away with her! let her die instantly!

The entrance of Valerio immediately on those words confirms the above conjecture. He certainly enters just as Evanthe is con-

To die at the time prefix'd? That I must know
too,
And know it beyond doubt.
Fred. What if I did, wench?
Evan. On that condition, if I had it certain,*
I would be your any thing, and you should enjoy
me.
However in my nature I abhor you,
Yet, as I live, I would be obedient to you:
But when your time came, how I should rejoice!
How then I should bestir myself to thank you!
To see your throat cut, how my heart would leap,
sir!
I would die with you; but first I would so torture
you,
And cow you in your end, so despise you,
For a weak and wretched coward, you must end
sure!
Still make you fear, and shake, despised, still laugh
at you——
Fred. Away with her! let her die instantly!

Enter VALERIO, *disguised.*

Cam. Stay; there's another, and a gentleman,
His habit shews no less. May be, his business
Is for this lady's love.

demned, but certainly not till three speeches later than he has hitherto been introduced; which makes it still more probable that the line should not have place till that moment. In the first instance, it destroys the connection of the dialogue, which is restored by the omission; and in the second, it adds peculiar grace and force to the scene, by making the entrance of Valerio arrest the execution of sentence of death upon Evanthe.—Ed. 1778.

A similar corruption has evidently occurred here as the one noticed in a preceding note (Act iii. Sc. i.) the speeches between "A Month's a dangerous thing," and "Away with her! let her die instantly!" having probably been crossed in the prompter's copy, and restored in the folio, without sufficient attention to accuracy.

Fred. Say why you come, sir,
And what you are.
Val. I am descended nobly,
A prince by birth, and by my trade a soldier,
A prince's fellow; Abydos brought me forth;
My parents, Duke Agenor and fair Egla,
My business hither, to renew my love
With a young noble spirit, call'd Valerio:
Our first acquaintance was at sea, in fight
Against a Turkish man of war, a stout one,
Where lion-like I saw him shew his valour,
And, as he had been made of complete virtue,
Spirit, and fire, no dregs of dull earth in him——
Evan. Thou art a brave gentleman, and bravely speak'st him!
Val. The vessel dancing under him for joy,
And the rough whistling winds becalm'd to view him,
I saw the child of honour, for he was young,
Deal such an alms amongst the spiteful pagans,
(His towering sword flew like an eager falcon [4])
And round about his reach invade the Turks;
He had intrench'd himself in his dead quarries;
The silver crescents on the tops they carried
Shrunk in their heads to see his rage so bloody,

[4]. *Deal such an alms amongst the spiteful Pagans,*
His towering sword flew like an eager falcon,
And round about his reach invade the Turks,
He had intrench'd himself.] The construction of the verb in the second line is manifestly wrong, and an addition to the fourth is as manifestly wanting. I read the whole so:

Deal such an alms amongst the spiteful Pagans,
His towering sword fly like an eager falcon,
And round about his reach invade the Turks,
'Till *he had intrench'd himself in his dead quarries.*—*Sympson.*

It is more in the style of our authors, to preserve the connection by putting the second line in a parenthesis. Mr Sympson's reading is prosaic.—Ed. 1778.

And from his fury suffer'd sad eclipses;
The game of death was never play'd more nobly;
The meagre thief grew wanton in his mischiefs,
And his shrunk hollow eyes smiled on his ruins.

Evan. Heaven keep this gentleman from being a suitor,
For I shall ne'er deny him, he's so noble!

Val. But what can last long? Strength and spirit wasted,
And fresh supplies flew on upon this gentleman:
Breathless and weary with oppression,
And almost kill'd with killing, 'twas my chance
(In a tall ship I had) to view the fight;
I set into him, entertain'd the Turk,
And for an hour gave him so hot a breakfast,
He clapp'd all linen up he had to save him,
And like a lover's thought he fled our fury:
There first I saw the man I loved, Valerio;
There was acquainted, there my soul grew to him,
And his to me; we were the twins of friendship.

Evan. Fortune protect this man, or I shall ruin him!

Val. I made this voyage to behold my friend,
To warm my love anew at his affection;
But since I landed, I have heard his fate:
My father's had not been to me more cruel.
I have lamented too, and yet I keep
The treasure of a few tears, for you, lady;
For, by description, you were his Evanthe.

Evan. Can he weep that's a stranger to my story,
And I stand still and look on? Sir, I thank you!
If noble spirits after their departure
Can know, and wish, certain his soul gives thanks too.
There are your tears again; and when yours fail, sir,

Pray you call to me, I have some store to lend you.
Your name?

Val. Urbino.

Evan. That I may remember,
That little time I have to live, your friendships,
My tongue shall study both.[5]

Fred. Do you come hither
Only to tell this story, prince Urbino?

Val. My business now is, sir, to woo this lady.

Evan. Blessing defend you! do you know the danger?

Val. Yes, and I fear it not; danger's my playfellow;
Since I was man, 't has been my best companion.—
I know your doom; 'tis for a month you give her,
And then his life you take that marries her.

Fred. 'Tis true; nor can your being born a prince,
If you accept the offer, free you from it.

Val. I not desire it; I have cast the worst,
And even that worst to me is many blessings.
I loved my friend, not measured out by time,
Nor hired by circumstance of place and honour;
But for his wealthy self and worth I loved him,
His mind and noble mold he ever moved in;
And woo his friend, because she was worthy of him,
The only relic that he left behind, sir,
To give his ashes honour.—Lady, take me,
And in me keep Valerio's love alive still.
When I am gone, take those that shall succeed me:
Heaven must want light, before you want a husband,

[5] *My tongue shall* study *both.*] *i.e.* Shall *talk* of both.—*Sympson.* The word is used in its usual sense. Evanthe says, that, during the little time she has to live, her tongue shall study both names (Valerio's and Urbino's) in order that she may remember the friendship between them.

To raise up heirs of love and noble memory,
To your unfortunate——
Evan. Am I still hated?
Hast thou no end, oh, fate, of my affliction?
Was I ordain'd to be a common murdress?
And of the best men too? Good sir——
Val. Peace, sweet!
Look on my hand. [*Apart.*
Evan. I do accept the gentleman.—
I faint with joy! [*Aside.*
Fred. I stop it! None shall have her!
Convey this stranger hence.
Val. I am no stranger! [*Throws off his disguise.*]
Hark to the bell that rings!
Hark, hark, proud Frederick, that was king of mischief!
Hark, thou abhorr'd man! dost thou hear thy sentence?
Does not this bell ring in thine ears thy ruin?
Fred. What bell is this?
Cam. The castle-bell. Stand sure, sir,
And move not; if you do, you perish.
Men. It rings your knell!——Alphonso! king Alphonso!
All. Alphonso! king Alphonso!
Fred. I am betray'd!—
Lock fast the palace.
Cam. We have all the keys, sir,
And no door here shall shut without our licence.
Cle. Do you shake now, lord Sorano? no new trick?
Nor speedy poison to prevent this business?
No bawdy meditation now to fly to?
Fred. Treason, treason, treason!
Cam. Yes, we hear you,
And we have found the traitor in your shape, sir;
We'll keep him fast too. [*They seize him.*

Enter ALPHONSO, RUGIO, MARCO, CASTRUCCIO, *and* MARIA, *with guards.*

Fred. Recover'd! Then I am gone;
The sun of all my pomp is set and vanish'd.
Alph. Have you not forgot this face of mine, king Frederick?
Brother, I am come to see you, and have brought
A banquet, to be merry with your grace:
[*Showing the phial.*
I pray sit down, I do beseech your majesty,
And eat, eat freely, sir. Why do you start?
Have you no stomach to the meat I bring you?
Dare you not taste? have ye no antidotes?
You need not fear; Sorano's a good apothecary.
Methinks you look not well; some fresh wine for him,
Some of the same he sent me by Sorano;
I thank you for't, it saved my life, I am bound to you;
But how 'twill work on you——I hope your lordship
Will pledge him too; methinks you look but scurvily,
And would be put into a better colour;
But I have a candied toad for your good lordship.
Sor. 'Would I had any thing that would dispatch me,
So it were down, and I out of this fear once!
Fred. Sir, thus low, as my duty now compels me,
[*He and* MARIA *kneel.*
I do confess my unbounded sins, my errors,
And feel within my soul the smarts already.
Hide not the noble nature of a brother,
The pity of a friend, from my afflictions;
Let me a while lament my misery,

And cast the load off of my wantonness,
Before I find your fury; then strike home;
(I do deserve the deepest blow of Justice)
And then how willingly, oh, death, I'll meet thee!
Alph. Rise, madam; those sweet tears are potent speakers:—
And, brother, live; but in the monastery
Where I lived, with the self-same silence too:
I'll teach you to be good against your will, brother!
Your tongue has done much harm; that must be dumb now:
The daily pilgrimage to my father's tomb
(Tears, sighs, and groans, you shall wear out your days with,
And true ones too) you shall perform, dear brother;
Your diet shall be slender to enforce these;
Too light a penance, sir!
Fred. I do confess it.
Alph. Sorano, you shall——
Sor. How he studies for it! [*Aside.*
Hanging's the least part of my penance, certain.
[EVANTHE *kneels.*
Alph. What lady's that that kneels?
Cast. The chaste Evanthe.
Alph. Sweet, your petition?
Evan. 'Tis for this bad man, sir,
Abominable bad, but yet my brother.
Alph. The bad man shall attend as bad a master,
And both shall be confined within the monastery:
His rank flesh shall be pull'd with daily fasting;
But once a-week he shall smell meat, he'll surfeit else;
And his immodest mind compell'd to prayer;
On the bare boards he shall lie, to remember
The wantonness he did commit in beds;

And drink fair water; that will ne'er enflame him:
He saved my life, though he purposed to destroy me,
For which I'll save his, though I make it miserable.—
Madam, at court I shall desire your company;
You are wise and virtuous; when you please to visit
My brother Frederick, you shall have our licence.—
My dear best friend Valerio!

Val. Save Alphonso!

All. Long live Alphonso, king of us, and Naples!

Alph. Is this the lady that the wonder goes on?
Honour'd sweet maid! Here, take her, my Valerio;
The king now gives her, she is thine own without fear.—
Brother, have you so much provision that is good,
Not season'd by Sorano and his cooks,
That we may venture on with honest safety,
We and our friends?

Fred. All that I have is yours, sir.

Alph. Come then; let's in, and end this nuptial;
Then to our coronation with all speed!—
My virtuous maid, this day I'll be your bride-man,
And see you bedded to your own desires too.—
Beshrew me, lords, who is not merry hates me!
Only Sorano shall not bear my cup.
Come, now forget old pains and injuries,
As I must do, and drown all in fair healths:
That kingdom's blessed, where the king begins
His true love first, for there all loves are twins.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

WE have your favours, gentlemen, and you
Have our endeavours (dear friends, grudge not now.)
There's none of you, but when you please can sell
Many a lame horse, and many a fair tale tell;
Can put off many a maid unto a friend,
That was not so since th' action at Mile-end:[1]
Ours is a virgin yet, and they that love
Untainted flesh, we hope our friends will prove.

[1] — *Since th' action at* Mile-end.] At Mile-end the train-bands were frequently exercised, and of course mock-fights were exhibited there. The action here referred to is perhaps the same with the one alluded to in Monsieur Thomas, (vol. VI. p. 489) and the Knight of the Burning Pestle.

THE

KNIGHT OF MALTA.

THE

KNIGHT OF MALTA.

THIS tragi-comedy was first printed in the folio collection of 1647. It must have been produced before March, 1618-19, when the death of the great tragedian Burbadge, who performed one of the characters, took place. Gardiner ascribes it to Fletcher, but his testimony is not sufficient to establish the fact, and the peculiar difference between his versification and that of Beaumont, pointed out in the general introduction, strongly supports the claim of the latter to a share in this play. The first and last acts, in particular, exhibit so few of the double terminations which Fletcher is so fond of, that I should be inclined to ascribe them to his associate.

Though this play is not one of the most striking in these volumes, there are scenes in it which are of a very superior quality; and the romantic cast of the whole makes it very attractive in the closet, though the rambling and inartificial nature of the plot perhaps renders it rather unfit for representation on the stage. There is less discrimination of character than in most of these dramas, with the exception of Mountferrat, and the jovial Danish captain Norandine, a character very happily conceived, and in general well executed. Miranda was designed as an instance of a young novice for knighthood of strong passions, but possessing sufficient firmness to restrain, and finally to conquer them; but the disappointment of his love for Oriana, and her being given to the valiant but antiquated Gomera, contrary to her own inclination, can hardly fail to excite our sympathy. The beauty of the poetry and of the versification are so very apparent, that they must strike every reader; and must increase our regret that the poet did not bestow a little more labour on the mechanical construction of a plot, which all this beauty scarcely suffices to redeem.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Valetta, *the Grand-master of Malta.*
Miranda, *an Italian gentleman, the* Knight of Malta.
Astorius, } *two knights of the order.*
Castriot, }
Mountferrat, *a knight of the order, but a villain.*
Peter Gomera, *a deserving Spanish gentleman.*
Norandine, *a valiant merry Dane, commander in chief of the gallies of Malta.*
Colonna, *alias* Angelo, *a captive redeemed from the gallies, and beloved of Miranda.*
Rocca, *servant and instrument to Mountferrat.*
Two Bishops.
Soldiers.
Corporal.
Prisoners.
Two Marshals.
Doctor *and* Surgeons.
One of the Esguard.
Servants.

Oriana, *sister to Valetta, and wife of Gomera.*
Valleda, *attendant on Oriana.*
Zanthia, *alias* Abdella, *a Moor, servant to Oriana.*
Lucinda, *a beautiful Turkish woman, contracted to Angelo, prisoner to Miranda.*
Two Gentlewomen.

SCENE—Malta.

The principal Actors were,

Richard Burbadge,	Henry Condel,
Nathan Field,	Robert Benfield,
John Underwood,	John Lowin,
Richard Sharpe,	Thomas Holcomb.

Fol. 1679.

THE

KNIGHT OF MALTA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

VALETTA. *A Room in* MOUNTFERRAT'S *House.*

Enter MOUNTFERRAT.

Mount. Dares she despise me thus? me, that with spoil
And hazardous exploits, full sixteen years
Have led (as hand-maids) Fortune, Victory,
Whom the Maltezzi call my servitors?
Tempests I have subdued, and fought them calm,
Out-lighten'd lightning in my chivalry,
Rid (tame as patience) billows that kick'd Heaven,
Whistled enraged Boreas 'till his gusts
Were grown so gentle, that he seem'd to sigh,
Because he could not shew the air my keel;
And yet I cannot conquer her bright eyes,
Which, though they blaze, both comfort and invite;
Neither by force, nor fraud, pass through her ear,
Whose guard is only blushing innocence,

To take the least possession of her heart.
Did I attempt her with a thread-bare name,
Un-napt[1] with meritorious actions,
She might with colour disallow my suit:
But, by the honour of this Christian cross,
(In blood of infidels so often died,
Which mine own soul and sword hath fixed here,
And neither favour nor birth's privilege)
Oriana shall confess, (although she be
Valetta's sister, our grand-master here)
The wages of scorn'd love is baneful hate,
And, if I rule not her, I'll rule her fate.——

Enter Rocca.

Rocca, my trusty servant, welcome!
Rocca. Sir,
I wish my news deserved it! Hapless I,
That, being loved and trusted, fail to bring
The loving answer that you do expect.
Mountf. Why speak'st thou from me?[2] thy pleased eyes send forth
Beams brighter than the star that ushers day;
Thy smiles restore sick expectation.
Rocca. I bring you, sir, her smiles, not mine.
Mountf. Her smiles?
Why, they are presents for kings' eldest sons:
Great Solyman, that wearies his hot eyes
But to peruse his deck'd seraglio,
When from the number of his concubines
He chuseth one for that night, in his pride
Of them, wives, wealth, is not so rich as I
In this one smile, from Oriana sent.

[1] *Un-napt.*] This means, I suppose, unadorned, from the nap or villous substance of cloth.

[2] *Why speak'st thou* from me.] That is, with averted face.—*Mason.*

Rocca. Sir, fare you well!
Mountf. Oh, Rocca! thou art wise,
And wouldst not have the torrent of my joy
Ruin me headlong! Aptly thou conceiv'st,
If one reviving smile can raise me thus,
What trances will the sweet words which thou bring'st
Cast me into. I felt, my dearest friend,
(No more my servant) when I employ'd thee,
That knew'st to love and speak as lovers should,
And carry faithfully thy master's sighs,
That it must work some heat in her cold heart;
And all my labours now come fraughted home
With ten-fold prize.
Rocca. Will you yet hear me?
Mountf. Yes:
But take heed, gentle Rocca, that thou dost
Tenderly by degrees assault mine ears
With her consent, now to embrace my love;
For thou well know'st I have been so plunged, so torn
With her resolved rejection, and neglect,[3]
That to report her soft acceptance now
Will stupify sense in me, if not kill.—
Why shew'st thou this distemper?
Rocca. Draw your sword,
And, when I with my breath have blasted you,
Kill me with it:
I bring you smiles of pity, not affection,
For such she sent.
Mountf. Oh! can she pity me?

[3] *With her resolved* reject *and neglect.*] I have here adopted an alteration proposed by Mason, as there is a disagreeable jingle and a harshness of versification, which appears very unsuitable to the beauty and harmony of the metre in this whole scene. Besides *reject* has never, I believe, been met with as a substantive.

Of all the paths lead to a woman's love,
Pity's the straightest.

Rocca. Waken, sir, and know
That her contempt (if you can name it so)
Continues still; she bids you throw your pearl
Into strong streams, and hope to turn them so,
Ere her to foul dishonour; write your plaints
In rocks of coral grown above the sea;
Them hope to soften to compassion,
Or change their modest blush to love-sick pale,
Ere work her to your impious requests.
All your loose thoughts she chides you home again,
But with such calm behaviour, and mild looks,
She gentlier denies than others grant,
For just as others love, so doth she hate.
She says, that by your order you are bound
From marrying ever, and much marvels then
You would thus violate her, and your own faith,
That being the virgin you should now protect.
Hitherto, she professes, she has conceal'd
Your lustful batteries; but the next, she vows,
(In open hall, before the honour'd cross,
And her great brother) she will quite disclose,
Calling for justice, to your utter shame.

Mountf. Hence! find the Blackamoor that waits upon her,
Bring her unto me; she doth love me yet,
And I must her now, at least seem to do.—
Cupid, thy brands that glow thus in my veins,
I will with blood extinguish!—Art not gone?

[*Exit* Rocca.

Shall my desires, like beggars, wait at door,
Whilst any other revel in her breast?
Sweat on, my spirits! Know, thou trick'd-up toy,
My love's a violent flood, where thou art fall'n;
Playing with which tide thou hadst been gently toss'd,

But, crossing it, thou art o'erwhelm'd and lost.

Enter ASTORIUS *and* CASTRIOT.

Cast. Monsieur, good day!
Asto. Good morrow, valiant knight!
What, are you for this great solemnity
This morn intended?
Mountf. What solemnity?
Asto. The investing of the martial Spaniard,
Peter Gomera, with our Christian badge.
Cast. And young Miranda, the Italian;
Both which, with wond'rous prowess and great luck,
Have dared and done for Malta such high feats,
That not one fort in it but rings their names
As loud as any man's.
Mountf. As any man's?
Why, we have fought for Malta.
Asto. Yes, Mountferrat,
No bold knight ever past you; but we wear
The dignity of Christians on our breasts,
And have a long time triumph'd for our conquests:
These conquer'd a long time, not triumph'd yet.
Mountf. Astorius, you're a most indulgent knight,
Detracting from yourself, to add to others.
You know this title is the period
To all our labours, the extremity
Of that tall pyramid, where honour hangs;
Which we with sweat and agony have reach'd,
And should not then so easily impart
So bright a wreath to every cheap desert.
Cast. [*Apart to* ASTORIUS.] How is this Frenchman changed, Astorius!
Some sullen discontent possesses him,

That makes him envy what he heretofore
Did most ingenuously but emulate.

Mountf. Oh, furious desire, how like a whirlwind [*Aside.*
Thou hurriest me beyond mine honour's point!
Out of my heart, base lust! or, heart, I vow
Those flames that heat me thus, I'll burn thee in.

Asto. Do you observe him?

Mountf. What news of the Dane?
That valiant Captain Norandine?

Cast. He fights still,
In view o'th'town; he plays the devil with 'em,
And they, the Turks with him.

Mountf. They are well met then;
'Twere sin to sever 'em. Pish—woman—memory,
'Would one of ye would leave me! [*Aside.*

Asto. Six fresh gallies
I in St Angelo from the promontory
This morn descried, making a girdle for him;
But our great-master doth intend relief
This present meeting. Will you walk along?

Mountf. Hum—I have read, ladies enjoy'd have been [*Aside.*
The gulphs of worthiest men, buried their names,
Their former valour, bounty, beauty, virtue,
And sent them stinking to untimely graves.
I that cannot enjoy, by her disdain,
Am like to prove as wretched. Woman then,
Checking, or granting, is the grave of men.

Asto. He's saying of his prayers, sure.

Cast. Will you go, sir?

Mountf. I cry you mercy! I am so transported
(Your pardon, noble brothers) with a business
That doth concern all Malta, that I am
(Anon you'll hear it) almost blind and deaf—
Lust neither sees nor hears aught but itself.— [*Aside.*

But I will follow instantly. [*A cross is dropt.*] Your cross.

Asto. Not mine.

Cast. Nor mine; 'tis yours.

Asto. Cast. Good morrow, brother. [*Exeunt.*

Mountf. White innocent sign, thou dost abhor to dwell
So near the dim thoughts of this troubled breast,
And grace these graceless projects of my heart!
Yet I must wear thee, to protect my crimes,
If not for conscience, for hypocrisy;
Some churchmen so wear cassocks.

Enter ZANTHIA, *alias* ABDELLA.

Oh, my Zanthia,
My pearl, that scorns a stain! I much repent
All my neglects; let me, Ixion-like,
Embrace my black cloud, since my Juno is
So wrathful, and averse: Thou art more soft
And full of dalliance than the fairest flesh,
And far more loving.

Zant. Ay, you say so now;
But, like a property, when I have served
Your turns, you'll cast me off, or hang me up
For a sign somewhere.

Mountf. May my life then forsake me,
Or, from my expected bliss,[4] be cast to hell!

Zant. My tongue, sir, cannot lisp to meet you so,
Nor my black cheek put on a feigned blush,
To make me seem more modest than I am.
This ground-work will not bear adulterate red,
Nor artificial white, to cozen love.
These dark locks are not purchased, nor these teeth,

[4] Of *my expected bliss.*] Corrected in 1679.

For every night they are my bed-fellows;
No bath, no blanching water, smoothing oils,
Doth mend me up; and yet, Mountferrat, know,
I am as full of pleasure in the touch
As e'er a white-faced puppet of 'em all,
Juicy, and firm; unfledge them of their tires,
Their wires, their partlets,[5] pins, and perriwigs,
And they appear like bald-cootes,[6] in the nest:
I can as blithely work in my love's bed,
And deck thy fair neck with these jetty chains,
Sing thee asleep, being wearied; and refresh'd,
With the same organ, steal sleep off again.

Mountf. Oh, my black swan, silkier than cygnet's plush,[7]
Sweeter than is the sweet of pomander,[8]
Breath'd like curl'd Zephyrus, cooling lemon-trees,
Straight as young pines, or cedars in the grove!
Quickly descend, lovers' best canopy,
Still Night, for Zanthia doth enamour me
Beyond all continence! Perpetrate, dear wench,
What thou hast promised, and I vow, by Heaven,
Malta I'll leave: in it my honours here;
And in some other country, Zanthia make
My wife, and my best fortune.

[5] *Partlets.*] A *partlet*, in some counties, still means a ruff. So in Jasper Heywood's Four P's:

> "For soth, women have many lettes,
> And they be masked in many nettes;
> As frontlettes, fyllettes, *partlettes*, and bracelettes."

[6] *Bald-cootes.*] A coot is a species of small waterfowl in the fenny counties.

[7] Silkner *than cygnet's plush.*] So first folio. The second and the modern copies read *sleeker*.

[8] —— *Pomander.*] It has been before observed, that this was a composition of many spices and other ingredients, supposed to be a preservative against the plague. See The Woman's Prize, vol. V. p. 387.

Zant. From this hope,
Here is an answer to that letter, which
I lately show'd you, sent from Tripoly,
By the great basha, which importunes her
Love unto him, and treachery to the island;
Which will she undertake, by Mahomet
The Turk there vows, on his blest Alcoran,
Marriage unto her: This the Master knows,
But is resolved of her integrity,
As well he may, sweet lady; yet, for love,
For love of thee, Mountferrat, (oh! what chains
Of deity, or duty, can hold love?)
I have this answer framed, so like her hand
As if it had been moulded off, returning
The basha's letter safe into her pocket.
What you will do with it, yourself best knows.
Farewell! keep my true heart, keep true your vows.
Mountf. Till I be dust, my Zanthia, be confirm'd.
Sparrows, and doves, sit coupling 'twixt thy lips.—
[*Exit* ZANTHIA.
It is not love, but strong libidinous will
That triumphs o'er me; and to satiate that,
What difference 'twixt this Moor, and her fair dame?
Night makes their hues alike, their use is so;
Whose hand's so subtle he can colours name,
If he do wink, and touch 'em? Lust, being blind,
Never in women did distinction find. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.[9]

A Room in the Grand-master's Palace.

Enter two Gentlewomen.

1 *Gent.* But i'faith dost thou think my lady was never in love?

2 *Gent.* I rather think she was ever in love; in perfect charity,[1] I mean, with all the world.

1 *Gent.* A most Christian answer, I promise you. But I mean in love with a man.

2 *Gent.* With a man? what else? wouldst have her in love with a beast?

1 *Gent.* You are somewhat quick; but if she were, it were no precedent: did you never read of Europa the fair, that leapt a bull, that leapt the sea, that swam to land, and then leapt her?

2 *Gent.* Oh, heavens! a bull?

1 *Gent.* Yes, a white bull.

2 *Gent.* Lord! how could she sit him? Where did she hold?

[9] The reader will no doubt be surprised to learn, that this scene is tortured into verse by the modern editors. Of course the lines vary from six to fifteen syllables.

[1] 2 Gent. *I rather think she was ever in love, in perfect charity.*
1 Gent. *I mean, with all the world.*
2 Gent. *A most Christian answer, I promise you; but,* &c.
2 *Gent.* With a man?] Corrected in 1750.

1 *Gent.* Why, by the horn; since which time, no woman almost is contented till she have a horn of her own to hold by.

2 *Gent.* Thou art very knavish.

1 *Gent.* And thou very foolish.—But, sirrah,[a] why dost not thou marry?

2 *Gent.* Because I would be no man's looking-glass.

1 *Gent.* As how?

2 *Gent.* As thus; there is no wife (if she be good and true, will honour and obey) but must reflect the true countenance of her husband upon him: if he look sad upon her, she must not look merrily upon him: if he look merrily, she must not sorrowfully; else she is a false glass, and fit for nothing but breaking: his anger must be her discontent, his pleasure her delight: if he weep, she must cry; if he laugh, she must shew her teeth; if he be sick, she must not be in health; if he eat caudles, she must eat pottage; she must have no proper passion of her own!—And is not this a tyranny?

1 *Gent.* Yes, i'faith! marriage may well be called a yoke! wives then are but like superficial lines in geometry that have no proper motion of their own, but as their bodies (their husbands) move. Yet I know some wives, that are never freely merry, nor truly pleased, but when they are farthest off their husbands.

2 *Gent.* That's because the moon governs 'em; which hath most light and shines brightest, the more remote it is from the sun; and contrary, is more sullen, dim, and shews least splendour, when it is nearest.

[a] —— *Sirrah.*] This was anciently a term of endearment, and was applied to women as well as men.

1 *Gent.* But if I were to marry, I would marry a fair effeminate fool.

2 *Gent.* Why?

1 *Gent.* Because I would lead the blind whither I list.

2 *Gent.* And I the wisest man I could get for money, because I had rather follow the clear-sighted:—Bless me from a husband that sails by his wife's compass!

1 *Gent.* Why?

2 *Gent.* Why, 'tis ten to one but she breaks his head in her youth; and, when she is old, she'll never leave till she has broke his back too!

1 *Gent.* But what scurvy knights have we here in Malta,[3] that when they are dubb'd take their oath of allegiance to live poor, and chastely, ever after?

2 *Gent.* 'Faith, many knights in other nations (I have heard) are as poor as ours; marry, where one of 'em has taken the oath of chastity, we want a new Columbus to find out.

3 *Broke his back too*——
But what scurvy *knight* have *you* here in Malta, &c.

Enter ZANTHIA.

Zan. *Hist, wenches: my lady calls, she's entering*
The terrace, to see the show.
1 Gent. *Oh black-pudding.*
2 Gent. *My little labour in vain.*
1 *Gent.* But what scurvy knights have we here in Malta, *that,* &c.] This confusion and repetition appear in all the editions but the present. We apprehend there can be no doubt but Zanthia's entry, and the five following lines, should be removed to the conclusion of the scene, which hitherto ended with the words, *Columbus to find out.* The *&c.* (with the senseless variation of the words) induces us to think, that the first occurrence of the reiterated line was meant as a direction for the performer to pass on to that passage, beginning, *But what scurvy,* &c.—Ed. 1778.

Enter ZANTHIA.

Zant. Hist, wenches! my lady calls; she's entering the terrace to see the show.

1 *Gent.* Oh, black-pudding!

2 *Gent.* My little labour in vain![4] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Hall in the same, with a Gallery.

Enter above, ORIANA, ZANTHIA, *and two Gentlewomen; beneath,* VALETTA *taking the Chair of State;* MOUNTFERRAT, ASTORIUS, CASTRIOT, GOMERA, MIRANDA, *Attendants of Knights, &c.*

Mountf. Are you there, lady?

Ori. Thou art a naughty man;
Heaven mend thee!

Val. Our great meeting, princely brothers,
Ye holy soldiers of the Christian-Cross,
Is to relieve our captain Norandine,
Now fighting for Valetta with the Turk;[5]

[4] *My little labour in vain.*] Alluding to the vulgar saying, that they labour in vain who attempt to wash a black-a-moor white.—*Mason.*

[5] *Now fighting for Valetta.*] Sympson asks, "But was Norandine then fighting only for the grand-master?" Answering himself in the negative, he supposes a corruption, and reads, *fighting* 'FORE *Valetta.* We see no need for variation, the sense being,

A valiant gentleman, a noble Dane
As e'er the country bred, endanger'd now
By fresh supply of head-bound infidels.[6]
Much means, much blood this warlike Dane hath spent
To advance our flag above their horned moons,
And oft hath brought in profitable conquest:
We must not see him perish in our view.
How far off fight they?

Mir Sir, within a league.

Val. 'Tis well. Our next occasion of conventing
Are these two gentlemen, standing in your sight;
(Ye noble props of Malta!) royally
Descended are they both, valiant as War,
Miranda, and Gomera: Full ten years
They have served this island, perfected exploits
Matchless, and infinite; they are honest, wise,
Not empty of one ornament of man.
Most eminent agents were they in that slaughter,
That great marvellous slaughter of the Turks,
Before St Elme, where five-and-twenty thousand
Fell, for five thousand of our Christians.
These ripe considerations moving us,
Having had your allowance on their worths,[7]
Here we would call 'em to our brotherhood!
If any therefore can their manners tax,
Their faith, their chastity, any part of life,
Let 'em speak now.

that he is fighting *for* Valetta, upon the safety of which town their own security depends.—Ed. 1778.

Mr Mason insists upon the propriety of Sympson's variation, because the town could not be endangered by the Turkish force combated by Norandine. But surely that commentator might have known, that soldiers may fight for their country without its being in immediate danger of being conquered.

6 *Head-bound.*] i. e. *Turban'd*, as in Othello.—*Theobald.*

7 —— *their* worthies. Corrected in 1679.

Asto. None does.
All. None can, Great-master.
Val. The dignity then dignify, by them,
As their reward. Tender Miranda first
(Because he is to succour Norandine)
Our sacred robe of knighthood, our white cross,
(The holy cognizance of him we serve,)
The sword, the spurs.
Mir. Grave, and most honour'd Master,
With humble duty, and my soul's best thanks
To you, and all this famous conventicle,
Let me with modesty refuse acceptance
Of this high order! I, alas! am yet
Unworthy, and uncapable of such honour;
That merit, which with favour you enlarge,
Is far, far short, of this proposed reward.
Who takes upon him such a charge as this,
Must come with pure thoughts, and a gather'd mind,[9]
That time nor all occasions ever may
After disperse, or stain. Did this title here
Of knighthood, ask no other ornaments
Than other countries' glittering show, poor pride,
A jingling spur, a feather, a white hand,
A frizzled hair, powder'd,[1] perfumes, and lust,
Drinking sweet wines, surfeits, and ignorance,
Rashly and easily should I venture on't;
But this requires another kind of man.

[9] —— *a gather'd* mind.] Gathered means here collected.—*Mason.*

[1] *A frizzled hair*, powder'd, *perfumes*, &c.] Mr Seward reads with me thus,

A frizzled hair, powder, perfumes, &c.—*Sympson.*

There is no occasion to alter, as the pointing of the old text proves its propriety. *Powder'd* means being powdered, a common ellipsis in old plays.

Mountf. A staid and mature judgment! speak on, sir.
Mir. May it please you then to allow me some small time
To rectify myself for that high seat,
Or give my reasons to the contrary.
I' th' mean space, to dismiss me to the aid
Of Norandine: My ships ride in the bay
Ready to disembogue, tackled and mann'd
Even to my wishes.
Mountf. His request
Is fair and honest.
Val. At your pleasure go.
Mir. I humbly take my leave of all: Of you,
My noble friend Mountferrat! Gracious mistress—
Oh, that auspicious smile doth arm your soldier!
Who fights for those eyes, and this sacred cross,
Can neither meet sad accident, nor loss!
Ori. The mighty master of that livery,
Conduct thee safely to these eyes again!
[*Exit* MIRANDA.
Mountf. Blows the wind that way?
Val. Equally beloved,
Equally meriting, Gomera, you
Without excuse receive that dignity,
Which our provincial chapter hath decreed you.
Gom. Great-master of Jerusalem's Hospital,
From whence to Rhodes this blest fraternity
Was driven, but now among the Maltese stands,
Long may it flourish, whilst Gomera serves it,
But dares not enter further!
All. This is strange!
Val. What do you object?
Gom. Nothing against it, but myself, fair knights;
I may not wear this robe.
Val. Express your reasons:
Doth any hid sin gore your conscience?

Asto. Are you unstedfast in religion?
Cast. Or do you intend to forsake Malta now,
And visit your own country, fruitful Spain?
Gom. Never, good sir.[2]
Val. Then explicate your thoughts.
Gom. This then: I should be perjured to receive it.
Once in Malta, your next city here,
When I was younger, read I the decrees
Touching this point, being ambitious then
To approach it once. None but a gentleman
Can be admitted——
Val. That's no obstacle
In you.
Gom. I should be sorry that were it.—
No married man——
Mountf. You never felt that yoke.
Gom. None that hath been contracted——
Cast. Were you ever?
Gom. Nor married, nor contracted.—None that ever
Hath vow'd his love to any womankind,
Or finds that secret fire within his thoughts:
Here I am cast; this article my heart
Objects against the title of my fame;
I am in love.—Laugh not! though Time hath set
Some wrinkles in this face, and these curl'd locks
Will shortly dye into another hue,
Yet, yet I am in love: (I'faith, you smile!)
What age, what sex, or what profession,

[2] Never, *good sir.*] Seward proposes to substitute *neither* for *never*, which the last editors insert, though Sympson had retained the old and correct reading. Mason properly observes, that if Castriot had asked Gomera whether he meant to forsake Malta *or* to visit Spain, the word *neither* would have been preferable; but as the question is not put in the disjunctive, the word *never* is preferable.

Divine or human; from the man that cries
For alms in the highway, to him that sings
At the high altar, and doth sacrifice,
Can truly say he knows not what is love?
Val. 'Tis honestly profess'd. With whom, Gomera?
Name the lady, that with all advantage
We may advance your suit.
Gom. But will you, sir?
Val. Now by our holy rock! were it our sister,
Spaniard, I hold thee worthy; freely name her.
Gom. Be master of your word: It is she, sir,
The matchless Oriana.
Val. Come down, lady.
You have made her blush: Let her consent, I will
Make good my oath.
Mountf. [*Aside.*] Is't so?—Stay! I do love
So tenderly, Gomera, your bright fame,[3]
As not to suffer your perdition.
Gom. What means Mountferrat?
Mountf. This whole Auberge hath[4]—

[3] *Your bright* flame.] Corrected in 1750.

[4] *Auberge.*] In the *Anciens et Nouveaux Statuts de L'Ordre de Saint Jean de Jerusalem*, the word *Auberge* frequently occurs; and, in the chapter *De la Signification des Termes*, is thus explained: "Auberge *est un nom connu des François, des Espagnols, & des Italiens, pour signifier un lieu, ou l'on mange, & ou l'on s' assemble Nation par Nation.*" Vertot's *Histoire de Chevaliers de Malthe*, tome vi. p. 266, Edit. Paris, 1761.—Ed. 1778.

The word *auberge* is French, and signifies an inn. The knights of Malta were originally knights Hospitallers, or of St John of Jerusalem, whose duty it was to receive and protect all persons travelling to the Holy Land. Each fraternity of these knights was called in Latin *hospitium; albergo* in Italian; *auberge* in French; and inns in England; the words in these respective languages bearing the same import. The two most ancient of our inns of court, the Inner and Middle Temple, were formerly possessed by the knights Templar, from whom the knights of Malta were derived. The Free Masons still call their fraternities lodges.—*Mason.*

(A guard upon this lady! Wonder not!)

Enter Guard.

Ta'en public notice of the basha's love
Of Tripoli unto her, and consented
She should return this answer, (as he writ
For her conversion, and betraying Malta)
She should advise him betray Tripoly,
And, turning Christian, he should marry her.
[*Showing a letter.*

All. All this was so.

Mountf. How weakly does this court then
Send vessels forth to sea, to guard the land,
Taking such special care to save one bark,
Or strive to add famed men unto our cloak,
When they lurk in our bosoms would subvert
This state and us, presuming on their blood,
And partial indulgence to their sex?

Val. Who can this be?

Mountf. Your sister, great Valetta!
Which thus I prove: Demand the basha's letter.

Ori. 'Tis here; nor from this pocket hath been
moved,
Nor answer'd, nor perused, by——

Mountf. Do not swear;
Cast not away your fair soul; to your treason
Add not foul perjury!—Is this your hand?

Ori. 'Tis very like it.

Mountf. May it please the Master,
Confer these letters, and then read her answer,
Which I have intercepted. Pardon me,
Reverend Valetta, that am made the means
To punish this most beauteous treachery,
Even in your sister, since in it I save
Malta from ruin: I am bolder in't,
Because it is so palpable, and withal

Know our Great-master to this country firm
As was the Roman Marcus, who spared not
As dear a sister in the public cause.
Val. I am amazed! attend me.
[Reads.] *Let your forces by the next even be ready; my brother feasts then; put in at St Michaels; the ascent at that port is easiest; the keys of the castle you shall receive at my hands. That possessed, you are lord of Malta, and may soon destroy all by fire; than which I am hotter, till I embrace you. Farewell! Your wife, Oriana.*
From this time let me never read again!
Gentlew. 'Tis certain, her hand.
Val. This letter too,
So close kept by herself, could not be answer'd
To every period thus, but by herself.
Ori. Sir, hear me!
Val. Peace! thou fair sweet bank of flowers,
Under whose beauty scorpions lie, and kill!
Wert thou akin to me in some new name
Dearer than sister, mother, or all blood,
I would not hear thee speak.—Bear her to prison!
So gross is this, it needs no formal course.
Prepare thyself; to-morrow thou shalt die.
Ori. I die a martyr then, and a poor maid,
Almost, i'faith, as innocent as born!—
Thou know'st thou art wicked, Frenchman; Heaven forgive thee! [*Exit.*
All. This scene is strangely turned.
Val. Yet can nature be [*Aside.*
So dead in me? I would my charge were off!
Mountferrat should perceive my sister had
A brother, would not live to see her die
Unfought for, since the statutes of our state
Allow, in case of accusations,
A champion to defend a lady's truth.—
Peter Gomera, thou hast lost thy wife:

Death pleads a precontract.
Gom. I have lost my tongue,
My sense, my heart, and every faculty!—
Mountferrat, go not up! With reverence
To our Great-master, and this consistory
(I have consider'd it, it cannot be)
Thou art a villain and a forger,
A blood-sucker of innocence, an hypocrite,
A most unworthy wearer of our cross;
To make which good, take, if thou darest, that gage, [*Throws down his glove.*
And arm'd at all points like a gentleman,
Meet me to-morrow morning, where the Master
And this fraternity shall design;[5] where I
Will cram this slander back into thy throat,
And with my sword's point thrust it to thy heart,
The very nest where lust and slander breed.
(Pardon my passion!) I will tear those spurs
Off from thy heels, and stick 'em in thy front,
As a mark'd villain!
Mountf. [*Apart.*] This I look'd not for.—
Ten times more villain, I return my gage,
And crave the law of arms!
Gom. 'Tis that I crave!
All. It cannot be denied.
Gom. Do not I know,
With thousand gifts and importunacies,
Thou often hast solicited this lady?
(Contrary to thy oath of chastity!)
Who ne'er disclosing this thy hot-rein'd lust,[6]
Yet tender to prevent a public scandal,
That Christendom might justly have imposed

[5] *And this fraternity shall design.*] This word has its original signification to *appoint* or *decree*, in Latin, *designare*, from whence *designator*, an herald.—*Seward.*

[6] *Thy hot reign'd lust.*] Seward proposes reading, *Thy* not reign'd *lust*. The variation is from Sympson's conjecture.—Ed. 1778.

Upon this holy institution,
Thou now hast drawn this practice 'gainst her life,
To quit[7] her charity.

Mountf. Spaniard, thou liest!

Asto. No more, Gomera! thou art granted combat.
And you, Mountferrat, must prepare against
To-morrow morning, in the valley here,
Adjoining to St George's Port. A lady,
In case of life, 'gainst whom one witness comes,
May have her champion.

Val. And who hath most right,
With, or against our sister, speed in fight!

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but* Mountferrat.

Enter Rocca.

Mountf. Rocca, the first news of Miranda's service
Let me have notice of.

Rocca. You shall. The Moor
Waits you without.

Mountf. Admit her.—Ha, ha, ha!
Oh, how my fancies run at tilt! Gomera
Loves Oriana; she, as I should guess,
Affects Miranda; these are two dear friends,
As firm, and full of fire, as steel and flint.
To make 'em so now, one against the other—

Enter Zanthia.

Stay; let me like it better.[8]—Zanthia,

[7] *To quit.*] That is, quite, requite, recompense.

[8] *Stay, let me* like *it better.*] That is, let me grow still more enamoured of my design. Sympson silently and grossly, but certainly with some plausibility, reads, Let me *lick* it better.

First tell me this; did Don Gomera use
To give his visits to your mistress?
Zant. Yes,
And Miranda too, but severally.
Mountf. Which did she most apply to?
Zant. 'Faith, to neither:
Yet infinitely I have heard her praise them both,
And in that manner, that, were both one man,
I think she was in love with't.
Mountf. Zanthia,
Another letter you must frame for me
Instantly, in your lady's character,
To such a purpose as I'll tell thee straight.
Go in, and stay me! Go, my tinder-box!
Cross lines I'll cross. [*Exit* ZANTHIA.
So, so! my after-game
I must play better: Woman, I will spread
My vengeance over Malta, for thy sake!
Spaniard, Italian, like my steel and stone,
I'll knock ye thus together, wear ye out
To light my dark deeds, whilst I seem precise,
And wink, to save the sparkles from mine eyes.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Harbour. A Sea-fight within, Alarm.

Enter NORANDINE *wounded,* MIRANDA, *Soldiers, Gentlemen, and Sailors.*

Mir. How is it, sir?
Nor. Pray set me down! I cool,
And my wounds smart.
Mir. I hope yet,
Though there be many, there's none dangerous.
Nor. I know not, nor I care not much; I got 'em
Like a too-forward fool; but I hope the surgeons
Will take an order I shall not leave 'em so.
I make the rogues more work than all the island,
And yet they give me the hardest words for my money.
Mir. I am glad ye are so sprightly! Ye fought bravely,
(Go call the surgeons, soldiers!) [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] wondrous nobly;
Upon my life, I have not seen such valour,
Maintain'd so long, and to so large a ruin,
The odds so strong against ye.
Nor. I thank ye,
And thank ye for your help, your timely succour!
By th' mass, it came i' th' nick, sir, and well handled,
Stoutly, and strongly handled; we had duck'd else;

My Turk had turk'd me else: But he has well paid for't.—
Why, what a sign for an almanack he has made me!

Enter ASTORIUS.

Asto. I am glad to find you here, sir, of necessity
I must have come aboard else. And, brave captain,
We all joy much in your fair victory,
And all the island speaks your valour nobly.
Have you brought the Turk in that you took?
Mir. He rides there.
Nor. If he were out again, the devil should bring him:
He has truly circumcised me.
Asto. I have a business [*To* MIRANDA.
Which much concerns you, presently concerns you;
But not this place nor people: Pray ye draw off, sir!
For 'tis of that weight to you——
Mir. I'll wait on you.—
I must crave leave awhile; my care dwells with you,
And I must wait myself——
Nor. Your servant, sir.
Mir. Believe I shall, and what my love can minister—
Keep your stout heart still——
Nor. That's my best physician!
Mir. And I shall keep your fame fair.
Nor. You are too noble.
[*Exeunt* MIRANDA *and* ASTORIUS.
A brave young fellow, of a matchless spirit!
He brought me off like thunder, charged and boarded,
As if he had been shot to save mine honour:
And when my fainting men, tired with their labour
And lack of blood, gave to the Turk assurance

The day was his; when I was cut in shreds thus,
And not a corn of powder left to bless us;
Then flew his sword in, then his cannon roar'd;
And let fly blood and death, in storms amongst 'em.
Then might I hear their sleepy prophet howl too;
And all their silver crescents then I saw
Like falling meteors spent, and set for ever
Under the cross of Malta: Death so wanton
I never look'd upon, so full of revel.—

Enter Surgeon, and Soldiers.

I will not be dress'd yet.—Methought that fellow
Was fit for no conversation, nor no Christian,
That had not half his brains knock'd out, no soldier.
Oh, valiant young man, how I love thy virtue!
1 *Sold.* Pray you, sir, be dress'd! alas! you bleed apace yet.
Nor. 'Tis but the sweat of honour. Alas! thou milksop,
Thou man of marchpane,[9] canst thou fear to see
A few light hurts, that blush they are no bigger?
A few small scratches? Get ye a caudle, sirrah,
(Your finger aches) and let the old wives watch thee!
Bring in the booty, and the prisoners:
By Heaven, I'll see 'em, and dispose 'em first,
Before I have a drop of blood wiped from me! go.
Surg. You'll faint, sir. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*
Nor. No, you lie, sir, like an ass, sir!
I have no such pig's heart in my belly.[1]
Surg. By my life, captain,

[9] *Thou man of* marchpane.] See vol. II. p. 116, 456.

[1] *I have no such pigs* hurt *in my belly.*] The correction is from Sympson's conjecture.—Ed. 1778.

These hurts are not to be jested with.
Nor. If thou hadst 'em;
They are my companions, fool, my family:
I cannot eat nor sleep without their company.
Dost take me for Saint Davy, that fell dead
With seeing of his nose bleed?

Enter Soldiers with booty.

Surg. Here they come, sir:
But 'would you would be dress'd!
Nor. Pox, dress thyself first!
Thou faint'st a great deal faster. What's all this?
1 *Sold.* The money and the merchandize ye took, sir.
Nor. A goodly purchase! Is't for this we venture
Our liberties and lives? What can all this do?
Get me some dozen surfeits, some seven fresh whores,[2]
And twenty pot-allies, and then I am virtuous.
Lay the knights' part by, and that to pay the soldier:
This is mine own; I think I have deserved it.—

[2] *Get me——some seven fresh whores,*
And twenty pot-allies, and then I am virtuous.] The oldest copy reads thus.
And twenty pot-allies and to: *and then, &c.*
Which would induce one to think the original might run so,
And twenty pot-allies, and two.
Two is often mistakenly wrote *too* in the oldest edition, and possibly might have been so here—*Sympson.*

The meaning of the whole passage, we think, is this: "What can all this money do? Get me surfeits, whores, and a score of pot-companions to cry me up!" *And to*, we think, is corrupt, but not explain'd properly by Sympson.—Ed. 1778.

It is probable that the editors of the second folio had some authority for the omission of these two words.

Come; now look to me, and grope me like a chambermaid;
I'll neither start nor squeak.—What's that i'th' truss there?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis cloth of tissue, sir; and this is scarlet.

Nor. I shall look redder shortly then, I fear me,
And as a captain ought, a great deal prouder.
Can ye cure me of that crack, surgeon?

Surg. Yes, when your suit's at pawn, sir.

Nor. There's for your plaister.
A very learned surgeon!—What's in that pack there?

1 *Sold.* 'Tis English cloth.

Nor. That's a good wear indeed,
Both strong and rich; but it has a virtue,
A twang of the own country, that spoils all;
A man shall ne'er be sober in't. Where are the gentlemen
That ventured with me both their lives and fortunes?
Come forward, my fair spirits! Norandine
Forgets his worth, when he forgets your valours.
You have lost an eye; I saw you face all hazards;
You have one left yet, to chuse your mistress.
You have your leg broke with a shot; yet, sitting,
I saw you make the place good with your pike still.
And your hand's gone; a good heart wants no instruments.
Share that amongst ye: There's an eye; an arm;
And that will bear you up, when your legs cannot.—
Oh, where's the honest sailor? that poor fellow,
Indeed that bold brave fellow, that with his musquet
Taught them new ways how to put their caps off,
That stood the fire of all the fight, twice blown,

And twice I gave him drown'd?—Welcome ashore,
knave!
Give me thy hand, if they be not both lost.
Faith, thou art welcome! my tough knave, welcome!
Thou wilt not shrink i'th' washing.
Hold, there's a piece of scarlet; get thee handsome;
And this to buy thee buttons.

Sailor. Thank you, captain.
Command my life at all hours.

Nor. Thou durst give it.—
You have deserved too?

3 *Sold.* We have seen the fight, sir.

Nor. Yes; coil'd up in a cable, like salt eels,
Or buried low i'th' ballast: Do you call that fighting?
Where be your wounds? your knocks? your want of limbs, rogues?
Art not thou he that ask'd the master-gunner
Where thou might'st lie safest? and he strait answer'd,
Put thy head in that hole, new bored with a cannon,
For it was an hundred to one, another shot would not hit there?
Your wages you shall have; but for rewards
Take your own ways, and get ye to the taverns;
There, when ye are hot with wine, 'mongst your admirers,
Take ships, and towns, and castles at your pleasures,
And make the Great Turk shake at your valours.—
Bring in the prisoners.

Enter Lucinda *and other Prisoners.*

Now, my brave Mussulmans,
You that are lords o'th' sea, and scorn us Christians,
Which of your mangy lives is worth this hurt here?
Away to prison with 'em, see 'em safe!
You shall find we have gallies too, and slaves too.
1 *Sold.* What shall be done with this woman, sir?
Nor. Pox take her! [*Surgeons dress him.*
'Twas she that set me on to fight with these rogues!—
That ring-worm, rot it!—What can you do now,
With all your paintings, and your pouncings,[3] lady,
To restore my blood again? you, and your Cupid,
That have made a carbonado of me—Plague take you, [*To the Surgeon.*
You are too deep, you rogue!—This is thy work, woman,
Thou lousy woman!—'Death, you go too deep still!—
The seeing of your simpering sweetness, you filly,
You tit, you tomboy! what can one night's jingling,
Or two, or ten, "sweetheart," and "oh, my dear chicken,"
Scratching my head, or fumbling with my fore-mast,
Do me good now? You have powder'd me for one year:
I am in souce,[4] I thank you; thank your beauty,

[3] *Pouncings.*] Cotgrave explains *poinsonner*; "to pricke or pierce with a bodkin," and Chaucer in his Parson's Tale, inveighing against the vanity of dress says,—"Ther is also the costly furring of hir gounes, so moche *pounsoning* of chesel to maken holes, so moche dagging of sheres," &c.

[4] —— *You have* powder'd *me for one year*:
I am in souce.] To *powder* beef or other meat was to lay it in *souce* or pickle.

Your most sweet beauty! Pox upon those goggles!
We cannot fight like honest men, for honour,
And quietly kill one another as we ought,
But in steps one of you; the devil's holiness
And you must have a dance.—Away with her!
She stinks to me now.

1 *Sold.* Shall I have her, captain?

2 *Sold.* Or I?

3 *Sold.* I'll marry her——

4 *Sold.* Good captain, I——

3 *Sold.* And make her a good Christian. Lay hands on her.
I know she's mine.

2 *Sold.* I'll give my full share for her!
Have ye no manners to thrust the woman so?

Nor. Share her among ye;
And may she give ye as many hurts as I have,
And twice as many aches!

Luc. Noble captain,
Be pleased to free me from these soldiers' wildness,
Till I but speak two words. [*Kneels.*

Nor. Now for your maidenhead!
You have your book; proceed.[5]

Luc. Victorious sir,
'Tis seldom seen, in men so valiant,[6]
Minds so devoid of virtue; he that can conquer,
Should ever know how to preserve his conquest;
'Tis but a base theft else: Valour's a virtue,

[5] *Now for your maidenhead!*
You have your book; *proceed.*] Alluding to the ancient custom, which required that persons condemned for felony should read in court in order to obtain the benefit of clergy.—*Mason.*

[6] 'Tis *seldom seen in men so valiant,*
Minds so devoid of virtue.] An idea may be formed of the entire disregard of the ancient text, (which is perfect sense) by exhibiting the first of these lines as altered, without any notice of such an unwarranted variation, in both the modern copies—*Seldom are seen* in men so valiant.

Crown of men's actions here; yours, as you make it.
And can you put so rough a foil as violence,
As wronging of weak woman, to your triumph?

Nor. Let her alone!

Luc. I have lost my husband, sir;
You feel not that; him that I love; you care not:
When fortune falls on you thus, you may grieve too.
My liberty I kneel not for; mine honour
(If ever virtuous honour touch'd your heart yet)
Make dear and precious, sir. You had a mother——

Nor. The roguy thing speaks finely, neat. Who took you?
For he must be your guard.

Luc. I wish no better:
A noble gentleman, and nobly used me.
They call'd his name Miranda.

Nor. You are his then:
You have lit upon a young man worth your service.
I free you from all the rest, and from all violence;
He that doth offer't, by my head, he hangs for't!—
Go see her safe kept, till the noble gentleman
Be ready to dispose her.—Thank your tongue,
You have a good one, and preserve it good still.—
Soldiers, come wait on me; I'll see ye paid all.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter MIRANDA *and* ASTORIUS.

Asto. I knew you loved her, virtuously you loved her,
Which made me make that haste: I knew you prized her,
As all fair minds do goodness.
Mir. Good Astorius,
I must confess I do much honour her,
And worthily I hope still.
Asto. 'Tis no doubt, sir;
For on my life she is much wrong'd.
Mir. Very likely,
And I as much tormented I was absent.
Asto. You need not fear; Peter Gomera's noble,
Of a tried faith and valour.
Mir. This I know too:
But whilst I was not there, and whilst she suffer'd,
Whilst virtue suffer'd, friend—Oh, how it loads me!
Whilst innocence and sweetness sunk together—
How cold it sits here! If my arm had fought [for] her,
My youth, though naked, stood against all treasons,
My sword here grasp'd, love on the edge, and honour,

And but a signal from her eye to seal it;[7]
If then she had been lost—I brag too late,
And too much I decline the noble Peter.
Yet some poor service I would do her sweetness:
Alas, she needs it, my Astorius,
The gentle lady needs it.

Asto. Noble spirit!

Mir. And what I can—Pr'ythee, bear with this weakness!
Often I do not use these women's weapons,
But where true pity is—I am much troubled,
And something have to do, I cannot form yet!

Asto. I'll take my leave, sir; I shall but disturb you.

Mir. An't please you, for a while; and pray to fortune
To smile upon this lady.

Asto. All my help, sir. [*Exit.*

Mir. Gomera's old and stiff, and he may lose her,
The winter of his years and wounds upon him;
And yet he has done bravely hitherto:
Mountferrat's fury in his heat of summer,
The whistling of his sword like angry storms,
Renting up life by th' roots: I have seen him scale
As if a falcon had run up a train,
Clashing his warlike pinions, his steel'd cuirass,
And at his pitch inmew the town below him.[8]
I must do something!

[7] *From her eye to* seal *it.*] Seward, in his anxiety to improve his authors, reads—*to* steel *it;* but the old text, now restored, is not only good sense, but fully as poetical as the variation. Mason says—"A signal from her eye to seal it, may well mean a look from her to confirm that the cause was honourable; which, considering the confidence of her accuser, might be doubted. The word *to seal it* refers particularly to *honour.*"

[8] *Inmew the* town *below him.*] Theobald would read, *the* fowl *below him;* but *scale* seems to confirm *town.*—Ed. 1778.

Enter COLONNA.

Col Noble sir, for Heaven sake,
Take pity of a poor afflicted Christian,
Redeem'd from one affliction to another!
Mir. Boldly you ask that; we are bound to
give it.
From what affliction, sir?
Col From cold and hunger,
From nakedness and stripes.
Mir A prisoner?
Col. A slave, from the Turkish prize, new ta-

hat, in the heat of fight, when your brave hand
Brought the Dane succour, got my irons off,
And put myself to mercy of the ocean.
Mir. And swam to land?
Col I did, sir; Heaven was gracious!
But now a stranger, and my wants upon me,
(Though willingly I would preserve this life, sir,
With honesty and truth) I am not look'd on;
The hand of pity, that should give for Heaven's
sake,
And charitable hearts, are grown so cold, sir,
Never rememb'ring what their fortunes may be.
Mir. Thou say'st too true. Of what profession
art thou?
Col. I have been better train'd, and can serve
truly,
Where trust is laid upon me.
Mir. A handsome fellow!

The metaphors in the speech are taken from hawking, but the direct meaning is constantly kept in sight. Metaphorically we have the words *falcon*, *pinions*, *pitch* and *inmew*, (that is, inclose in a *mew* or cage;) and to these are opposed the words *scale*, *train*, *cuirass*, and *town*, as referring to the direct meaning of the passage.

Hast thou e'er bore arms?
Col. I have trod full many a march, sir,
And some hurts have to shew; before me too, sir.
Mir. Pity this thing should starve, or, forced for want,
Come to a worse end.—I know not what thou mayst be,
But if thou think'st it fit to be a servant,
I'll be a master, and a good one to thee,
If you deserve, sir.
Col. Else I ask no favour.
Mir. Then, sir, to try your trust, because I like you,
Go to the Dane; of him receive a woman,
A Turkish prisoner, for me receive her;
I hear she is my prize: Look fairly to her,
For I would have her know, though now my prisoner,
The Christians need no schoolmasters for honour.
Take this to buy thee clothes; this ring, to help thee
Into the fellowship of my house; you are a stranger,
And my servants will not know you else; there keep her,
And with all modesty preserve your service!
Col. A foul example find me else! Heaven thank ye!
Of Captain Norandine?
Mir. The same.
Col. 'Tis done, sir:
And may Heaven's goodness ever dwell about you!
Mir. Wait there till I come home.
Col. I shall not fail, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the House of Mountferrat.

Enter MOUNTFERRAT *and* ZANTHIA.[8]

Zan. 'Tis strange it should be so, that your high mettle
Should check thus poorly, dully, most unmanly—
Mountf. Let me alone.
Zan. Thus leadenly——
Mountf. Pox take you!
Zan. At every childish fear, at every shadow!
Are you Mountferrat, that have done such deeds?
Wrought through such bloody fields men shake to speak of?
Can you go back? is there a safety left yet,
But fore-right?[9] is not ruin round about you?
Have you not still these arms, that sword, that heart whole?
Is't not a man you fight with, and an old man,
A man half-kill'd already? am not I here?
As lovely in my black to entertain thee,
As high and full of heat to meet thy pleasures—

[8] Zanthia has hitherto been called Abdella in this and all the following scenes; but, in order to prevent confusion, it has been judged expedient to call her by the former name throughout.

[9] *Fore-right.*] That is, right afore. Zanthia is inciting the spirit of Mountferrat, and asks him whether any safety is left for him but to go on with his purpose, not to stick at difficulties, or to go back.

Mountf. I'll be alone.
Zan. You shall: Farewell, sir!
And do it bravely! never think of conscience;
There is none to a man resolved. Be happy. [*Exit.*

Enter Miranda, *and stands apart.*

Mountf. No, most unhappy wretch, as thou hast made me,
More devil than thyself, I am.
Mir. Alone,
And troubled too, I take it. How he starts!
All is not handsome in thy heart, Mountferrat.—
God speed you, sir! I have been seeking of you:
They say you are to fight to-day.
Mountf. What then?
Mir. Nay, nothing, but good fortune to your sword, sir!
You have a cause requires it; the island's safety,
The order's, and your honour's.
Mountf. And do you make a question
I will not fight it nobly?
Mir. You dare fight;
You have; and with as great a confidence as justice,
I have seen you strike as home, and hit as deadly.
Mountf. Why are these questions then?
Mir. I'll tell you quickly.
You have a lady in your cause, a fair one,
A gentler never trod on ground, a nobler——
Mountf. Do you come on so fast? I have it for you. [*Aside.*
Mir. The sun ne'er saw a sweeter:
Mountf. These I grant you;
Nor dare I against beauty heave my hand up,
It were unmanly, sir, too much unmanly:
But when these excellencies turn to ruin,

To ruin of themselves, and those protect 'em;
When virtue's lost, lust and dishonour enter'd;
Loss of ourselves and souls basely projected——

Mir. Do you think 'tis so?

Mountf. Too sure.

Mir. And can it be?
Can it be thought, Mountferrat, so much sweetness,
So great a magazine of all things precious,
A mind so heavenly made—Pr'ythee observe me.

Mountf. I thought so too: Now, by my holy order,
He that had told me, (till experience found it,
Too bold a proof) this lady had been vicious—
I wear no dull sword, sir, nor hate I virtue.

Mir. Against her brother? to the man has bred her?
Her blood and honour?

Mountf. Where ambitious Lust
Desires to be above the rule prescribed her,
Takes hold, and wins, poor Chastity, cold Duty,
Like fashions old forgot, she flings behind her,
And puts on blood and mischief, death and ruin,
To raise her new-built hopes, new faith to fasten her:
Ma foy, she is as foul as Heaven is beauteous!

Mir. Thou liest, thou liest, Mountferrat, thou liest basely!
Stare not, nor swell not with thy pride! thou liest;
And this shall make it good.

Mountf. Out with your heat first!
You shall be fought withal.

Mir. By Heaven, that lady,
The virtue of that woman, were all the good deeds
Of all thy families bound in one faggot,
From Adam to this hour, but with one sparkle
Would fire that whisp, and turn it to light ashes.

Mountf. Oh, pitiful young man, struck blind with beauty!

Shot with a woman's smile! Poor, poor Miranda!
Thou hopeful young man once, but now thou lost man,
Thou naked man of all that we call noble,
How art thou cozen'd! Didst thou know what I do,
And how far thy dear honour, (mark me, fool!)
Which like a father I have kept from blasting,
Thy tender honour, is abused—But fight first,
And then, too late, thou shalt know all.

Mir. Thou liest still!

Mountf. Stay! now I'll shew thee all, and then I'll kill thee:
I love thee so dear, time shall not disgrace thee.
Read that! [*Gives him a letter.*

Mir. It is her hand, it is most certain.
Good angels keep me! that I should be her agent
To betray Malta, and bring her to the basha!
That on my tender love lay all her project!
Eyes never see again, melt out for sorrow!
Did the devil do this?

Mountf. No, but his dam did it,
The virtuous lady that you love so dearly:
Come, will you fight again?

Mir. No; pr'ythee kill me,
For Heaven's sake, and for goodness' sake, dispatch me!
For the disgrace sake that I gave thee, kill me!

Mountf. Why, are you guilty?

Mir. I have lived, Mountferrat,
To see dishonour swallow up all virtue,
And now would die. By Heaven's eternal brightness,
I am as clear as innocence!

Mountf. I knew it,
And therefore kept this letter from all knowledge,
And this sword from anger; you had died else—
And yet I lie, and basely lie. [*Aside.*

Mir. Oh, Virtue,
Unspotted Virtue, whither art thou vanish'd?
What hast thou left us to abuse our frailties,
In shape of goodness?
Mountf. Come, take courage, man!
I have forgiven and forgot your rashness,
And hold you fair as light in all your actions;
And by my troth I grieved your love. Take comfort!
There be more women.
Mir. And more mischief in 'em!
Mountf. The justice I shall do, to right these villainies,
Shall make you man again: I'll strike it sure, sir.
Come, look up bravely; put this puling passion
Out of your mind. One knock for thee, Miranda,
And for the *boy* the grave Gomera gave thee,
When she accepted thee her champion,
And in thy absence, like a valiant gentleman;
I yet remember it: "He is too young,
Too *boyish*, and too tender, to adventure:"
I'll give him one sound rap for that: I love thee;
Thou art a brave young spark.
Mir. *Boy* did he call me?
Gomera call me *boy?*
Mountf. It pleased his gravity,
To think so of you then: They that do service,
And honest service, such as thou and I do,
Are either knaves or boys.
Mir. *Boy*, by Gomera?
How look'd he when he said it? for Gomera
Was ever wont to be a virtuous gentleman,
Humane and sweet.
Mountf. Yes, when he will, he can be.
But let it go; I would not breed dissention;
'Tis an unfriendly office. And had it been

To any of a higher strain than you, sir,[1]
The well-known, well-approved, and loved Miranda,
I had not thought on't: 'Twas happily his haste too,
And zeal to her.

Mir. A traitor and a *boy* too?
Shame take me, if I suffer it!—Puff! farewell love!

Mountf. You know my business; I must leave you, sir;
My hour grows on apace.

Mir. I must not leave you,
I dare not, nor I will not, till your goodness
Have granted me one courtesy: You say you love me?

Mountf. I do, and dearly; ask, and let that courtesy
Nothing concern mine honour——

Mir. You must do it,
Or you will never see me more.

Mountf. What is it?
It shall be great that puts you off: Pray speak it.

Mir. Pray let me fight to-day, good, dear Mountferrat!
Let me, and bold Gomera——

Mountf. Fy, Miranda!
Do you weigh my worth so little?

Mir. On my knees!

[1] *To any of an* higher strain *than you are.*] At first glance, the reader may think, as I once did with Mr Seward, that *lighter*, or *lower*, or some such word, should supply the place of *higher*. But possibly the passage is right as it is, and refers only to the *even temper and disposition* of Miranda, and means, that, had he been of an hot fiery temper, prone to passion, &c. he should not have discovered a secret, which might possibly breed dissension betwixt Gomera and him. This I only offer the reader, in order to give the text fair play; if he does not approve of the explanation, *lighter* or *lower* are still at his service.—*Sympson.*

Mountferrat certainly means, "had it been any who assumed a higher and more arrogant strain of language than you," &c.

As ever thou hadst true touch of a sorrow
Thy friend conceived, as ever honour loved thee—
Mountf. Shall I turn recreant now?
Mir. 'Tis not thy cause;
Thou hast no reputation wounded in it;
Thine's but a general zeal: 'Death! I am tainted;
The dearest twin to life, my credit's murder'd,
Baffled and *boy'd.*
Mountf. I am glad you have swallow'd it.— [*Aside.*
I must confess I pity you; and 'tis a justice,
A great one too, you should revenge these injuries;
I know it, and I know you fit and bold to do it,
And man as much as man may: But, Miranda—
Why do you kneel?
Mir. By Heaven, I'll grow to the ground here,
And with my sword dig up my grave, and fall in't,
Unless thou grant me—Dear Mountferrat! friend!
Is any thing in my power? to my life, sir!
The honour shall be yours.
Mountf. I love you dearly;
Yet so much I should tender——
Mir. I'll preserve all;
By Heaven, I will, or all the sin fall with me!
Pray let me.
Mountf. You have won; I'll once be coward
To pleasure you.
Mir. I kiss your hands, and thank you.
Mountf. Be tender of my credit, and fight bravely.
Mir. Blow not the fire that flames.
Mountf. I'll send mine armour:
My man shall presently attend you with it,
(For you must arm immediately; the hour calls)
I know 'twill fit you right. Be sure, and secret,
And last be fortunate! farewell!—You are fitted: [*Aside.*
I am glad the load's off me.
Mir. My best Mountferrat! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the House of Norandine.

Enter Norandine *and Doctor.*

Nor. Doctor, I'll see the combat, that's the truth on't;
If I had ne'er a leg, I would crawl to see it.
Doctor. You are most unfit, if I might counsel you,
Your wounds so many, and the air——
Nor. The halter!
The air's as good an air, as fine an air—
Wouldst thou have me live in an oven?
Doctor. Beside, the noise, sir;
Which, to a tender body——
Nor. That's it, Doctor,
My body must be cured withal; if you'll heal me quickly,
Boil a drum-head in my broth; I never prosper
With knuckles o'veal, and birds in sorrel sops,
Caudles and cullises; they wash me away
Like a horse had eaten grains: If thou wilt cure me,
A pickled herring, and a pottle of sack, Doctor,
And half a dozen trumpets!
Doctor. You are a strange gentleman——
Nor. As e'er thou knew'st. Wilt thou give me another glister,
That I may sit cleanly there like a French lady,

When she goes to a masque at court? Where's thy
hautboy?
Doctor. I am glad you are grown so merry.

Enter ASTORIUS *and* CASTRIOT.

Nor. Welcome, gentlemen!
Asto. We come to see you, sir; and glad we are
To see you thus, thus forward to your health, sir.
Nor. I thank my Doctor here.
Doctor. Nay, thank yourself, sir;
For, by my troth, I know not how he's cured!
He ne'er observes any of our prescriptions.
Nor. Give me my money again then, good sweet
Doctor!
Wilt thou have twenty shillings a-day for vexing
me?
Doctor. That shall not serve you, sir.
Nor. Then forty shall, sir,
And that will make you speak well. Hark, the
drums! [*Drums afar off: A low march.*
Cast. They begin to beat to th' field. Oh, noble
Dane,
Never was such a stake, I hope, of innocence,
Play'd for in Malta, and in blood, before.
Asto. It makes us hang our heads all.
Nor. A bold villain!
If there be treason in it—Accuse poor ladies?
And yet they may do mischief too. I'll be with ye:
If she be innocent I shall find it quickly,
And something then I'll say——
Asto. Come, lean on us, sir.
Nor. I thank ye, gentlemen! and, *domine* Doctor,
Pray bring a little sneezing powder in your pocket,
For fear I swoon when I see blood.
Doctor. You are pleasant. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

An open Field before the City; a Scaffold hung with Black in the Back-ground; Stairs leading up to it.

Enter two Marshals.

1 *Marsh.* Are the combatants come in?
2 *Marsh.* Yes.
1 *Marsh.* Make the field clear there!
2 *Marsh.* That's done too.
1 *Marsh.* Then to the prisoner; the Grand-master's coming.
Let's see that all be ready there.
2 *Marsh.* Too ready.
How ceremonious our very ends are!
Alas, sweet lady, if she be innocent,
No doubt but justice will direct her champion.
[*Flourish.*
Away! I hear 'em come.
1 *Marsh.* Pray Heaven she prosper!

Enter VALETTA, NORANDINE, ASTORIUS, CASTRIOT, *&c.*

Val. Give captain Norandine a chair.
Nor. I thank your lordship.
Val. Sit, sir, and take your ease; your hurts require it:
You come to see a woman's cause decided;
(That's all the knowledge now, or name I have for her)

They say a false, a base, and treacherous woman,
And partly proved too.
Nor. 'Pity it should be so;
And, if your lordship durst ask my opinion,
Sure I should answer No, (so much I honour her)
And answer it with my life too. But Gomera
Is a brave gentleman; the other valiant,
And if he be not good, dogs gnaw his flesh off!
And one above 'em both will find the truth out;
He never fails, sir.
Val. That's the hope rests with me.
Nor. How nature and his honour struggle in him!
A sweet, clear, noble gentleman!
[*Guard within.*] Make room there!

Enter ORIANA, *Ladies, Executioner,* ZANTHIA, *and Guard.*

Val Go up, and what you have to say, say there.
Ori. [*Goes up to the scaffold.*] Thus I ascend; nearer, I hope, to Heaven!
Nor do I fear to tread this dark black mansion,
The image of my grave; each foot we move
Goes to it still, each hour we leave behind us
Knolls sadly toward it. My noble brother,
(For yet mine innocence dares call you so)
And you the friends to virtue, that come hither,
The chorus to this tragic scene, behold me,
Behold me with your justice, not with pity,
(My cause was ne'er so poor to ask compassion)
Behold me in this spotless white I wear,
The emblem of my life, of all my actions;
So ye shall find my story, though I perish.
Behold me in my sex; I am no soldier;
Tender and full of fears our blushing sex is,
Unharden'd with relentless thoughts; unhatcht

With blood and bloody practice:[a] Alas, we tremble
But when an angry dream afflicts our fancies,
Die with a tale well told. Had I been practised,
And known the way of mischief, travell'd in it,
And given my blood and honour up to reach it;
Forgot religion, and the line I sprung on;
Oh, Heaven! I had been fit then for thy justice,
And then in black, as dark as hell, I had howl'd
here.
Last, in your own opinions weigh mine innocence:
Amongst ye I was planted from an infant,
('Would then, if Heaven had so been pleased, I had
perish'd!)
Grew up, and goodly, ready to bear fruit,
The honourable fruit of marriage:
And am I blasted in my bud, with treason?
Boldly and basely of my fair name ravish'd,
And hither brought to find my rest in ruin?
But he that knows all, he that rights all wrongs,
And in his time restores, knows me!—I have spoken.
Val. If ye be innocent, Heaven will protect ye,
And so I leave ye to his sword strikes for ye;
Farewell!
Ori. Oh, that went deep! Farewell, dear brother,
And howsoe'er my cause goes, see my body
(Upon my knees I ask it) buried chastely;
For yet, by holy truth, it never trespass'd.
Asto. Justice sit on your cause, and Heaven
fight for ye!
Nor. Two of ye, gentlemen, do me but the
honour

[a] ——— Unhatcht
With blood and bloody practice.] For the explanation of *unhatcht*, see vol. II. 400. *Practice* here, as in numerous other places, bears the ancient signification of insidious stratagem or design.

To lead me to her; good my lord, your leave too.
Val. You have it, sir.
Nor. Give me your fair hands fearless:
As white as this I see your innocence,
As spotless, and as pure; be not afraid, lady!
You are but here brought to your nobler fortune,
To add unto your life immortal story:
Virtue through hardest things arrives at happiness.
Shame follow that blunt sword that loses you!
And he that strikes against you, I shall study
A curse or two for him. Once more your fair hands!
I ne'er brought ill luck yet; be fearless, happy.
Ori. I thank ye, noble captain.
Nor. So I leave ye.
Val. Call in the knights severally.

Enter severally, GOMERA, *and* MIRANDA *in the armour of* MOUNTFERRAT.

Ori. But two words to my champion;
And then to Heaven and him I give my cause up.
Val. Speak quickly, and speak short.
Ori. I have not much, sir.—
Noble Gomera, from your own free virtue
You have undertaken here a poor maid's honour,
And with the hazard of your life; and happily
You may suspect the cause, though in your true worth
You will not shew it; therefore take this testimony,
(And, as I hope for happiness, a true one!)
And may it steel your heart, and edge your good sword!
You fight for her, as spotless of these mischiefs
As Heaven is of our sins, or Truth of errors;
And so defy that treacherous man, and prosper!
Nor. Blessing o' thy heart, lady!

Val. Give the signal to 'em.
[*Low alarms. They fight.*
Nor. 'Tis bravely fought, Gomera, follow that blow—
Well struck again, boy!—look upon the lady,
And gather spirit! brave again! lie close,
Lie close, I say! he fights aloft, and strongly;
Close for thy life!—A pox o' that fell buffet!
Retire and gather breath; ye have day enough, knights—
Look lovely on him, lady! to't again, now!
Stand, stand, Gomera, stand!—one blow for all now!
Gather thy strength together; God bless the woman!
Why, where's thy noble heart? Heaven bless the lady!
All. Oh, oh!
Val. She is gone, she is gone.
Nor. Now strike it. [MIRANDA *falls.*
Hold, hold—he yields: Hold thy brave sword, he's conquer'd—
He's thine, Gomera. Now be joyful, lady!
What could this thief have done, had his cause been equal![3]
He made my heart-strings tremble.
Val. Off with his casque there;[4]
And, executioner, take you his head next.
Zan. Oh, cursed Fortune! [*Aside.*

[3] *What could this thief have done, had his cause been* equal.] *Equal* was frequently used by Fletcher and other poets of his time for *just.*.

[4] *Cask.*] This word is generally spelt *casque.* It signifies here *a helmet*, and sometimes is used only for *a beaver*, or *hat.*—*Reed.*

It never, I believe, means a *beaver* or *hat*, but always a *helmet.* Mr R. seems to have confounded the modern signification of *beaver* with that it anciently bore, the *vizor* of a helmet.

Gom. Stay, I beseech you, sir! and this one honour
Grant me, I have deserved it; that this villain
May live one day, to envy at my justice;
That he may pine and die, before the sword fall,
Viewing the glory I have won, her goodness.
Val. He shall; and you the harvest of your valour
Shall reap, brave sir, abundantly.
Gom. I have saved her,
Preserved her spotless worth from black destruction;
(Her white name to eternity deliver'd)
Her youth and sweetness from a timeless ruin.
Now, lord Valetta, if this bloody labour
May but deserve her favour——
Mir. Stay, and hear me first.
Val. Off with his casque! This is Miranda's voice.
Nor. 'Tis he indeed, or else mine eyes abuse me:
What makes he here thus?
Ori. The young Miranda?
Is he mine enemy too?
Mir. None has deserved her,
If worth must carry it, and service seek her,
But he that saved her honour.
Gom. That is I, Miranda.
Mir. No, no; that's I, Gomera; be not so forward!
In bargain for my love you cannot cozen me.
Gom. I fought it.
Mir. And I gave it, which is nobler.
Why, every gentleman would have done as much
As you did: Fought it? that's a poor desert, sir;
They are bound to that. But then to make that fight sure,
To do as I did, take all danger from it,
Suffer that coldness that must call me now

Into disgrace for ever, into pity——

Gom. I undertook first, to preserve from hazard.

Mir. And I made sure no hazard should come near her.

Gom. 'Twas I defied Mountferrat.

Mir. 'Twas I wrought him,
(You had had a dark day else) 'twas I defied
His conscience first, 'twas I that shook him there,
Which is the brave defiance.

Gom. My life and honour
At stake I laid.

Mir. My care and truth lay-by it,
Lest that stake might be lost. I have deserved her,
And none but I: The lady might have perish'd
Had fell Mountferrat struck it, from whose malice,
With cunning and bold confidence, I catch'd it;
And 'twas high time. And such a service, lady,
For you, and for your innocence—for who knows not
The all-devouring sword of fierce Mountferrat?
I shew'd you what I could do, had I been spiteful,
Or master but of half the poison he bears:
(Hell take his heart for't!) and beshrew these hands, madam,
With all my heart, I wish a mischief on 'em!
They made you once look sad: Such another fright
I would not put you in, to own the island:
Yet, pardon me; 'twas but to shew a soldier,
Which, when I had done, I ended your poor coward.

Val. Let some look out, for the base knight Mountferrat——

Zan. I hope he's far enough, if his man be trusty. [*Aside.*
This was a strange misfortune; I must not know it.

Val. That most deboshed knight.[5] Come down, sweet sister,

[5] *That most deboshed knight.*] Deboshed has occurred more than once in these plays for *debauched.* Here it stands evidently for vitiated, degraded, recreant.

My spotless sister now! Pray thank these gentlemen;
They have deserved both truly, nobly of you,
Both excellently, dearly, both all the honour,
All the respect and favour——

Ori. Both shall have it;
And as my life their memories I'll nourish.

Val. Ye are both true knights, and both most worthy lovers;
Here stands a lady ripen'd with your service,
Young, fair, and (now I dare say) truly honourable:
'Tis my will she shall marry, marry now,
And one of you (she cannot take more nobly:) Your deserts
Begot this will, and bred it. Both her beauty
Cannot enjoy; dare you make me your umpire?

Gom. Mir. With all our souls.

Val. He must not then be angry
That loses her.

Gom. Oh, that were, sir, unworthy.

Mir. A little sorrow he may find.

Val. 'Tis manly.—
Gomera, you're a brave accomplish'd gentleman;
A braver no where lives than is Miranda.
In the white way of virtue, and true valour,
You have been a pilgrim long; yet no man farther
Has trod those thorny steps than young Miranda:
You are gentle, he is gentleness itself: Experience
Calls you her brother; this her hopeful heir.

Nor. The young man now, an't be thy will!

Val. Your hand, sir!
You undertook first, nobly undertook,
This lady's cause; you made it good, and fought it;
You must be served first, take her and enjoy her!
I give her to you: Kiss her! Are you pleased now?

Gom. My joy's so much I cannot speak.

Val. Nay, fairest sir,
You must not be displeased; you break your promise.

Mir. I never grieved at good; nor dare I now, sir,
Though something seem strange to me.

Val. I have provided
A better match for you, more full of beauty;
I'll wed you to our order: There's a mistress
Whose beauty ne'er decays (Time stands below her;)
Whose honour, ermin-like, can never suffer
Spot or black soil; whose eternal issue
Fame brings up at her breasts, and leaves them sainted;
Her you shall marry.

Mir. I must humbly thank you.

Val. Saint Thomas' Fort, a charge of no small value,
I give you too, in present, to keep waking
Your noble spirits; and, to breed you pious,
I'll send you a probation-robe; wear that,
Till you shall please to be our brother.—How now?

Enter ASTORIUS.

Asto. Mountferrat's fled, sir.

Val. Let him go a while,
Till we have done these rites, and seen these coupled:
His mischief now lies open. Come, all friends now!
And so let's march to th' temple. Sound those instruments,
That were the signal to a day of blood!
Evil beginning hours may end in good. [*Flourish.*

Nor. Come, we'll have wenches, man, and all brave things.
Pox! let her go; we'll want no mistresses;

Good swords, and good strong armours!
Mir. Those are best, captain.
Nor. And fight till queens be in love with us, and run after us.
I'll see you at the fort within these two days;
And let's be merry, pr'ythee!
Mir. By that time I shall.
Nor. Why, that's well said! Like a good heart, truly. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

One of the City Gates.

Enter Norandine *and Servant; Corporal and Soldiers above in the Guard-room.*

Serv. The day is not yet broke, sir.
Nor. 'Tis the cooler riding.
I must go see Miranda: Bring my horse
Round to the south port; I'll out here at the beach,
And meet you at the end o' th' sycamores:
'Tis a sweet walk, and if the wind be stirring
Serves like a fan to cool.
Serv. Which walk?
Nor. Why, that, sir,
Where the fine city-dames meet to make matches.
Serv. I know it. [*Exit.*

Nor. Speed ye then![6]—[*Singing above.*]—What mirth is this?
The watches are not yet discharged, I take it:
These are brave careless rogues! I'll hear the song out,
And then I'll fit ye for't, merry companions!

SONG,

BY THE SOLDIERS.

1. *Sit, soldiers, sit and sing, the round is clear,*
And cock-a-loodle-looe tells us the day is near.
Each toss his can, until his throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and sing; the soldier has no fellow!

2. *To thee a full pot, my little lance-prisado,*[7]
And when thou hast done, a pipe of Trinidado!
Our glass of life runs wine, the vintner skinks it,[8]
Whilst with his wife the frolic soldier drinks it.

3. *The drums beat, ensigns wave, and cannons thump it;*
Our game is ruffe, and the best heart doth trump it:

[6] Nor. *Speed ye then,* &c.] This and the three following lines have hitherto been placed *after* the song, which they should undoubtedly *precede.* It is not printed in the first folio.—Ed. 1778.

[7] *Lance-prisado.*] The lowest subaltern officer who had the command of a file. See vol. VII. p. 125.

[8] *The vintner* slinks *it.*] As we can affix no idea to the word *slinks* here, we have substituted *skinks.* A *skinker,* the very ingenious Dr Percy tells us, is "one that serves drink." The word occurs as late as Dryden's Translation of the First Book of Homer. —Ed. 1778.

The verb occurs in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew-Fair—"Froth your cans well i' the filling, at length, rogue, and jog your bottles o' the buttock, sirrah; then *skink* out the first glass ever, and drink with all companies, though you be drunk; you'll misreckon the better, and be less asham'd on't."

Each toss his can, until his throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and sing; the soldier has no fellow.

4. *I'll pledge thee, my corporal, were it a flagon;*
After, watch fiercer than George did the dragon;
What blood we lose i' th' town, we gain i' th' tuns;
Furr'd gowns and flat caps,[9] *give the wall to guns.*
Each toss his can, until his throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and sing; the soldier has no fellow.

Nor. Here's notable order! Now for a trick to tame ye!
Owgh, owgh!

1 *Watch.* Hark, hark! what's that below us? Who goes there?

Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh!

2 *Watch.* 'Tis a bear broke loose; pray call the corporal.

1 *Watch.* The Dutchman's huge fat sow.

2 *Watch.* I see her now,
And five fine pigs.

Nor. Owgh, owgh!

Enter Corporal.

Corp. Now, what's the matter?

1 *Watch.* Here's the great fat sow, corporal,
The Dutchman's sow; and all the pigs, brave fat pigs:

[9] *Furr'd gowns and flat caps.*] Both these expressions designate citizens. *Flat caps,* such as the boys of Christ-Church wear to this day, seem to have been anciently appropriated to the citizens of London. Kitely, in Every Man in his Humour, (act ii. scene i.) says—

"They, sir, to relieve him in the fable,
Make their loose comments upon every word,
Gesture, or look I use; mock me all over,
From my *flat cap* unto my shining shoes."

You have been wishing long she would break loose.
Nor. Owgh, owgh!
Corp. 'Tis she indeed; there's a white pig now sucking:
Look, look! do ye see it, sirs?
1 *Watch.* Yes, very well, sir.
Corp. A notable fat whoreson! Come, two of ye,
Go down with me; we'll have a tickling breakfast.
2 *Watch.* Let's eat 'em at the Cross.
Corp. There's the best liquor.
Nor. I'll liquor some of ye, ye lazy rogues!
Your minds are of nothing but eating and swilling.
What a sweet beast they have made of me! A sow?
Hog upon hog! I hear 'em come.

Enter Corporal below, and Watch.

Corp. Go softly,
And fall upon 'em finely, nimbly.
1 *Watch.* Bless me!
Corp. Why, what's the matter?
1 *Watch.* Oh, the devil! the devil,
As high as a steeple!
2 *Watch.* There he goes, corporal!
His feet are cloven too.
Corp. Stand, stand, I say!
'Death, how I shake! Where be your muskets?
1 *Watch.* There's no good of them:
Where be our prayers, man?
2 *Watch.* Lord, how he stalks! Speak to him, corporal.
Corp. Why, what a devil art thou?
Nor. Owgh, owgh!
Corp. A dumb devil?
The worst devil that could come, a dumb devil!
Give me a musket. He gathers in to me!

I' th' name of——Speak! what art thou? Speak, devil,
Or I'll put a plumb in your belly.

Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh!

Corp. Fy, fy! in what a sweat I am! Lord bless me,
My musket's gone too! I am not able to stir it.

Nor. Who goes there? Stand, speak!

Corp. Sure I am enchanted!
Yet here's my halbert still. Nay, who goes there, sir?—
What, have I lost myself?—What are ye?

Nor. The guard.

Corp. Why, what are we then? He's not half so long now,
Nor he has no tail at all. I shake still damnably.

Nor. The word!

Corp. Have mercy on me! what word does he mean?
Pr'ythee, devil, if thou be'st the devil,
Do not make an ass of me! for I remember yet,
As well as I am here, I am the corporal;
I'll lay my life on't, devil.

Nor. Thou art damn'd!

Corp. That's all one; but am not I the corporal?
I would give a thousand pound to be resolved now.[1]
Had not I soldiers here?

Nor. No, not a man;
Thou art debosh'd, and cozen'd.

Corp. That may be,
It may be I am drunk.—Lord, where have I been?
Is not this my halbert in my hand?

Nor. No, 'tis a May-pole.

Corp. Why then, I know not who I am, nor what,

[1] *I would give a thousand pounds to be* resolved *now.*] That is, to be assured whether I am or not.—*Mason.*

Nor whence I come.
Nor. You are an arrant rascal!
You corporal of a watch?
Corp. 'Tis the Dane's voice.
You are no devil then?
Nor. No, nor no sow, sir.
Corp. Of that I am right glad, sir: I was ne'er
So frighted in my life, as I am a soldier.
Nor. Tall watchmen![2]
A guard for a goose! you sing away your centries:
A careful company! Let me out o' th' port here,
(I was a little merry with your worships)
And keep your guards strong, though the devil
walk.
Hold, there's to bring ye into your wits again.
Go off no more to hunt pigs; such another trick,
And you will hunt the gallows.
Corp. Pray, sir, pardon us!
And, let the devil come next, I'll make him stand,
Or make him stink.
Nor. Do, do your duty truly.
Come, let me out, and come away.[3] [*Exeunt.*

[2] Tall *watchmen.*] That is, brave, valiant watchmen.

[3] *Come let me out, and come away; no more rage.*

SCENE II.

Enter ABDELLA *with a Letter, and* ROCCA.

Abd. *Write thus to me?*] If this latter part of the line belong to Norandine, 'tis strangely odd; for why must he say *no more rage?* This implies, that the corporal and the guard had been in one before, which the reader knows is so far from true, that they were frighted with the mimic grunt of a hog, and took it for the devil; but supposing Abdella had been storming at Mountferrat's letter, some time before Rocca's and her coming upon the stage,

SCENE II.

A Room in Gomera's *House.*

Enter ZANTHIA *with a Letter, and* ROCCA.

Rocca. No more rage.
Zan. Write thus to me? He hath fearfully and basely
Betray'd his own cause; yet, to free himself,
He now ascribes the fault to me.
Rocca. I know not
What he hath done; but what he now desires
His letters have informed you.
Zan. Yes; he is
Too well acquainted with the power he holds
Over my mad affections!—I want time
To write; but pray you tell him, if I were
No better steel'd in my strong resolutions
Than he hath shewn himself in his, or thought
There was a hell hereafter, or a Heaven
But in enjoying him, I should stick here,
And move no further. Bid him yet take comfort;
For something I will do the devil would quake at,
But I'll untie this nuptial knot of love,
And make way for his wishes. In the mean time
Let him lie close, (for he is strictly sought for)
And practise to love her, that for his ends
Scorns fear and danger!
Rocca. All this I will tell him. [*Exit.*

these mollifying words of his to her, viz. *no more rage*, will be exceedingly in character, and highly proper to introduce the angry speech of Abdella.—*Sympson.*

Enter Oriana *and* Velleda.

Zan. Do so. Farewell!—My lady, with my fellow,
So earnest in discourse! Whate'er it be,
I'll second it.
Vel. He is such a noble husband,
In every circumstance so truly loving,
That I might say, and without flattery, madam,
The sun sees not a lady but yourself
That can deserve him.
Zan. Of all men, I say,
That dare (for 'tis a desperate adventure)
Wear on their free necks the sweet yoke of woman,
(For they that do repine are no true husbands)
Give me a soldier!
Ori. Why? are they more loving
Than other men?
Zan. And love too with more judgment:
For, but observe, your courtier is more curious
To set himself forth richly, than his lady;
His baths, perfumes, nay paintings too, more costly
Than his frugality will allow to her;
His clothes as chargeable; and grant him but
A thing without a beard, and he may pass
At all times for a woman, and with some
Have better welcome: Now, your man of lands
For the most part is careful to manure them,
But leaves his lady fallow; your great merchant
Breaks oftner for the debt he owes his wife,
Than with his creditors; and that's the reason
She looks elsewhere for payment: Now, your soldier—
Vel. Ay, marry, do him right!
Zan. First, who has one

Has a perpetual guard upon her honour;
For while he wears a sword, Slander herself
Dares not bark at it; next, she sits at home
Like a great queen, and sends him forth to fetch in
Her tribute from all parts; which, being brought home,
He lays it at her feet, and seeks no further
For his reward than what she may give freely,
And with delight too, from her own exchequer,
Which he finds ever open.

Ori. Be more modest!

Zan. Why, we may speak of that we are glad to taste of,
Among ourselves I mean.

Ori. Thou talk'st of nothing.

Zan. Of nothing, madam? You have found it something;
Or, with the raising up this pretty mount here,
My lord hath dealt with spirits.[4]

Enter GOMERA *with a Servant bringing in cloths.*

Ori. Two long hours absent?

Gom. Thy pardon, sweet! I have been looking on
The prize that was brought in by the brave Dane,
The valiant Norandine, and have brought something
That may be thou wilt like of; but one kiss,
And then possess my purchase: There's a piece
Of cloth of tissue, this of purple velvet,
And (as they swear) of the right Tyrian dye,

[4] *My lord hath dealt with spirits.*] Gomera must indeed have dealt with spirits, for he has been married not more than three days, yet his wife is far advanced in pregnancy. The incidents of this play are very ill conducted with respect to time.—*Mason.*

Which others here but weakly counterfeit:
If they are worth thy use, wear them; if not,
Bestow them on thy women.
Zan. Here's the husband!
Gom. While there is any trading on the sea,
Thou shalt want nothing. 'Tis a soldier's glory,
However he neglect himself, to keep
His mistress in full lustre.
Ori. You exceed, sir.
Gom. Yet there was one part of the prize disposed of
Before I came, which I grieve that I miss'd of,
Being almost assured, it would have been
A welcome present.
Ori. Pray you say, what was it?
Gom. A Turkish captive, of incomparable beauty,
And, without question, in her country noble;
Which, as companion to thy faithful Moor,
I would have given thee for thy slave.
Ori. But was she
Of such an exquisite form?
Gom. Most exquisite.
Ori. And well descended?
Gom. So the habit promised,
In which she was taken.
Ori. Of what years?
Gom. 'Tis said
A virgin of fourteen.
Ori. I pity her,
And wish she were mine, that I might have the means
To entertain her gently.
Gom. She's now Miranda's;
And, as I have heard, made it her suit to be so.
Ori. Miranda's? then her fate deserves not pity,
But envy rather.
Gom. Envy, Oriana?

Ori. Yes, and their envy that live free.
Gom. How's this?
Ori. Why, she is fallen into the hands of one,
So full of that which in men we style goodness,
That, in her being his slave, she's happier far
Than if she were confirm'd the sultan's mistress.
Gom. Miranda is indeed a gentleman
Of fair desert, and better hopes; but yet
He hath his equals.
Ori. Where? I would go far,
As I am now, though much unfit for travels,
But to see one that without injury
Might be put in the scale, or parallel'd,
In any thing that's noble, with Miranda.
His knowledge in all services of war,
And ready courage to put into act
That knowing judgment, as you are a soldier,
You best may speak of; nor can you deliver,
Nor I hear with delight, a better subject.
And Heaven did well, in such a lovely feature
To place so chaste a mind; for he is of
So sweet a carriage, such a winning nature,
And such a bold, yet well-disposed behaviour;
And, to all these, has such a charming tongue,
That, if he would serve under Love's fresh colours,
What monumental trophies might he raise
Of his free conquests, made in ladies' favours!
Gom. Yet you did resist him, when he was
An earnest suitor to you?
Ori. Yes, I did;
And, if I were again sought to, I should;
But must ascribe it rather to the fate
That did appoint me yours, than any power
Which I can call mine own.
Gom. Even so?
Zan. Thanks, Fortune! [*Aside.*
The plot I had to raise in him doubts of her

Thou hast effected.
Ori. I could tell you too,
What cause I have to love him; with what reason
In thankfulness he may expect from me
All due observance: but I pass that, as
A benefit for which, in my behalf,
You are his debtor.
Zan. I perceive it takes,
By his changed looks.
Ori. He is not in the city,
Is he, my lord?
Gom. Who, lady?
Ori. Why, Miranda:
Having you here, can there be any else
Worth my enquiry?
Gom. This is somewhat more [*Aside.*
Than love to virtue!
Ori. 'Faith, when he comes hither,
(As sometimes, without question, you shall meet him)
Invite him home.
Gom. To what end?
Ori. To dine with us,
Or sup.
Gom. And then to take a hard bed with you;
Mean you not so?
Ori. If you could win him to it,
'Twould be the better. For his entertainment,
Leave that to me; he shall find noble usage,
And from me a free welcome.
Gom. Have you never
Heard of a Roman lady, Oriana,
Remember'd as a precedent for matrons,
(Chaste ones, I pray you understand) whose husband,
Tax'd for his sour breath by his enemy,
Condemn'd his wife for not acquainting him

With his infirmity?
Ori. 'Tis a common one:
Her answer was, having kiss'd none but him,
She thought it was a general disease
All men were subject to. But what infer you
From that, my lord?
Gom. Why, that this virtuous lady
Had all her thoughts so fix'd upon her lord,
That she could find no spare time to sing praises
Of any other; nor would she employ
Her husband (though perhaps in debt to years
As far as I am) for an instrument
To bring home younger men, that might delight her
With their discourse, or——
Ori. What, my lord?
Gom. Their persons;
Or, if I should speak plainer——
Ori. No, it needs not;
You have said enough to make my innocence know
It is suspected.
Gom. You betray yourself
To more than a suspicion: Could you else,
To me, that live in nothing but love to you,
Make such a gross discovery, that your lust
Had sold that heart, I thought mine, to Miranda?
Or rise to such a height in impudence,
As to presume to work my yielding weakness
To play, for your bad ends, to my disgrace,
The wittol,[5] or the pander?
Ori. Do not study
To print more wounds (for that were tyranny)
Upon a heart that is pierced through already.

[5] *Wittol.*] This word denotes a cuckold who knows and submits to his disgrace.

Gom. Thy heart? thou hast pierced through
mine honour, false one,
The honour of my house! Fool that I was,
To give it up to the deceiving trust
Of wicked woman! For thy sake, vile creature,
For all I have done well in, in my life,
I have digg'd a grave, all buried in a wife;
For thee I have defied my constant mistress,
That never fail'd her servant, glorious War;
For thee refused the fellowship of an order
Which princes, through all dangers, have been proud
To fetch as far as from Jerusalem:
And am I thus rewarded?
Vel. By all goodness,
You wrong my lady, and deserve her not,
When you are at your best! Repent your rashness;
'Twill shew well in you.
Zan. Do, and ask her pardon.
Ori. No; I have lived too long to have my faith,
My tried faith, call'd in question, and by him
That should know true affection is too tender
To suffer an unkind touch, without ruin.
Study ingratitude, all, from my example!
For to be thankful now is to be false.
But, be it so; let me die; I see you wish it!
Yet dead, for truth and pities' sake, report
What weapon you made choice of when you kill'd
me.
Vel. She faints!
Zan. What have you done?
Ori. My last breath cannot
Be better spent, than to say I forgive you;
Nor is my death untimely, since with me
I take along what might have been hereafter
In scorn deliver'd for the doubtful issue
Of a suspected mother. [*She swoons.*

Vel. Oh, she's gone!
Zan. For ever gone!—Are you a man?
Gom. I grow here!
Zan. Open her mouth, and pour this cordial in it:
If any spark of life be unquench'd in her,
This will recover her.
Vel. 'Tis all in vain!
She's stiff already. Live I, and she dead?
Gom. How like a murderer I stand!—Look up,
And hear me curse myself, or but behold
The vengeance I will take for't, Oriana,
And then in peace forsake me! Jealousy,
Thou loathsome vomit of the fiends below,
What desperate hunger made me to receive thee
Into my heart, and soul? I'll let thee forth,
And so in death find ease! And does my fault then
Deserve no greater punishment? No; I'll live
To keep thee for a fury to torment me,
And make me know what hell is on the earth!
All joys and hopes forsake me! all men's malice,
And all the plagues they can inflict, I wish it,
Fall thick upon me! let my tears be laugh'd at,
And may mine enemies smile to hear me groan;
And dead, may I be pitied of none!
[*Exeunt, carrying out* ORIANA.

SCENE III.

St Thomas's Fort. A Room in Norandine's *House.*

Enter COLONNA *and* LUCINDA.

Luc. Pray you, sir, why was the ordnance of the fort

Discharged so suddenly?

Col. 'Twas the governor's pleasure,
In honour of the Dane; a custom used,
To speak a soldier's welcome.

Luc. 'Tis a fit one.
But is my master here too?

Col. Three days since.

Luc. Might I demand without offence so much,
Is't pride in him (however now a slave)
That I am not admitted to his presence?

Col. His courtesy to you, and to mankind,
May easily resolve you, he is free
From that poor vice which only empty men
Esteem a virtue.

Luc. What's the reason then,
As you imagine, sir?

Col. Why, I will tell you:
You are a woman of a tempting beauty,
And he, however virtuous, as a man,
Subject to human frailties; and how far
They may prevail upon him, should he see you,
He is not ignorant; and therefore chuses
With care to avoid the cause that may produce
Some strange effect, which will not well keep rank
With the rare temperance which is admired
In his life hitherto.

Luc. This much increases
My strong desire to see him.

Col. It should rather
Teach you to thank the prophet that you worship,
That you are such a man's, who, though he may
Do any thing which youth and heat of blood
Invites him to, yet dares not give way to them.
Your entertainment's noble, and not like
Your present fortune; and (if all those tears
Which made grief lovely in you, in the relation
Of the sad story that forced me to weep too,

Your husband's hard fate, were not counterfeit)
You should rejoice that you have means to pay
A chaste life to his memory, and bring to him
Those sweets, which while he lived he could not taste of:
But if you wantonly bestow them on
Another man, you offer violence
To him, though dead; and his grieved spirit will suffer
For your immodest looseness.

Luc. Why, I hope, sir,
My willingness to look on him to whom
I owe my life and service, is no proof
Of any unchaste purpose.

Col. So I wish too!
And in the confidence it is not, lady,
I dare the better tell you he will see you
This night, in which by him I am commanded
To bring you to his chamber; to what end
I easily should guess, were I Lucinda:[6]
And therefore, though I can yield little reason
(But in a general love to women's goodness)
Why I should be so tender of your honour,
I willingly would bestow some counsel of you;
And would you follow it?

Luc. Let me first hear it,
And then I can resolve you.

Col. My advice then
Is, that you would not (as most ladies use,
When they prepare themselves for such encounters)
Study to add, by artificial dressings,
To native excellence; yours, without help,
But seen as it is now, would make a hermit

[6] ——— *to what end*
I easily should guess, were I Miranda.] Corrected by Sympson.

Leave his death's head, and change his after-hopes
Of endless comforts, for a few short minutes
Of present pleasures; to prevent which, lady,
Practise to take away from your perfections,
And to preserve your chastity unstain'd:
The most deform'd shape that you can put on,
To cloud your body's fair gifts, or your mind's,
(It being labour'd to so chaste an end)
Will prove the fairest ornament.

Luc. To take from
The workmanship of Heaven is an offence
As great as to endeavour to add to it;
Of which I'll not be guilty. Chastity,
That lodges in deformity, appears rather
A mulct imposed by Nature, than a blessing;
And 'tis commendable only when it conquers,
Though ne'er so oft assaulted, in resistance:
For me, I'll therefore so dispose myself,
That if I hold out it shall be with honour;
Or if I yield, Miranda shall find something
To make him love his victory. [*Exit.*

Col. With what cunning
This woman argues for her own damnation!
Nor should I hold it for a miracle,
Since they are all born sophisters, to maintain
That lust is lawful, and the end and use
Of their creation. 'Would I never had
Hoped better of her, or could not believe,
Though seen, the ruin I must ever grieve! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another in the same.

Enter MIRANDA, NORANDINE, *Servants with lights.*

Mir. I'll see you in your chamber.
Nor. Pray you no further!
It is a ceremony I expect not:
I am no stranger here; I know my lodging,
And have slept soundly there, when the Turks' cannon
Play'd thick upon it: Oh, 'twas royal music!
And to procure a sound sleep for a soldier,
Worth forty of your fiddles. As you love me,
Press it no further!
Mir. You will overcome.—
Wait on him carefully.
Nor. I have took, since supper,
A rouse or two too much,[7] and, by the gods,

[7] *A* rouse.] This seems in general to signify what we now call, *a chearful glass.*—It is a word which frequently occurs, but not always in the same sense: "Fore Heaven, they have given me a *rouse* already," says Cassio in Othello, act iii. sc. iii. and Mr Steevens says, that "a *rouse* appears to be a quantity of liquor rather too large:" and, in proof of it, cites Hamlet and the following passage in The Christian Turned Turk, 1612:

"—— our friends may tell
We drank a *rouse* to them."

But neither this passage nor that in the text warrants Steevens's ex-

It warms my blood.
Mir. You'll sleep the better for't.
Nor. Pox on't, I should, had but I a kind wench
To pull my boot-hose off, and warm my night-cap;
There's no charm like it. I love old Adam's way;
Give me a diligent Eve, to wait towards bed-time!
Hang up your smooth-chin page! And, now I think on't,
Where is your Turkish prisoner?
Mir. In the castle;
But yet I never saw her.
Nor. Fy upon you!
See her, for shame! or, hark you; if you would
Perform the friend's part to me, the friend's part,
It being a fashion of the last edition,
Far from panderism, now send her to me.
You look strange on't![8] No entertainment's perfect

planation:—*A* rouse *or two* TOO MUCH implies that a *rouse* is not in itself too much, no more than if we were to say a *glass* or two too much.-- Ed. 1778.

A *rouse* signified, as has been observed before, a certain quantity of liquor, about a pint, as well as a drunken debauch. In the former sense it occurs in Massinger's Duke of Milan, and in Mr Gifford's edition (vol. I. p. 239,) the reader may find a full illustration of the term.

[8] Nor. *You look strange on't, no entertainment's perfect*
Without it on my word, no livery like it;]

The passage,

I'll tell her he looks for it as duly
As for his fee ———

which I have recovered from the folio of the oldest date, is not to be found in the succeeding editions; but I must confess I don't understand the latter part of the speech any more than I know the reason why the editors of the copies of 1679 and 1711 thought proper to drop it.—*Sympson.*

The line and a half which are not in the second folio are certainly corrupt. Perhaps the words were crossed in the prompter's copy, and restored in the first folio (as the editors profess to have

Without it, on my word, no livery like it!
I'll tell her he looks for it as duly
As for his fee. There's no suit got without it;
Gold is an ass to't.
Mir. Go to bed, to bed!
Nor. Well, if she come, I doubt not to convert her;
If not, the sin lie on your head!—Good night!
[*Exeunt* NORANDINE *and Servants.*

Enter COLONNA *and* LUCINDA.

Col. There you shall find him, lady: You know what I have said,
And if you please you may make use.
Luc. No doubt, sir.
Col. From hence I shall hear all. [*He retires.*
Mir. Come hither, young one.—
Beshrew my heart, a handsome wench!—Come nearer.
A very handsome one!—Do not you grieve, sweet,
You are a prisoner?
Luc. The loss of liberty,
No doubt, sir, is a heavy and sharp burden
To them that feel it truly: But your servant,
Your humble handmaid, never felt that rigour;

printed all the passages omitted in the representation) without sufficient accuracy, as they may have been rendered almost illegible. For this reason we may suppose the omission of a whole line, or adopt the suggestion of Mason, which is a very plausible one. He supposes the three first words to be corrupt, and proposes to read as follows:

Your lawyer, he looks for it as duly
As for his fee.

The words, "There's no *suit* got without it," certainly support this conjecture. The passage is, however, left to the option of the reader.

Thanks to that noble will! No want, no hunger
(Companions still to slaves) no violence,
Nor any unbeseeming act we start at,
Have I yet met with: All content and goodness,
Civility, and sweetness of behaviour,
Dwell round about me; therefore, worthy master,
I cannot say I grieve my liberty.

Mir. Do not you fancy me too cold a soldier,
Too obstinate an enemy to youth,
That had so fair a jewel in my cabinet,
And in so long a time would ne'er look on it?

Col. What can she say now?

Luc. Sure, I desired to see you;
And with a longing wish——

Col. There's all her virtue.

Luc. Pursued that full desire, to give you thanks, sir,
The only sacrifice I have left, and service,
For all the virtuous care you have kept me safe with.

Col. She holds well yet.

Mir. The pretty fool speaks finely.—
Come, sit down here.

Luc. Oh, sir, 'tis most unseemly.

Mir. I'll have it so; sit close. Now tell me truly,
Did you e'er love yet?

Luc. My tears will answer that, sir.[9]

Mir. And did you then love truly?

Luc. So I thought, sir.

Mir. Can you love me so?

Col. Now!

Luc. With all my duty;
I were unworthy of those favours else,

[9] *My* years *will answer that, sir.*] Corrected from Sympson's conjecture.—Edit. 1778.

You daily shower upon me.
Mir. What think'st thou of me?
Luc. I think you are a truly worthy gentleman,
A pattern, and a pride, to the age you live in,
Sweet as the commendations all men give you.
Mir. A pretty flattering rogue!—Dare you kiss that sweet man
You speak so sweetly of? Come..
Col. Farewell, virtue!
Mir. What hast thou got between thy lips?—Kiss once more.—
Sure thou hast a spell there!
Luc. More than e'er I knew, sir.
Col. All hopes go now!
Mir. I must tell you a thing in your ear; and you must hear me,
And hear me willingly, and grant me so too;
'Twill not be worth my asking else.
Luc. It must be
A very hard thing, sir, and from my power,
I shall deny your goodness.
Mir. 'Tis a good wench!
I must lie with you, lady.
Luc. 'Tis something strange;
For yet in all my life I knew no bedfellow.
Mir. You'll quickly find that knowledge.
Luc. To what end, sir?
Mir. Art thou so innocent thou canst not guess at it!
Did thy dreams ne'er direct thee?
Luc. 'Faith, none yet, sir.
Mir. I'll tell thee then: I would meet thy youth, and pleasure;
Give thee my youth for that, (by Heaven, she fires me!)
And teach thy fair white arms, like wanton ivies,
A thousand new embraces.

Luc. Is that all, sir?
And say I should try, may not we lie quietly?
Upon my conscience, I could!
Mir. That's as we make it.
Luc. Grant that that likes you best, what would you do then?
Mir. What would I do? Certainly I am no baby,
Nor brought up for a nun. Hark in thine ear!
Luc. Fy, fy, sir!
Mir. I would get a brave boy on thee,
A warlike boy.
Luc. Sure we shall get ill Christians.
Mir. We'll mend 'em in the breeding then.
Luc. Sweet master!
Col. Never belief in woman come near me more!
Luc. My best and noblest sir, if a poor virgin
(For yet, by Heaven, I am so) should chance so far
(Seeing your excellence, and able sweetness)
To forget herself, and slip into your bosom,
Or to your bed, out of a doting on you,
(Take it the best way) have you that cruel heart,
That murdering mind, to——
Mir. Yes, by my troth, sweet, have I,
To lie with her.
Luc. And do you think it well done?
Mir. That's as she'll think when 'tis done. Come to bed, wench!
For thou art so pretty, and so witty a companion,
We must not part to-night.
Luc. 'Faith, let me go,
Sir, and think better on't.
Mir. I'faith, thou shalt not!
I warrant thee, I'll think on't.
Luc. I've heard 'em say here,
You are a maid too.
Mir. I am sure I am, wench,
If that will please thee.

Luc I have seen a wonder!
And would you lose that, for a little wantonness,
(Consider, my sweet master, like a man, now)
For a few honied kisses, slight embraces,
That glory of your youth? that crown of sweetness
Can you deliver? that unvalued treasure
Would you forsake, to seek your own dishonour?
What gone, no age recovers, nor repentance?
To a poor stranger?

Col. Hold there, again thou art perfect!

Luc. I know you do but try me.

Mir. And I know
I'll try you a great deal further. Pr'ythee, to bed!
I love thee, and so well—Come, kiss me oncemore!
Is a maidenhead ill bestow'd o' me?

Luc. What's this, sir? [*Taking hold of his cross.*

Mir. Why, 'tis the badge, my sweet, of that holy order
I shortly must receive, the Cross of Malta.

Luc. What virtue has it?

Mir. All that we call virtuous.

Luc. Who gave it first?

Mir. He that gave all, to save us.

Luc. Why then, 'tis holy too?

Mir. True sign of holiness;
The badge of all his soldiers that profess him.

Luc. The badge of all his soldiers that profess him?
Can it save in dangers?

Mir. Yes.

Luc. In troubles, comfort?

Mir. You say true, sweet.

Luc. In sickness, restore health?

Mir. All this it can do.

Luc. Preserve from evils that afflict our frailties?

Mir. [*Aside.*] I hope she will be Christian.— All these truly.

Luc. Why are you sick then, sick to death with lust?
In danger to be lost? no holy thought
In all that heart? Nothing but wand'ring frailties,
Wild as the wind, and blind as death or ignorance,
Inhabit there.

Mir. Forgive me, Heaven! she says true.

Luc. Dare you profess that badge, prophane that goodness——

Col. Thou hast redeem'd thyself again, most rarely!

Luc. That holiness and truth you make me wonder at?
Blast all the bounty Heaven gives? that remembrance—

Col. Oh, excellent woman!

Luc. Fling it from you quickly,
If you be thus resolved; I see a virtue
Appear in't like a sword, both edges flaming,
That will consume you, and your thoughts, to ashes.
Let them profess it that are pure, and noble,
Gentle, and just of thought, that build the Cross,
Not those that break it! By Heaven, if you touch me,
Even in the act, I'll make that Cross, and curse you.

Mir. You shall not, fair: I did dissemble with you,
And but to try your faith I fashion'd all this.
Yet something you provoked me. This fair Cross,
By me (if he but please to help first gave it)
Shall ne'er be worn upon a heart corrupted.
Go to your rest, my modest, honest servant,
My fair and virtuous maid, and sleep secure there;
For when you suffer, I forget this sign here.

Col A man of men too! Oh, most perfect gentleman!

Luc. All sweet rest to you, sir! I am half a Christian,

The other half I'll pray for; then for you, sir.
Mir. This is the foulest play I'll shew. Good-night, sweet! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Cave.

Mountferrat *is discovered lying on the Ground, with* Rocca.

Mountf. The sun's not set yet?
Rocca. No, sir.
Mountf. 'Would it were,
Never to rise again to light the world!
And yet to what vain purpose do I wish it,
Since, though I were environ'd with thick mists,
Black as Cymerian darkness, or my crimes,
There is that here, upon which, as an anvil,
Ten thousand hammers strike, and every spark,
They force from it, to me's another sun
To light me to my shame?
Rocca. Take hope and comfort.
Mountf. They are aids indeed, but yet as far from me
As I from being innocent. This cave, fashion'd
By provident Nature in this solid rock,
To be a den for beasts, alone receives me;
And having proved an enemy to mankind,
All human helps forsake me.

Rocca. I'll ne'er leave you ;
And wish you would call back that noble courage,
That old invincible fortitude of yours,
That used to shrink at nothing.
Mountf. Then it did not ;
But 'twas when I was honest! Then, in the height
Of all my happiness, of all my glories,
Of all delights that made life precious to me,
I durst die, Rocca! Death itself then to me
Was nothing terrible, because I knew
The fame of a good knight would ever live
Fresh on my memory: But since I fell
From my integrity, and dismiss'd those guards,
Those strong assurances of innocence;
That constancy fled from me; and, what's worse,
Now I am loathsome to myself, and life
A burden to me; rack'd with sad remembrance
Of what I have done, and my present horrors
Unsufferable to me; tortured with despair
That I shall ne'er find mercy; hell about me,
Behind me, and before me; yet I dare not,
Still fearing worse, put off my wretched being!
Rocca. To see this would deter a doubtful man
From mischievous intents, much more the practice
Of what is wicked.

Enter ZANTHIA.

Here's the Moor; look up, sir!
Some ease may come from her.
Mountf. New trouble rather,
And I expect it.
Zan. Who is this? Mountferrat?
Rise up, for shame! and, like a river dried up
With a long drought, from me, your bounteous sea,
Receive those tides of comfort that flow to you.
If ever I look'd lovely; if desert
Could ever challenge welcome; if revenge,

And unexpected wreak, were ever pleasing,
Or could endear the giver of such blessings;
All these I come adorn'd with, and, as due,
Make challenge of those so-long-wish'd embraces,
Which you, unkind, have hitherto denied me.

Mountf. Why, what have you done for me?

Zan. Made Gomera
As truly miserable, as you thought him happy:
Could you wish more?

Mountf. As if his sickness could
Recover me! The injuries I received
Were Oriana's.

Zan. She has paid dear for them;
She's dead.

Mountf. How!

Zan. Dead; my hate could reach no further.
Taking advantage of her in a swoon,
Under pretence to give a cordial to her,
I poison'd her.—What stupid dulness is this?
What you should entertain with sacrifice,
Can you receive so coldly?

Mountf. Bloody deeds
Are grateful offerings, pleasing to the devil;
And thou, in thy black shape, and blacker actions,
Being hell's perfect character,[1] art delighted
To do what I, though infinitely wicked,
Tremble to hear. Thou hast, in this, ta'en from me
All means to make amends, with penitence,
To her wrong'd virtues, and despoil'd me of
The poor remainder of that hope was left me,
For all I have already, or must suffer.

Zan. I did it for the best.

Mountf. For thy worst ends!
And be assured, but that I think to kill thee

[1] *And thou, in thy black shape, and blacker actions,*
Being hell's perfect character.] *Character* means here, stamp or representation.—*Mason.*

Would but prevent what thy despair must force thee
To do unto thyself, and so to add to
Thy most assured damnation, thou wert dead now.
But, get thee from my sight! and if lust of me
Did ever fire thee (love I cannot call it)
Leap down from those steep rocks, or take advantage
Of the next tree to hang thyself, and then
I may laugh at it.

Zan. In the mean time, I must
Be bold to do so much for you: Ha, ha!

Mountf. Why grinnest thou, devil?

Zan. That 'tis in my power
To punish thy ingratitude. I made trial
But how you stood affected, and since I know
I am used only for a property,
I can and will revenge it to the full:
For understand, in thy contempt of me,
Those hopes of Oriana, which I could
Have changed to certainties, are lost for ever.

Mountf Why, lives she?

Zan. Yes: but never to Mountferrat,
Although it is in me, with as much ease
To give her freely up to thy possession,
As to remove this rush; which yet despair of:
For, by my much-wrong'd love, flattery, nor threats,
Tears, prayers, nor vows, shall ever win me to it:
So, with my curse, I leave thee!

Mountf. Pr'ythee, stay!
Thou know'st I dote on thee, and yet thou art
So peevish, and perverse, so apt to take
Trifles unkindly from me——

Zan. To persuade me
To break my neck, to hang, then damn myself,
With you are trifles!

Mountf. 'Twas my melancholy
That made me speak I know not what: Forgive!

I will redeem my fault.
Rocca. Believe him, lady.
Mountf. A thousand times I will demand thy pardon,
And keep the reckoning on thy lips with kisses.
Zan. There's something else, that would prevail more with me.
Mountf. Thou shalt have all thy wishes: Do but bless me
With means to satisfy my mad desires
For once in Oriana, and for ever
I am thine, only thine, my best Abdella!
Zan. Were I assured of this, and that you would,
Having enjoy'd her——
Mountf. Any thing! make choice of
Thine own conditions.
Zan. Swear then, that perform'd,
(To free me from all doubts and fears hereafter)
To give me leave to kill her.
Mountf. That our safety
Must of necessity urge us to.
Zan. Then know,
It was not poison, but a sleeping potion,
Which she received; yet of sufficient strength
So to bind up her senses, that no sign
Of life appeared in her; and thus thought dead,
In her best habit,[a] as the custom is
(You know) in Malta, with all ceremonies
She's buried in her family's monument,
In the temple of St John: I'll bring you thither,
Thus, as you are disguised. Some six hours hence
The potion will leave working.
Rocca. Let us haste then.
Mountf. Be my good angel; guide me!

[a] *In her best habit,* &c.] This speech bears an obvious similitude to one of Friar Laurence in Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet. —Ed. 1778.

Zan. But remember
You keep your oath.
Mount. As I desire to prosper
In what I undertake!
Zan. I ask no more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Church.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, *and* Colonna.

Col. Here, sir; I have got the key: I borrow'd it
Of him that keeps the church; the door is open.
Mir. Look to the horses then, and please the fellow.
After a few devotions, I'll retire.
Be not far off; there may be some use of you.
Give me the light. Come, friend, a few good prayers
Were not bestow'd in vain now, even from you, sir:
Men, that are bred in blood, have no way left 'em,
No bath, no purge, no time to wear it out
Or wash it off, but penitence and prayer.
I am to take the order; and my youth
Loaden, I must confess, with many follies,
Circled and bound about with sins as many
As in the house of memory live figures.
My heart I'll open now, my faults confess,
And rise a new man, Heaven, I hope, to a new life.
Nor. I have no great devotion, at this instant;
But, for a prayer or two, I will not out, sir.
Hold up your finger when you have pray'd enough.
Mir. Go you to that end. [*Kneels.*

Nor I shall never pray alone sure, I have been so used to answer the clerk. 'Would I had a cushion, for I shall never make a good hermit, and kneel till my knees are horn; these stones are plaguy hard!—Where shall I begin now? for if I do not observe a method, I shall be out presently.

Ori. Oh, oh!

Nor. What's that, sir? Did you hear?

Mir. Ha? to your prayers!

Nor. 'Twas hereabouts! It has put me clean awry now;
I shall ne'er get in again! Ha! "by land,
And water, all children and all women;"
Ay, there it was I left.

Ori Oh, oh!

Nor. Never tell me, sir!
Here's something got amongst us.

Mir. I heard a groan,
A dismal one.

Ori. Oh, oh!

Nor. Here, 'tis here, sir, 'tis here, sir!
A devil in the wall!

Mir. 'Tis some illusion
To fright us from devotion.

Ori. Oh, oh!

Nor. Why, 'tis here;
The spirit of a Dutchman choak'd with butter.[3]
Here's a new tomb, new trickments[4] too.

Mir. For certain,
This has not been three days here.

Nor. And a tablet

[3] *The spirit of a* huntsman *choak'd with butter.*] As I can see no humour in a *huntsman's being choak'd with butter*, I make no doubt of its being a corruption for *Dutchman*, who are always laugh'd at for eating such quantities of oil'd butter.—*Seward.*

[4] *Trickments.*] Decorations, adornments.

With rhymes upon't.

Mir. I pr'ythee read 'em, Norandine.

Nor. An epi—an epi—taph, I think 'tis; ay, 'tis taph!

An epitaph upon the most excel—excel—lent—and—

Mir. Thou canst not read.

Nor. I have spoil'd mine eyes with gunpowder.

Mir. [*Reads.*] An epitaph upon the most virtuous and excellent lady,

The honour of chastity, Oriana.

Nor. The Grand-master's sister? how a devil came she here?

When slipt she out o' th' way? The stone's but half upon her.

Mir. It is a sudden change!—Certain the mischief

Mountferrat offer'd to her broke her heart-strings.

Nor. 'Would he were here! I would be the clerk myself,

And, by this little light, I would bury him alive here.

Here's no lamenting now.

Ori. Oh, oh!

Nor. There 'tis.

Mir. Sure from

The monument! the very stone groans for her.

Oh, dear lady, blessing of women, virtue of thy sex;

How art thou set for ever, how stol'n from us!

Babbling and prating now converse with women.

Nor. Sir, it rises; it looks up!

[*She rises up from a tomb.*

Mir. Heaven bless us!

Nor. It is in woman's clothes. It rises higher.

Mir. It looks about, and wonders: Sure she lives, sir!

'Tis she, 'tis Oriana, 'tis that lady.

Nor. Shall I go to her?
Ori. Where am I?
Mir. Stand still.
Ori. What place is this?
Nor. She is as live as I am.
Ori. What smell of earth, and rotten bones? what dark place?
Lord, whither am I carried?
Nor. How she stares,
And sets her eyes upon him!
Mir. How is't, dear lady?
Do you know me?—how she shakes!
Ori. You are a man.
Mir. A man that honours you.
Ori. A cruel man;
Ye are all cruel! Are you in your grave too?
For there's no trusting cruel man, above ground.
Nor. By'r lady, that goes hard!
Mir. To do you service,
And to restore you to the joys you were in——
Ori. I was in joys indeed, and hope——
Mir. She sinks again!
Again she's gone, she's gone, gone as a shadow!
She sinks for ever, friend!
Nor. She is cold now;
She is certainly departed: I must cry too.
Mir. The blessed angels guide thee! Put the stone to.
Beauty, thou art gone to dust, goodness to ashes!
Nor. Pray take it well; we must all have our hours, sir.
Mir. Ay, thus we are; and all our painted glory
A bubble that a boy blows into the air,
And there it breaks.
Nor. I am glad you saved her honour yet.
Mir. 'Would I had saved her life now too! Oh, Heaven,

For such a blessing, such a timely blessing!
Oh, friend, what dear content 'twould be, what story
To keep my name from worms!

Ori. Oh, oh!

Nor. She lives again!
'Twas but a trance.

Mir. Pray you call my man in presently.
Help with the stone first! Oh, she stirs again!
Oh, call my man! away!

Nor I fly, I fly, sir! [*Exit.*

Mir. Upon my knees, oh, Heaven, oh, Heaven, I thank thee!
The living heat steals into every member.

Enter Colonna *and* Norandine.

Come, help the coffin out softly, and suddenly!
Where is the clerk?

Col. Drunk above; he is sure, sir.

Mir. Sirrah, you must be secret.

Col. As your soul, sir.

Mir. Softly, good friend! take her into your arms.

Nor. Put in the crust again.

Mir. And bring her out there. When I am a-horseback,
My man and I will tenderly conduct her
Unto the fort; stay you, and watch what issue,
And what inquiry's for the body.

Nor. Well, sir?

Mir. And when you have done, come back to me.

Nor. I will.

Mir. Softly, oh, softly!

Nor. She grows warmer still, sir.

Col. What shall I do with the key?

Mir. Thou canst not stir now;

Leave it i' the door. Go, get the horses ready.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ROCCA, MOUNTFERRAT, *and* ZANTHIA *with a dark-lanthorn.*

Rocca. The door's already open, the key in it.
Mountf. What were those past by?
Rocca. Some scout of soldiers, I think.
Mountf. It may be well so, for I saw their horses:
They saw not us, I hope.
Zan. No, no, we were close;
Beside, they were far off.
Mountf. What time of night is't?
Zan. Much about twelve, I think.
Rocca. Let me go in first;
For, by the leaving open of the door here,
There may be somebody in the church. Give me the lanthorn.
Zan. You'll love me now, I hope.
Mountf. Make that good to me
Your promise is engaged for.
Zan. Why, she is there,
Ready prepared; and much about this time
Life will look up again.
Rocca. Come in; all's sure;
Not a foot stirring, nor a tongue.
Mountf. Heaven bless me!
I never enter'd, with such unholy thoughts,
This place before.
Zan. You are a fearful fool!
If men have appetites allowed 'em,
And warm desires, are there not ends too for 'em?
Mountf. Whither shall we carry her?
Rocca. Why, to the bark, sir;
I have provided one already waits us:
The wind stands wond'rous fair too for our passage.

Zan. And there, when you have enjoy'd her, (for you have that liberty)
Let me alone to send her to feed fishes!
I'll no more sighs for her.

Mountf. Where is the monument?
Thou art sure she will awake about this time?

Zan. Most sure,
If she be not knockt o' th' head. Give me the lanthorn!
Here 'tis.—How is this? the stone off?

Rocca. Ay, and nothing
Within the monument, that's worse; no body,
I am sure of that, nor sign of any here,
But an empty coffin.

Mountf. No lady?

Rocca. No, nor lord, sir;
This pie has been cut up before.

Zan. Either the devil
Must do these tricks——

Mountf. Or thou, damned one, worse!
Thou black swoln pitchy cloud of all my afflictions,
Thou night-hag, gotten when the bright moon suffer'd,
Thou hell itself confined in flesh, what trick now?
Tell me, and tell me quickly, what thy mischief
Has done with her, and to what end, and whither
Thou hast removed her body; or, by this holy place,
This sword shall cut thee into thousand pieces,
A thousand thousand, strew thee o'er the temple,
A sacrifice to thy black sire, the devil!

Rocca. Tell him; you see he's angry.

Zan. Let him burst!
Neither his sword nor anger do I shake at;
Nor will yield, to feed his poor suspicions,
His idle jealousies, and mad-dogs' heats,
One thought against myself. You have done a brave deed,

A manly, and a valiant piece of service,
When you have kill'd me! reckon't amongst your battles!
I am sorry you are so poor, so weak a gentleman,
Able to stand no fortune: I dispose of her?
My mischief make her away? a likely project,
I must play booty against myself! If any thing cross ye,
I am the devil, and the devil's heir;
All plagues, all mischiefs——

Mountf. Will you leave, and do yet?

Zan. I have done too much,
Far, far too much, for such a thankless fellow!
If I be devil, you created me:
I never knew those arts, nor bloody practices,
(Plague o' your cunning heart, that mine of mischief!)
Before your flatteries won 'em into me.—
Here did I leave her, leave her with that certainty
About this hour to wake again.

Mountf. Where is she?
This is the last demand.

Zan. Did I now know it,
And were I sure this were my latest minute,
I would not tell thee: Strike, and then I'll curse thee.

Rocca. I see a light. Stand close, and leave your angers!
We all miscarry else.

Enter GOMERA, *and Page with a Torch.*

Zan. I am now careless.

Mountf. Peace, pr'ythee peace, sweet! peace! all friends!

Zan. Stand close then.

Gom. Wait there, boy, with the light, 'till I call to thee.—
In darkness was my soul and senses clouded
When my fair jewel fell, the night of jealousy
In all her blackness drawn about my judgment;
No light was let into me, to distinguish
Betwixt my sudden anger and her honour:
A blind sad pilgrimage shall be my penance;
No comfort of the day will I look up at;
Far darker than my jealous ignorance,
Each place of my abode shall be; my prayers
No ceremonious lights shall set off more;
Bright arms, and all that carry lustre, life,
Society, and solace, I forsake ye!
And were it not once more to see her beauties,
(For, in her bed of death, she must be sweet still)
And on her cold sad lips seal my repentance,
Thou child of Heaven, fair light, I could not miss thee.[5]

Mountf. I know the tongue: 'Would I were out again!
I have done him too much wrong to look upon him.

Zan. There is no shifting now; boldness and confidence
Must carry it now away: He's but one neither,
Naked as you are, of a strength far under.

Mountf. But he has a cause above me!

Zan. That's as you handle it.

Rocca. Peace! he may go again, and never see us.

Gom. I feel I weep apace; but where's the flood,

[5] *Thou child of Heaven, fair light, I could not miss thee.*] The plain meaning of the passage, and indeed it is so plain that it hardly deserves any explanation, is this—"Were it not to see her beauties once more, and to seal the kiss of repentance, I should not even miss, or feel the want of light, the child of Heaven." Seward and Sympson propose most wanton and needless alterations.

The torrent of my tears, to drown my fault in?
I would I could now, like a loaden cloud,
Begotten in the moist south, drop to nothing!
Give me the torch, boy.

Rocca. Now he must discover us.

Zan. He has already.—Never hide your head;
Be bold and brave! If we must die, together——

Gom. Who's there? what friend to sorrow?—
The tomb wide open?
The stone off too? the body gone, by Heaven!
Look to the door, boy! keep it fast!—Who are ye?
What sacrilegious villains?—False Mountferrat,
The wolf to honour! has thy hellish hunger
Brought thee to tear the body out o' th' tomb too?
Has thy foul mind so far wrought on thee?—Ha!
Are you there too? Nay, then I spy a villainy
I never dream'd of yet. Thou sinful usher,
Bred from that rottenness, thou bawd to mischief,
Do you blush through all your blackness? will not
that hide it?

Zan. I cannot speak.

Gom. You are well met, with your dam, sir.
Art thou a knight? did ever on that sword
The Christian cause sit nobly? could that hand
fight,
Guided by fame and fortune? that heart inflame
thee,
With virtuous fires of valour? To fall off,
Fall off so suddenly, and with such foulness,
As the false angels did, from all their glory!
Thou art no knight! Honour thou never heardst of,
Nor brave desires could ever build in that breast!
Treason, and tainted thoughts, are all the gods
Thou worship'st, all the strength thou hast, and
fortune!
Thou didst things out of fear, and false heart, vil-
lain,

Out of close traps and treacheries; they have rais'd
thee.
Mountf. Thou ravest, old man.
Gom. Before thou get'st off from me,
Hadst thou the glory of thy first fights on thee,
(Which thou hast basely lost) thy noblest fortunes,
And in their greatest lustres, I would make thee,
Before we part, confess (nay, kneel, and do it,
Nay, crying kneel, coldly, for mercy, crying)
Thou art the recreant'st rogue time ever nourish'd;
Thou art a dog, I will make thee swear, a dog
staved,[6]
A mangy cur dog! Do you creep behind the altar?
Look how it sweats, to shelter such a rascal!
First, with thy venomous tooth infect her chaste
life,
And then not dare to do? next, rob her rest,
Steal her dead body out o' th' grave——
Mountf. I have not.
Gom. Pr'ythee, come out; (this is no place to
quarrel in)
Valiant Mountferrat, come!
Mountf. I will not stir.
Gom. Thou hast thy sword about thee,

[6] *Thou art a dog, I'll make thee swear a dog.*] The first folio copy has an addition to this verse, which is wrote there thus:

I'll make thee swear a dog staved;

But what business *staved* has here I can't discover; a *staved dog*, in the bear-garden language, I believe, is no more than a dog taken off the bear, by wrenching his mouth open to make him leave his hold. Possibly the poets might have wrote it thus, *a dog starv'd*, and then *a mangy cur dog* may follow agreeably enough.—*Sympson.*

Sympson's explanation of *staved* is so far correct; but it may also bear the sense of, *beaten with staves*; and, as this epithet is by no means inapplicable to the context, I have restored the word from the first folio.

That good sword that ne'er fail'd thee: Pr'ythee come!
We'll have but five strokes for it. On, on, boy!
Here is one would fain be acquainted with thee,
Would wond'rous fain cleave that calf's head of yours, sir;
Come, pr'ythee let's dispatch! the moon shines finely:
Pr'ythee, be kill'd by me! thou wilt be hang'd else;
But, it may be, thou longest to be hang'd.
Rocca. Out with him, sir!
You shall have my sword too; when he's dispatch'd once,
We have the world before us.
Gom. Wilt thou walk, fellow?
I never knew a rogue hang arse-ward so,
And such a desperate knave too.
Zan. Pray go with him!
Something I'll promise too.
Mountf. You would be kill'd then?
No remedy, I see.
Gom. If thou darest do it?
Mountf. Yes, now I dare. Lead out; I'll follow presently;
Under the mount I'll meet you.
Gom. Go before me;
I'll have you in a string too.
Mountf. As I am a gentleman,
And by this holy place, I will not fail thee.
Fear not, thou shalt be kill'd, take my word for it;
I will not fail.
Gom. If thou scap'st, thou hast cats' luck.[7]
The mount?

[7] *If thou 'scap'st, thou hast* cats' luck.] In allusion to the vulgar saying, that a cat has nine lives.

Mountf. The same. Make haste, I am there before else.
Gom. Go, get ye home. Now if he 'scape, I am coward.
Mountf. Well, now I am resolved; and he shall find it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

St Thomas's Fort.

Enter MIRANDA, LUCINDA, *and* COLONNA.

Mir. How is it with the lady?
Luc. Sir, as well
As it can be with one, who feeling knows now
What is the curse the divine justice laid
On the first sinful woman.
Mir. Is she in travail?
Luc. Yes, sir; and yet the troubles of her mind
Afflict her more than what her body suffers;
For, in the extremity of her pain, she cries out,
"Why am I here? where is my lord Gomera?"
Then sometimes names Miranda, and then sighs,
As if to speak, what questionless she loves well,
If heard, might do her injury.
Col. Heaven's sweet mercy
Look gently on her!
Mir. Pr'ythee tell her, my prayers
Are present with her; and, good wench, provide
That she want nothing! What's thy name?

Luc. Lucinda.
Mir. Lucinda? there's a prosperous omen in it!
Be a Lucina to her, and bring word
That she is safe delivered of her burden,
And thy reward's thy liberty.—[*Exit* LUCINDA.]
—Come, Colonna,
We will go see how the engineer has mounted
The cannon the Great-master sent. Be careful
To view the works, and learn the discipline
That is used here! I am to leave the world;
And for your service, which I have found faithful,
The charge that's mine, if I have any power,
Hereafter may concern you.
Col. I still find
A noble master in you.
Mir. 'Tis but justice;
Thou dost deserve it in thy care and duty.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Under the Ramparts.

Enter GOMERA, MOUNTFERRAT, ROCCA, *and* ZANTHIA.

Gom. Here's even ground; I'll stir no foot beyond it
Before I have thy head.
Mountf. Draw, Rocca!
Gom. Coward,

Hath inward guilt robb'd thee as well of courage
As honesty, that without odds thou darest not
Answer a single enemy?

Mountf All advantage
That I can take, expect.

Rocca. We know you are valiant;
Nor do we purpose to make further trial
Of what you can do now, but to dispatch you.

Mountf. And therefore fight and pray together.

Gom. Villains,
Whose baseness all disgraceful words made one
Cannot express! so strong is the good cause
That seconds me, that you shall feel, with horror
To your proud hopes, what strength is in that arm,
Though old, that holds a sword made sharp by justice.

Zan. You come then here to prate? [*Fight.*

Mountf. Help, Rocca, now,
Or I am lost for ever!—How comes this?

[Gomera *disarms* Mountferrat *and* Rocca.

Are villainy and weakness twins?

Rocca. I am gone too.

Gom. You shall not 'scape me, wretches!

Zan. I must do it;
All will go wrong else.

[*Draws a pistol and shoots him.*

Gom. Treacherous, bloody woman,
What hast thou done?

Zan. Done a poor woman's part,
And in an instant, what these men so long
Stood fooling for.

Mountf. This aid was unexpected;
I kiss thee for't.

Rocca. His right arm's only shot,
And that compell'd him to forsake his sword;
He's else unwounded.

Mountf. Cut his throat!

Zan. Forbear!—
Yet do not hope 'tis with intent to save thee,
But that thou mayst live to thy further torment,
To see who triumphs over thee. Come, Mountferrat,
Here join thy foot to mine, and let our hearts
Meet with our hands! The contract that is made
And cemented with blood, as this of ours is,
Is a more holy sanction, and much surer,
Than all the superstitious ceremonies
You Christians use.

Enter NORANDINE.

Rocca. Who's this?
Mountf. Betray'd again?
Nor. By the report it made, and by the wind,
The pistol was discharged here.
Gom. Norandine,
As ever thou loved'st valour, or wear'st arms
To punish baseness, shew it!
Nor. Oh, the devil!
Gomera wounded, and my brache,[8] Black Beauty,
An actor in it?
Zan. If thou strikest, I'll shoot thee.
Nor. How! fright me with your pot-gun?[9]—
What art thou?

[8] Brache.] *Brache*, says Bishop Warburton, (note on Othello, act II. scene I.) " is a low species of *hounds of the chase*, and a term generally used in contempt. Vlitius, in his notes on Gratius, says, Racha *Saxonibus canem significabat, unde Scoti hodie* Rache *pro cane femina habent, quod Anglis est* Brache. *Nos verò* (he speaks of the Hollanders) Brach *non quemvis canem sed sagacem vocamus.* So the French, Braque, *espece de chien de chasse.*"—*Reed.*

In the present instance, as in most others where the word occurs, *brache* means a *bitch*. Hence the name of Black Beauty, which, like other similar appellations, is given to pointer-bitches.

[9] *Pot-gun.*] A plaything of boys, consisting of a tube, from

Good Heaven, the rogue, the traitor rogue, Mountferrat!
To swinge the nest of you, is a sport unlook'd for.
Hell's plagues consume you!

Mountf. As thou art a man,
(I am wounded) give me time to answer thee!

Gom. Durst thou urge this? this hand can hold a sword yet.

Nor. Well done! to see this villain makes my hurts
Bleed fresh again; but had I not a bone whole,
In such a cause I should do thus, thus, rascals!
[*Rushes against them.*

Enter Corporal and Watch.

Corp. Disarm them, and shoot any that resists.

Gom. Hold, corporal! I am Gomera.

Nor. 'Tis well yet, that once in an age you can
Remember what you watch for: I had thought
You had again been making out your parties
For sucking pigs: 'Tis well. As you will answer
The contrary with your lives, see these forthcoming!

Corp. That we shall do.
[*They seize* MOUNTFERRAT, ROCCA, *and* ZANTHIA.

Nor. You bleed apace.—Good soldiers,
Go help him to a surgeon.

Rocca. [*To* MOUNTFERRAT.] Dare the worst,
And suffer like yourself.

Zan. From me learn courage.

Nor. Now for Miranda! this news will be to him

which peas are shot. Dr Johnson's explication (a gun which makes a small smart noise) is a very indefinite one.

As welcome as 'tis unexpected.—Corporal,
There's something for thy care to-night. My horse
there! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Fort.

Enter ORIANA *and* LUCINDA.

Ori. How does my boy?
Luc. Oh, wond'rous lusty, madam;
A little knight already: You shall live
To see him toss a Turk.
Ori. Gentle Lucinda,
Much must I thank thee for thy care and service;
And may I grow but strong to see Valetta,
My husband, and my brother, thou shalt find
I will not barely thank thee.

Enter MIRANDA, NORANDINE, *and* COLONNA.

Mir. Look, captain, we must ride away this
morning;
The Auberge sits to-day, and the Great-master
Writes plainly, I must or deliver in
(The year expired) my probation-weed,

Or take the cloak. You likewise, Norandine,
For your full service, and your last assistance
In false Mountferrat's apprehension,
Are here commanded to associate me,
My twin in this high honour.

Nor. I will none on't!—Do they think to bind me to live chaste, sober, and temperately, all days of my life? They may as soon tie an Englishman to live so!—I shall be a sweet Dane,[1] a sweet captain, go up and down drinking small-beer, and swearing, *'Ods neagues!*—No; I'll live a squire at arms still; and do thou so too, an thou be'st wise. I have found the mystery now why the gentlemen wear but three bars of the cross, and the knights the whole one.

Mir. Why, captain?

Nor. Marry, sir, to put us in remembrance, we are but three quarters crossed in our licence and pleasures; but the poor knights crossed altogether. The brothers at arms may yet meet with their sisters at arms, now and then, in brotherly love; but the poor knights cannot get a lady for love nor money: 'tis not so in other countries, I wis. Pray haste you! for I'll along, and see what will come on't. [*Exit.*

Mir. Colonna, provide straight all necessaries
For this remove, the litter for the lady,
And let Lucinda bear her company!
You shall attend on me.

Col. With all my duties. [*Exit.*

Mir. How fare you, gracious mistress?

[1] *I shall be a sweet* Dane, &c.] The Danes, as well as the Dutch and Germans, were renowned for their qualities of toping to excess; and James I. seems to have imported the custom from Copenhagen, where he was fully initiated in the palace of his father-in-law.

Ori. Oh, Miranda,
You pleased to honour me with that fair title
When I was free, and could dispose myself;
But now, no smile, no word, no look, no touch,
Can I impart to any, but as theft
From my Gomera; and who dares accept
Is an usurper.

Mir. Leave us. [*Exit* LUCINDA.] I have touch'd thee, [*Aside.*
Thou fairer virtue, than thou art beautiful!
Hold but this test, so rich an ore was never
Tried by the hand of man, on the vast earth.—
Sit, brightest Oriana! Is it sin
Still to profess I love you, still to vow
I shall do ever? Heaven my witness be,
'Tis not your eye, your cheek, your tongue, no part
That superficially doth snare young men,
Which has caught me! Read over in your thoughts
The story that this man hath made of you,
And think upon his merit.

Ori. Only thought
Can comprehend it!

Mir. And can you be
So cruel, thankless, to destroy his youth
That saved your honour, gave you double life,
Your own, and your fair infant's? that when Fortune
(The blind foe to all beauty, that is good)
Bandied you from one hazard to another,
Was even Heaven's messenger, by Providence
Call'd to the temple, to receive you there
Into these arms, to give ease to your throes,
As if't had thunder'd; take thy due, Miranda,
For she was thine! Gomera's jealousy
Struck death unto thy heart; to him be dead,
And live to me, that gave thee second life!
Let me but now enjoy thee! Oh, regard

The torturing fires of my affections!
Ori Oh, master them, Miranda, as I mine!
Who follows his desires, such tyrants serves
As will oppress him insupportably.
My flames, Miranda, rise as high as thine,
For I did love thee 'fore my marriage;
Yet would I now consent, or could I think
Thou wert in earnest, (which, by all the souls
That have for chastity been sanctified,
I cannot) in a moment I do know
Thou wouldst call fair Temperance up to rule thy blood.
Thy eye was ever chaste, thy countenance too, honest,
And all thy wooings was like maidens' talk.
Who yieldeth unto pleasures, and to lust,
Is a poor captive, that in golden fetters
And precious, as he thinks, but holding gyves,
Frets out his life.
Mir. Find such another woman,
And take her for his labour, any man!
Ori. I was not worthy of thee, at my best,
(Heaven knew I was not; I had had thee else)
Much less now, gentle sir. Miranda's deeds
Have been as white as Oriana's fame,
From the beginning to this point of time,
And shall we now begin to stain both thus?
Think on the legend which we two shall breed,
Continuing as we are, for chastest dames
And boldest soldiers to peruse and read,
Ay, and read thorough, free from any act
To cause the modest cast the book away,
And the most honour'd captain fold it up.
Mir. Fairest, let go my hand! my pulse beats thick,
And my moved blood rides high in every vein!—
Lord of thyself now, soldier, and ever!

I would not for Aleppo, this frail bark,
This bark of flesh, no better steers-man had
Than has Mountferrat's.—May you kiss me, lady?
Ori. No; though it be no essential injury,
It is a circumstance due to my lord,
To none else; and, my dearest friend, if hands
Playing together kindle heat in you,
What may the game at lips provoke unto?
Mir. Oh, what a tongue is here! Whilst she doth teach
My heart to hate my fond unlawful love,
She talks me more in love, with love to her;
My fires she quencheth with her arguments,
But as she breathes 'em they blow fresher fires.—
Sit further! now my flame cools. Husband! wife!
There is some holy mystery in those names
That sure the unmarried cannot understand.
Ori. Now thou art straight, and dost enamour me
So far beyond a carnal earthly love,
My very soul dotes on thee, and my spirits
Do embrace thine; my mind doth thy mind kiss;
And in this pure conjunction we enjoy
A heavenlier pleasure than if bodies met:
This, this is perfect love! the other short,
Yet languishing fruition. Every swain
And sweating groom may clasp, but ours refined
Two in ten ages cannot reach unto.
Nor is our spiritual love a barren joy;
For mark what blessed issue we'll beget,
(Dearer than children to posterity)
A great example to men's continence,
And women's chastity; that is a child
More fair and comfortable, than any heir!
Mir. If all wives were but such, Lust would not find
One corner to inhabit; sin would be

So strange, remission superfluous.—
But one petition, I have done.
Ori. What, sweet?
Mir. To call me lord, if the hard hand of death
Seize on Gomera first.
Ori. Oh, much too worthy,
How much you undervalue your own price,
To give your unbought self for a poor woman,
That has been once sold, used, and lost her show!
I am a garment worn, a vessel crack'd,
A zone untied, a lily trod upon,
A fragrant flower cropt by another's hand,
My colour sullied, and my odour changed.
If when I was new-blossom'd, I did fear
Myself unworthy of Miranda's spring,
Thus over-blown, and seeded, I am rather
Fit to adorn his chimney than his bed.
Mir. Rise, miracle! save Malta with thy virtue!—
If words could make me proud, how has she spoke!
[*Apart.*
Yet I will try her to the very block.—
Hard-hearted and uncivil Oriana,
Ingrateful payer of my industries,
That with a soft painted hypocrisy
Cozen'st and jeer'st my perturbation,
Expect a witty and a fell revenge![a]
My comfort is, all men will think thee false:
Beside, thy husband, having been thus long
(On this occasion) in my fort, and power—

[a] *Expect a witty and a fell revenge.*] *Witty* means subtle or studied. *Wit*, in the time of our authors, was generally used to express understanding.—*Mason.*
Sympson and the editors of 1778 read *weighty.*

Enter NORANDINE, COLONNA, *and* LUCINDA *with a child.*

I'll hear no more words!—Captain, let's away!
With all care see to her; and you, Lucinda,
Attend her diligently: She is a wonder!
Nor. Have you found she was well delivered?
What, had she a good midwife? is all well?
Mir. You are merry, Norandine.
Luc. Why weep you, lady?
Ori. Take the poor babe along.
Col. Madam, 'tis here.
Ori. Dissembling death, why didst thou let me live
To see this change, my greatest cause to grieve?
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Valetta. The Hall of the Order.

A Synnet.[3] *Enter* ASTORIUS, CASTRIOT, VALETTA, GOMERA, *Knights;* MOUNTFERRAT *guarded by Corporal and Soldiers;* ZANTHIA; *a Gentleman with a cloak, sword, and spurs.*

Val. A tender husband hast thou shew'd thyself,

[3] *A Synnet.*] This word, which is spelt in a variety of ways, as sennet, signet, signate, synet, &c. signified a short flourish, generally on cornets. I think with Mr Reed, that it is a corruption of the Italian *sonata*, which originally had the same meaning.

My dearest brother, and thy memory,
After thy life,[4] in brazen characters
Shall monumentally be register'd
To ages consequent, till Time's running hand
Beats back the world to undistinguish'd chaos,
And on the top of that thy name shall stand
Fresh, and without decay.

Gom. Oh, honour'd sir!
If hope of this, or any bliss to come,
Could lift my load of grief off from my soul,
Or expiate the trespass 'gainst my wife,
That in one hour's suspicion I begat,
I might be won to be a man again,
And fare like other husbands, sleep and eat,
Laugh, and forget my pleasing penitence;
But 'till old Nature can make such a wife
Again, I vow ne'er to resume the order
And habits that to men are necessary;
All breath I'll spend in sighs, all sound in groans,
And know no company but my wasting moans.

Asto. This will be wilful murder on yourself,
Nor like a Christian do you bear the chance
Which the inscrutable will of Heaven admits.

Gom. What would you have my weakness do, that
Suffer'd itself thus to be practised on
By a damn'd hell-hound, and his agent dam,
The impious midwife to abortive births,
And cruel instrument to his decrees?
By forgery they first assailed her life,
Heaven playing with us yet in that, he wrought
My dearest friend, the servant to her virtue,
To combat me, against his mistress' truth.
That yet effectless, this enchanting witch
Bred baneful jealousy against my lady,

[4] *After my life.*] Amended by Sympson.

My most immaculate lady, which seiz'd on her
Almost to death. Oh, yet, not yet content,
She in my hand put (to restore her life,
As I imagined) what did execute
Their devilish malice. Further, great with child
Was this poor innocent: That too was lost;
They doubled death upon her! Not staying there,
They have done violence unto her tomb,
Not granting rest unto her in the grave.
I wish Miranda had enjoy'd my prize;
For sure I am punish'd for usurping her.
Oh, what a tiger is resisted lust!
How it doth forage all!
Mountf. Part of this tale
I grant you true; but 'twas not poison given her.
Zan. I would it had! we had been far enough,
If we had been so wise; and had not now
Stood curt'sing for your mercies here.
Mountf. Beside,
What is become o' th' body we know not.
Val. Peace, impudents!
And, dear Gomera, practise patience,
As I myself must: By some means at last
We shall dissolve this riddle.
Gom. Wherefore comes
This villain in the festival array,
As if he triumph'd for his treachery?
Cast. That is by our appointment: Give us leave;
You shall know why anon.

Enter one of the Esguard.[6]

Esg. The gentlemen are come.

[6] Val. *One of the* Esguard.] Sympson and Seward converted this speech of the Grand-master into a stage-direction; and it

Val. Truce then awhile
With our sad thoughts!—

Enter MIRANDA, NORANDINE, *and* COLONNA.

What, are ye both resolved?
Nor. Not I, my lord: Your downright captain still
I'll live, and serve you. Not that altogether
I want compunction of conscience;
I have enough to save me, and that's all:
Bar me from drink, and drabs? even hang me too!
You must even make your captains capons first!
I have too much flesh for this spiritual knighthood,
And therefore do desire forbearance, sir,
Till I am older, or more mortified;
I am too sound yet.
Val. What say you, Miranda?
Mir. With all pure zeal to Heaven, duty to you,
I come to undergo it.
Val. Proceed to th' ceremony.
Gom. Before you match with this bright honour'd title,
Admired Miranda, pardon that[7] in thought
I ever did transgress against your virtue;
And may you find more joy with your new bride,
Than poor Gomera e'er enjoy'd with his!
(But 'twas mine own crime, and I suffer for't.)
Long wear your dignity, and worthily,
Whilst I obscurely in some corner vanish!

must be confessed that such an exclamation on the entrance of one of those guards, though it might suit an inferior character, is below the dignity of the person who speaks the words.

[7] *Pardon* what *in thought.*] So the former editions.—Ed. 1778.

Mir. Have stronger thoughts, and better.—
First, I crave,
According to the order of the court,
I may dispose my captives, and the fort,
That with a clean and purified heart
The fitlier I may indue my robe.
All. 'Tis granted.

Enter ORIANA *veiled, Ladies,* LUCINDA *with a Child.*

Mir. Bring the captives!—To your charge
And staid tuition, my most noble friend,
I then commend this lady. Start not off!
A fairer and a chaster never lived.
By her own choice you are her guardian;
For telling her I was to leave my fort,
And to abandon quite all worldly cares,
Her own request was, to Gomera's hands
She might be given in custody, for she had heard
He was a gentleman, wise, and temperate,
Full of humanity to women-kind,
And 'cause he had been married, knew the better
How to entreat a lady.[8]
Val. What countrywoman is she?
Mir. Born a Greek.
Val. Gomera, 'twill be barbarous to deny
A lady, that unto your refuge flies,
And seeks to shrowd her under Virtue's wing.
Gom. Excuse me, noble sir! Oh, think me not
So dull a devil,[9] to forget the loss
Of such a matchless wife as I possess'd,
And ever to endure the sight of woman!

[8] *How to* entreat *a lady.*] *Entreat* was anciently synonimous with treat, use.

[9] *So* dull *a devil.*] Seward proposes reading, *so* FULL *a devil*, but without necessity; *dull* having the meaning of insensible.

Were she the abstract of her sex for form,
The only warehouse of perfection,
Were there no rose nor lily but her cheek,
No music but her tongue, virtue but hers,
She must not rest near me. My vow is graven
Here in my heart, irrevocably breathed;
And when I break it——

Asto. This is rudeness, Spaniard;
Unseasonably you play the Timonist,[1]
Put on a disposition is not yours,
Which neither fits you, nor becomes you.

Gom. Sir——

Cast. We cannot force you, but we would persuade.

Gom. Beseech you, sir, no more! I am resolved
To forsake Malta, tread a pilgrimage
To fair Jerusalem, for my lady's soul,
And will not be diverted.

Mir. You must bear
This child along with ye then.

Gom. What child?

All. How's this?

Mir. Nay then, Gomera, thou art injurious!
This child is thine, and this rejected lady
Thou hast as often known as thine own wife;
And this I'll make good on thee, with my sword.

Gom. Thou durst as well blaspheme!—If such a scandal—
(I crave the rights due to a gentleman)
Woman, unveil!

Ori. Will you refuse me yet? [*Unveiling.*

Gom. My wife!

Val. My sister!

Gom. Somebody thank Heaven!

[1] *Timonist.*] *i. e.* Timon of Athens, alluding to the misanthropy of that character.—Ed. 1778.

I cannot speak.

All. All praise be ever given!

Mountf. This saves our lives. Yet 'would she had been dead! [*Apart.*

The very sight of her afflicts me more
Than fear of punishment, or my disgrace.

Val. How came you to the temple?

Mir. Sir, to do
My poor devotions, and to offer thanks
For 'scaping a temptation near perform'd
With this fair virgin.—I restore a wife
Earth cannot parallel; and, busy Nature,
If thou wilt still make women, but remember
To work 'em by this sampler!—Take heed, sir,
Henceforth you never doubt, sir.

Gom. When I do,
Death take me suddenly!

Mir. To increase your happiness,
To your best wife take this addition.
[*Shows him the child.*

Gom. Alack, my poor knave!

Val. The confession
The Moor made, it seems, was truth.

Nor. Marry was it, sir; the only truth that ever issued out of hell, which her black jaws resemble. A plague o' your bacon-face! you must be giving drinks with a vengeance! Ah, thou branded bitch! —Do you stare, goggles?—I hope to make winter-boots o' thy hide yet; she fears not damning! Hell-fire cannot parch her blacker than she is.— Do you grin, chimney-sweeper?

Ori. What is't, Miranda?

Mir. That you would please Lucinda might attend you.

Col. That suit, sir, I consent not to.
[*Throws off his disguise.*

Luc. My husband?

My dearest Angelo?

Nor. More jiggam-bobs?—Is not this the fellow that swam like a duck to the shore in our sea-service?

Col. The very same. Do not you know me now,
sir?
My name is Angelo, though Colonna veil'd it,
Your countryman and kinsman, born in Florence;
Who from the neighbour-island here of Goza
Was captive led, in that unfortunate day
When the Turk bore with him three thousand souls.
Since, in Constantinople have I lived,
Where I beheld this Turkish damsel first.
A tedious suitor was I for her love;
And, pitying such a beauteous case should hide
A soul prophaned with infidelity,
I labour'd her conversion, with my love,
And doubly won her: To fair faith her soul
She first betrothed, and then her faith to me.
But fearful there to consummate this contract,
We fled, and in that flight were ta'en again
By those same gallies 'fore Valetta fought:
Since, in your service I attended here,
Where, what I saw and heard hath joy'd me more
Than all my past afflictions grieved before.

Val. Wonders crown wonders! Take thy wife.
—Miranda,
Be henceforth call'd our Malta's better angel;
And thou her evil, Mountferrat.

Nor. We'll call him Cacodemon, with his black gib there, his Succuba, his devil's seed, his spawn of Phlegethon, that, o' my conscience, was bred o' the spume of Cocytus.—Do you snarl, you black Gill? She looks like the picture of America.

Val. Why stay we now?

Mir. This last petition to the court;
I may bequeath the keeping of my fort

To this my kinsman, toward the maintenance
Of him and his fair virtuous wife: Discreet,
Loyal, and valiant, I dare give him you.
Val. You must not ask in vain, sir.
Col. My best thanks
To you, my noble cousin, and my service
To the whole court: May I deserve this bounty!
Val. Proceed to th' ceremony. One of our Esguard
Degrade Mountferrat first!
Mountf. I will not sue
For mercy; 'twere in vain: Fortune, thy worst! [*Music.*

A curtain is drawn. An altar discover'd, with tapers and a book on it. The two Bishops stand on each side of it; MOUNTFERRAT, *as the song is singing, is led up the altar.*

See, see, the stain of honour, Virtue's foe,
Of virgins' fair fames the foul overthrow!
That broken hath his oath of chastity,
Dishonour'd much this holy dignity,
Off with his robe, expel him forth this place,
Whilst we rejoice, and sing at his disgrace!

Val. Since by thy actions thou hast made thyself
Unworthy of that worthy sign thou wear'st,
And of our sacred order, into which
For former virtues we received thee first,
According to our statutes, ordinances,
For praise unto the good, a terror to
The bad, and an example to all men;
We here deprive thee of our habit, and
Declare thee unworthy our society,
From which we do expel thee, as a rotten,
Corrupted, and contagious member.

Esg. Using th' authority the superior
Hath given unto me, I untie this knot,
And take from thee the pleasing yoke of Heaven:
We take from off thy breast this holy cross,
Which thou hast made thy burden, not thy prop;
Thy spurs we spoil thee of, leaving thy heels
Bare of thy honour,[a] that have kick'd against
Our order's precepts; next, we reave thy sword,
And give thee armless to thy enemies,
For being foe to goodness, and to God;
Last, 'bout thy stiff neck we this halter hang,
And leave thee to the mercy of the court.
Val. Invest Miranda.[3]

SONG.

Fair child of Virtue, Honour's bloom,
That here with burning zeal dost come,
With joy to ask the white-cross cloak,
And yield unto this pleasing yoke!
That being young, vows chastity,
And chusest wilful poverty;
As this flame mounts, so mount thy zeal! thy glory
Rise past the stars, and fix in Heaven thy story!

1 *Bishop.* What crave you, gentle sir?
Mir. Humble admittance
To be a brother of the holy hospital
Of great Jerusalem.
2 *Bishop.* Breathe out your vow.

[a] *Bare of* thy *honour.*] Sympson thinks we should read, *bare of* their *honour*, but the old reading has the same meaning.

[3] *Invest Miranda.*] The ceremonies of receiving a knight into the order of Malta, may be seen at large in Vertot's History of the Knights of Malta, vol. vi. p. 18.—Ed. 1778.

Mir. To Heaven, and all the bench of saints
above,
(Whose succour I implore to enable me)
I vow henceforth a chaste life; not to enjoy
Any thing proper to myself; obedience
To my superiors, whom religion
And Heaven shall give me; ever to defend
The virtuous fame of ladies, and to oppugn
Even unto death the Christian enemy:
This do I vow to accomplish!
Esg. Who can tell,
Has he made other vow, or promised marriage
To any one, or is in servitude?
All. He's free from all these.
1 *Bishop.* Put on his spurs, and gird him with
the sword,
The scourge of infidels, and types of speed.
Buildest thy faith on this? [*Presenting the Cross.*
Mir. On him that died
On such a sacred figure, for our sins.
2 *Bishop.* Heie then we fix it on thy left side, for
Thy increase of faith, Christian defence, and ser-
vice
To th' poor; and thus near to thy heart we plant it,
That thou mayst love it even with all thy heart;
With thy right-hand protect, preserve it whole;
For if thou fighting 'gainst Heaven's enemies
Shalt fly away, abandoning the cross,
The ensign of thy holy general,
With shame thou justly shalt be robb'd of it,
Chased from our company, and cut away
As an infectious putrified limb.
Mir. I ask no favour.
1 *Bishop.* Then receive the yoke
Of him that makes it sweet and light; in which
Thy soul find her eternal rest.
[*Puts the Cross on him.*

Val. Most welcome!
All. Welcome, our noble brother!
Val. Break up the court.—Mountferrat, though your deeds,
Conspiring 'gainst the lives of innocents,
Have forfeited your own, we will not stain
Our white cross with your blood: Your doom is then
To marry this co-agent of your mischiefs:
Which done, we banish you [to] the continent:[4]
If either, after three days, here be found,
The hand of law lays hold upon your lives.

Nor. Away, French stallion! Now you have a Barbary mare of your own; go leap her, and engender young devilings!

Val. We will find something, noble Norandine,
To quit[5] your merit.—So, to civil feasts,
According to our customs; and all pray
The dew of grace bless our new knight to-day!
[*Exeunt.*

4 *We banish you the continent.*] The small variation in the text was introduced by Sympson, and is indispensably necessary, notwithstanding Mason wishes to restore the old text. He says that islanders frequently consider the principal island in the group in the light of a continent, and instances this by the name of the largest of the Orkney and Shetland isles, which are called Mainland. Hence he would infer, that, by the continent, Valetta means the dominions of Malta. But, as he has not brought forward any parallel instance of this use of the word, which has a very dubious sound, his explanation cannot be admitted.

5 *Quit.*] Requite, reward.

LOVE'S CURE;

OR,

THE MARTIAL MAID.

BY

JOHN FLETCHER.

LOVE'S CURE;

OR,

THE MARTIAL MAID.

This comedy first appeared in the folio collection of 1647. The prologue, which is of no authority, having been written for a revival long after the death of the poets, ascribes it to Beaumont and Fletcher conjointly. The epilogue, which is certainly the original one spoken at the first representation, speaks only of a single author; and Gardiner ascribes the play to Fletcher. The testimony of the epilogue I conceive to be sufficient to decide upon; but, as there is an evident allusion (act ii. scene ii.) to the Russian ambassadors, who were at the court of King James I. in 1622, we need not hesitate to ascribe the comedy to Fletcher solely. It does not appear to have been a very popular play, and has never, to the editor's knowledge, been altered or revived.

The present comedy, like the others in this volume, possesses great beauties and great defects. Probability is set at defiance, and the change of sex in Lucio and Clara, though it produces considerable humour, and some very interesting situations and incidents, is an artifice which may surprise, but can hardly win our belief in the miraculous effects of it, or conciliate our affection for the two metamorphosed characters. In other respects, the plot is by no means uninteresting, and the different incidents are made to bear upon each other with considerable skill. Indeed Fletcher seems to have bestowed more than common care upon the comedy. The bringing back of Clara and Lucio to the frame of mind proper to their real sex, which had been reversed by their preposterous education, is conducted with great delicacy and truth, though their previous state of mind certainly savours too much of romance. The returning glimpses of their former habits after this reformation had been effected are very artfully introduced; and the object proposed in the first title, to show the power of

love in producing a cure in mental aberrations, which defied all other remedy, is executed in a style as masterly as in the celebrated novel of Cimone and Efigenia, by Boccaccio, paraphrased by Dryden. The other characters of the serious part of the drama are little more than sketches. They have few prominent features, but are made to contribute to the progress of the plot. The comic under-plot is not only valuable in as far as it shows the manners of the times, but some of the scenes, though tinctured with the grossness of the period, are highly ludicrous, and replete with humour.

PROLOGUE,

AT THE REVIVING OF THIS PLAY.

Statues and pictures challenge price and fame,
If they can justly boast and prove they came
From Phidias or Apelles. None deny,
Poets and Painters hold a sympathy ;
Yet their works may decay, and lose their grace,
Receiving blemish in their limbs or face ;
When the mind's art has this preeminence,
She still retaineth her first excellence.
Then why should not this dear piece be esteem'd
Child to the richest fancies that e'er teem'd ?
When not their meanest offspring that came forth,
But bore the image of their fathers' worth.
Beaumont's, and Fletcher's, whose desert out-weighs
The best applause, and their least sprig of bays
Is worthy Phœbus ; and who comes to gather
Their fruits of wit, he shall not rob the treasure.
Nor can you ever surfeit of the plenty,
Nor can you call them rare, though they be dainty :
The more you take, the more you do them right ;
And we will thank you for your own delight.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Assistant, *or Governor.*
Vitelli, *a young gentleman, enemy to Alvarez.*
Lamoral, *a fighting gallant, friend to Vitelli.*
Anastro, *an honest gentleman, friend to Vitelli.*
Don Alvarez, *enemy to Vitelli.*
Syavedra, *friend to Alvarez.*
Lucio, *son to Alvarez, a young gentleman, in woman's habit.*
Alguazeir, *a sharking panderly constable.*
Pachieco, *a cobler,* }
Mendoza, *a botcher,* } *of worship.*
Metaldie, *a smith,* }
Piorato,[1] *a swordsman.*
Lazarillo, *Pachieco's hungry servant.*
Bobadilla Spindola Zancho, *a witty knave, servant to Eugenia, and steward to Alvarez.*[2]
Stephano, *servant to Eugenia.*
Herald.
Officer.

Eugenia, *a virtuous lady, wife to don Alvarez.*
Clara, *daughter to Eugenia, the Martial Maid, valiant and chaste, enamoured of Vitelli.*
Genevora, *sister to Vitelli, in love with Lucio.*
Malroda, *a wanton mistress of Vitelli.*

SCENE—Sevil.

[1] This character, as well as Stephano, has hitherto been forgotten in the enumeration of the dramatis personæ.

[2] Fletcher probably took the first name of this character from Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, where the roaring captain is also called *Bobadilla,* in the quarto of 1601, before the author transfered the scene from Florence to London, and anglicised the names of the dramatis personæ.

LOVE'S CURE;

OR,

THE MARTIAL MAID.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter VITELLI, LAMORAL, *and* ANASTRO.

Vitelli. Alvarez pardon'd?
Ana. And return'd.
Lam. I saw him land
At St Lucar's; and such a general welcome
Fame, as harbinger to his brave actions,
Had with the easy people prepared for him,
As if by his command alone, and fortune,
Holland, with those Low Provinces that hold out
Against the arch-duke, were again compell'd
With their obedience to give up their lives
To be at his devotion.
Vit. You amaze me!

For though I have heard, that when he fled from
Sevil
To save his life (then forfeited to law
For murdering Don Pedro my dear uncle)
His extreme wants enforced him to take pay
In th' army, sat down then before Ostend;
'Twas never yet reported, by whose favour
He durst presume to entertain a thought
Of coming home with pardon.

Ana. 'Tis our nature
Or not to hear, or not to give belief
To what we wish far from our enemies.

Lam. Sir, 'tis most certain, the infanta's letters,
Assisted by the arch-duke's, to king Philip,
Have not alone secured him from the rigour
Of our Castilian justice, but return'd him
A free man, and in grace.

Vit. By what cursed means
Could such a fugitive arise unto
The knowledge of their highnesses? Much more,
(Though known) to stand but in the least degree
Of favour with them?

Lam. To give satisfaction
To your demand, (though to praise him I hate
Can yield me small contentment) I will tell you,
And truly; since, should I detract his worth,
'Twould argue want of merit in myself.
Briefly to pass his tedious pilgrimage
For sixteen years, a banish'd guilty man,
And to forget the storms, the affrights, the horrors,
His constancy, not fortune overcame,
I bring him, with his little son, grown man,
(Though 'twas said here he took a daughter with
him)
To Ostend's bloody siege, that stage of war,
Wherein the flower of many nations acted,
And the whole Christian world spectators were;

There by his son (or were he by adoption
Or Nature his) a brave scene was presented,
Which I made choice to speak of, since from that
The good success of Alvarez had beginning.
Vit. So I love virtue in an enemy,
That I desire in the relation of
This young man's glorious deed, you'd keep yourself
A friend to truth, and it.
Lam. Such was my purpose.
The town being oft assaulted, but in vain,
To dare the proud defendants to a sally,
Weary of ease, Don Inigo Peralta,
Son to the general of our Castile forces,
All arm'd, advanced within shot of their walls,
From whence the musqueteers play'd thick upon him;
Yet he, brave youth, as careless of the danger
As careful of his honour, drew his sword,
And waving it about his head, as if
He dared one spirited like himself to trial
Of single valour, he made his retreat,
With such a slow, and yet majestic pace,
As if he still call'd loud, "Dare none come on?"
When suddenly, from a postern of the town
Two gallant horsemen issued, and o'ertook him,
The army looking on, yet not a man
That durst relieve the rash adventurer;
Which Lucio, son to Alvarez, then seeing,
As in the vant-guard he sat bravely mounted,
(Or were it pity of the youth's misfortune,
Care to preserve the honour of his country,
Or bold desire to get himself a name)
He made his brave horse like a whirlwind bear him
Among the combatants; and in a moment
Discharged his petronel[3] with such sure aim,

[3] *Petronel.*] A small gun used by the cavalry.

That of the adverse party from his horse
One tumbled dead; then wheeling round, and drawing
A falchion, swift as lightning he came on
Upon the other, and with one strong blow,
In view of the amazed town and camp,
He struck him dead, and brought Peralta off
With double honour to himself.
Vit. 'Twas brave!
But the success of this?
Lam. The camp received him
With acclamations of joy and welcome;
And for addition to the fair reward,
(Being a massy chain of gold given to him
By young Peralta's father) he was brought
To the infanta's presence, kiss'd her hand,
And from that lady, (greater in her goodness
Than her high birth) had this encouragement:
"Go on, young man! Yet, not to feed thy valour
With hope of recompense to come from me,
For present satisfaction of what's past,
Ask any thing that's fit for me to give
And thee to take, and be assured of it."
Ana Excellent princess!
Vit. And styled worthily
The heart-blood, nay, the soul of soldiers,
But what was his request?
Lam. That the repeal
Of Alvarez makes plain: He humbly begg'd
His father's pardon, and so movingly
Told the sad story of your uncle's death,
That the infanta wept; and instantly
Granting his suit, working the arch-duke to it.
Their letters were directed to the king,
With whom they so prevailed, that Alvarez
Was freely pardon'd.
Vit. 'Tis not in the king

To make that good.
Ana. Not in the king? What subject
Dares contradict his power?
Vit. In this I dare,
And will;' and not call his prerogative
In question, nor presume to limit it.
I know he is the master of his laws,
And may forgive the forfeits made to them,
But not the injury done to my honour:
And since (forgetting my brave uncle's merits,
And many services, under duke d'Alva)
He suffers him to fall, wresting from Justice
The powerful sword, that would revenge his death,
I'll fill with this Astrea's empty hand,
And in my just wreak make this arm the king's.
My deadly hate to Alvarez, and his house,
Which as I grew in years hath still increased,
(As if it call'd on Time to make me man)
Slept while it had no object for her fury,
But a weak woman, and her talk'd-of daughter;
But now, since there are quarries worth her flight,[4]
Both in the father and his hopeful son,
I'll boldly cast her off, and gorge her full
With both their hearts: To further which, your
friendship,
And oaths![5] Will your assistance let your deeds

[4] *Quarries, worth her* sight.] The correction in the text is Sympson's, and there can be no doubt of its propriety, as these lines are a continued chain of metaphors from falconry.

[5] —— *to further which, your friendship,*
And oaths: will your assistance, let your deeds.] The pointing in the text is that of the last editors.
Seward and Sympson point,

—— *to further which, your friendship,*
And oaths, will your assistance: let, &c.

And Mr Mason says, that he has no hesitation in preferring this

Make answer to me? Useless are all words,
Till you have writ performance with your swords.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of Alvarez.

Enter Bobadilla *and* Lucio *in woman's clothes.*

Lucio. Go, fetch my work. This ruff was not well starch'd,
So tell the maid; 't has too much blue in it:
And look you that the partridge and the pullen
Have clean meat and fresh water, or my mother
Is like to hear on't.

Bob. Oh, good St Jaques, help me! Was there ever such a hermaphrodite heard of? Would any wench living, that should hear and see what I do, be wrought to believe, that the best of a man lies under this petticoat, and that a cod-piece were far fitter here than a pinn'd placket?

Lucio. You had best talk filthily, do; I have a tongue
To tell my mother, as well as ears to hear
Your ribaldry.

Bob. Nay, you have ten women's tongues that way, I am sure!—Why, my young master, or mistress, madam, don, or what you will, what the

punctuation; but the sense it produces is so stifly and awkwardly expressed, and that of the last edition so natural and easy, that I presume there can be little doubt in the selection.

devil have you to do with pullen or partridge? or to sit pricking on a clout all day?—You have a better needle, I know, and might make better work, if you had grace to use it.

Lucio. Why, how dare you speak this before me, sirrah?

Bob. Nay, rather, why dare not you do what I speak? Pox, though my lady, your mother, for fear of Vitelli and his faction, hath brought you up like her daughter, and has kept you these twenty years (which is ever since you were born) a close prisoner within doors; yet since you are a man, and are as well provided as other men are, methinks you should have the same motions of the flesh as other cavaliers of us are inclined unto.

Lucio. Indeed, you have cause to love those wanton motions,
They having holpe you to an excellent whipping,[6]
For doing something (I but put you in mind of it)
With th' Indian maid, the governor sent my mother
From Mexico.

Bob. Why, I but taught her a Spanish trick in charity, and holpe the king to a subject, that may live to take Grave Maurice prisoner,[7] and that was

[6] *They having* hope *you to an*—] Amended in 1750.

[7] *To take* grave *Maurice prisoner.*] *Grave* is printed in the last editions with a great letter and in *Italics*, as if it was a proper name, whereas it is an epithet only, and a characteristic of prince Maurice of Nassau, who, after performing great actions against the Spaniards, is said to have died of grief on account of the siege of Breda. *Strada de Bello Belgico*, though a bigotted Jesuit, and extremely prejudiced against the protestants, gives prince Maurice the following character: *Hic illi Mauritius est, à nobis sæpe, nec sine fortis et* cauti *Ducis laude memorandus.* i. e. This is that Maurice whom we shall often speak of, and never without the character of a brave and *cautious* general.—*Seward.*

This is a most extraordinary speculation of Seward's, and it is a wonderful circumstance that the editors of 1778 could not correct him. *Gràve* is Dutch, and *graaf* German (not for *prince* or

more good to the state, than a thousand such as you are ever like to do. And I will tell you, (in a fatherly care of the infant, I speak it) if he live (as, bless the babe, in passion I remember him!) to your years, shall he spend his time in pinning, painting, purling, and perfuming, as you do? No; he shall to the wars, use his Spanish pike, though with the danger of the lash, as his father has done; and when he is provoked, as I am now, draw his Toledo desperately, as——

Lucio. You will not kill me? Oh!

Bob. I knew this would silence him: How he hides his eyes!—If he were a wench now, as he seems, what an advantage had I, drawing two Toledos when one can do this! But—Oh me, my lady! I must put up.—Young master, I did but jest. Oh, Custom, what hast thou made of him!

Enter EUGENIA *and* STEPHANO.

Eug. For bringing this, be still my friend; no more
A servant to me.
Bob. What's the matter?
Eug. Here,
Even here, where I am happy to receive
Assurance of my Alvarez' return,
I will kneel down; and may those holy thoughts
That now possess me wholly, make this place
A temple to me, where I may give thanks
For this unhoped-for blessing, Heaven's kind hand
Hath pour'd upon me!

count, as Mason has it, but simply) for *count*, and the Nassau family, one branch of which were elected *Stadtholders*, being counts of the empire, were consequently denominated Grave Maurice, Grave Henry, &c. So in Dekkar's Guls Hornbrook, "You may discourse how honourably your *Grave* used you: observe that you call your *Grave Maurice* your *Grave*."

Lucio. Let my duty, madam,
Presume, if you have cause of joy, to entreat
I may share in it.
Bob. 'Tis well, he has forgot how I frighted him yet.[8]
Eug. Thou shalt: But first kneel with me, Lucio,
No more Posthumia now! thou hast a father,
A father living to take off that name,
Which my too-credulous fears, that he was dead,
Bestow'd upon thee. Thou shalt see him, Lucio,
And make him young again by seeing thee,
Who only hadst a being in my womb
When he went from me, Lucio. Oh, my joys
So far transport me, that I must forget
The ornaments of matrons, modesty,
And grave behaviour! But let all forgive me,
If in th' expression of my soul's best comfort,
Though old, I do a while forget mine age,
And play the wanton in the entertainment
Of those delights I have so long despaired of!
Lucio. Shall I then see my father?
Eug. This hour, Lucio;
Which reckon the beginning of thy life,
I mean that life in which thou shalt appear
To be such as I brought thee forth, a man.
This womanish disguise, in which I have
So long conceal'd thee, thou shalt now cast off,
And change those qualities thou didst learn from me
For masculine virtues; for which seek no tutor,
But let thy father's actions be thy precepts.—
And for thee, Zancho, now expect reward
For thy true service.

8 —— *how I frighted him* yet.] The word *yet* at the end of this line offends Sympson, but it is frequently used in all these plays, in the sense of *however*, *nevertheless*. In the passage, it may mean *as yet*.—Mason.

Bob. Shall I?—You hear, fellow Stephano? learn to know me more respectively!—How dost thou think I shall become the steward's chair? ha? will not these slender haunches shew well with a chain and a gold night-cap after supper,[9] when I take the accounts?

Eug. Haste, and take down those blacks, with which my chamber
Hath, like the widow, her sad mistress, mourn'd,
And hang up for it the rich Persian arras,
Used on my wedding-night; for this to me
Shall be a second marriage! Send for music,
And will the cooks to use their best of cunning[1]
To please the palate.

Bob. Will your ladyship have a potatoe-pie?[2] 'Tis a good stirring dish for an old lady after a long Lent.

Eug. Begone, I say! Why, sir, you can go faster?

Bob. I could, madam; but I am now to practise the steward's pace; that's the reward I look for. Every man must fashion his gait according to his calling: You, fellow Stephano, may walk faster to overtake preferment; so, usher me.

Lucio. Pray, madam, let the waistcoat I last wrought

[9] *With a chain and a* gold *night-cap.*] Sympson and the last editors read—"With a gold chain and a night-cap;" but there is no absolute need for alteration. The gold night-cap may refer to the caps which are still to be seen in some old-fashioned houses, wrought with gold; and may have been appropriated to stewards as well as the chain, with which they were anciently adorned. See the first scene of the Lover's Progress.

[1] —— *cunning.*] That is, art; in which sense the word was frequently used.

[2] POTATOE-*pie.*] It has been already observed that potatoes were considered as strong provocatives. The confectioners of the time seem to have had the principal management of them, making various confections, tarts, &c. of them.

Be made up for my father! I will have
A cap, and boot-hose, suitable to it.
Eug. Of that
We'll think hereafter, Lucio; our thoughts now
Must have no object but thy father's welcome;
To which, thy help!
Lucio. With humble gladness, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Hall in the same.

Enter ALVAREZ *and* CLARA *in man's attire.*

Alv. Where lost we Syavedra?
Clara. He was met,
Entering the city, by some gentlemen,
Kinsmen, as he said, of his own, with whom
For compliment-sake (for so I think he term'd it)
He was compell'd to stay; though I much wonder
A man that knows to do, and has done well
In the head of his troop, when the bold foe charged home,
Can learn so suddenly to abuse his time
In apish entertainment. For my part,
(By all the glorious rewards of war)
I had rather meet ten enemies in the field,
All sworn to fetch my head, than be brought on
To change an hour's discourse with one of these
Smooth city-fools, or tissue-cavaliers,
(The only gallants, as they wisely think)

To get a jewel, or a wanton kiss
From a court-lip, though painted.

Alv. My love Clara,
(For Lucio is a name thou must forget,
With Lucio's bold behaviour) though thy breeding
I' th' camp, may plead something in the excuse
Of thy rough manners, custom having changed
(Though not thy sex) the softness of thy nature,
And Fortune, then a cruel step-dame to thee,
Imposed upon thy tender sweetness burdens
Of hunger, cold, wounds, want, such as would crack
The sinews of a man, not born a soldier;
Yet, now she smiles, and like a natural mother
Looks gently on thee, Clara, entertain
Her proffer'd bounties with a willing bosom:
Thou shalt no more have need to use thy sword;
Thy beauty (which even Belgia hath not alter'd)
Shall be a stronger guard, to keep my Clara,
Than that has been (though never used but nobly:)
And know thus much——

Clara. Sir, I know only that
It stands not with my duty to gain-say you
In any thing: I must and will put on
What fashion you think best, though I could wish
I were what I appear.

Alv. Endeavour rather
To be what you are, Clara; entering here,
As you were born, a woman. [*Music.*

Enter EUGENIA, LUCIO, *and Servants.*

Eug. Let choice music,
In the best voice that e'er touch'd human ear,
(For joy hath tied my tongue up) speak your welcome!

Alv. My soul (for thou givest new life to my spirit) [*Embraces her.*
Myriads of joy, though short in number of
Thy virtues, fall on thee! Oh, my Eugenia,
The assurance that I do embrace thee, makes
My twenty years of sorrow but a dream;
And by the nectar which I take from these
I feel my age restored, and, like old Æson,
Grow young again.
Eug. My lord, long wish'd for, welcome!
'Tis a sweet briefness! yet in that short word
All pleasures which I may call mine begin,
And may they long increase, before they find
A second period! Let mine eyes now surfeit
On this so-wish'd-for object, and my lips
Yet modestly pay back the parting kiss
You trusted with them, when you fled from Sevil,
With little Clara, my sweet daughter! Lives she?
Yet I could chide myself, having you here,
For being so covetous of all joys at once,
To inquire for her; you being, alone, to me
My Clara, Lucio, my lord, myself,
Nay, more than all the world!
Alv. As you to me are.
Eug. Sit down, and let me feed upon the story
Of your past dangers, now you are here in safety!
It will give relish, and fresh appetite
To my delights, if such delights can cloy me.
Yet do not, Alvarez! let me first yield you
Account of my life in your absence, and
Make you acquainted how I have preserved
The jewel left lock'd up within my womb,
When you, in being forced to leave your country,
Suffer'd a civil death.
Alv. Do, my Eugenia;
'Tis that I most desire to hear.
Eug. Then know——

Alv. What noise is that?

[*Within clashing of swords.*

Syav. [*Within.*] If you are noble enemies,
Oppress me not with odds, but kill me fairly!

Vit. [*Within.*] Stand off! I am too many of myself.

Enter Bobadilla.

Bob. Murder, murder, murder! Your friend, my lord, Don Syavedra, is set upon in the streets, by your enemies, Vitelli and his faction: I am almost kill'd with looking on them.

Alv. I'll free him, or fall with him! Draw thy sword,
And follow me! [*Exit.*

Clara. Fortune, I give thee thanks
For this occasion once more to use it. [*Exit.*

Bob. Nay, hold not me, madam! If I do any hurt, hang me.

Luc. Oh, I am dead with fear! Let's fly into
Your closet, mother.

Eug. No hour of my life
Secure of danger? Heaven be merciful,
Or now at once dispatch me!

Enter Vitelli, *pursued by* Alvarez *and* Syavedra, Clara *beating off* Anastro.

Clara. Follow him!
Leave me to keep these off.

Alv. Assault my friend,
So near my house?

Vit. Nor in it will spare thee,
Though 'twere a temple; and I'll make it one,
I being the priest, and thou the sacrifice,
I'll offer to my uncle.

Alv. Haste thou to him,
And say I sent thee! [*They fight.*
Clara. 'Twas put bravely by——
And that; yet he comes on, and boldly; rare!
I' th' wars, where emulation and example
Join to increase the courage, and make less
The danger, valour, and true resolution
Never appeared so lovely—brave again!
Sure he is more than man; and if he fall,
The best of virtue, fortitude, would die with him:
And can I suffer it? forgive me, duty!
So I love valour, as I will protect it
Against my father, and redeem it, though
'Tis forfeited by one I hate.
Vit. Come on!
All is not lost yet: You shall buy me dearer
Before you have me; keep off.
Clara. Fear me not!
Thy worth has took me prisoner, and my sword
For this time knows thee only for a friend,
And to all else I turn the point of it.
Syav. Defend your father's enemy?
Alv. Art thou mad?
Clara. Are ye men rather! Shall that valour, which
Begot you lawful honour in the wars,
Prove now the parent of an infamous bastard,
So foul, yet so long-lived, as murder will
Be to your shames? Have each of you, alone,
With your own dangers only, purchased glory
From multitudes of enemies, not allowing
Those nearest to you to have part in it,
And do you now join, and lend mutual help
Against a single opposite? Hath the mercy
Of the great king but newly wash'd away
The blood, that with the forfeit of your life
Cleaved to your name and family, like an ulcer,
In this again to set a deeper dye upon

Your infamy? You'll say he is your foe,
And by his rashness call'd on his own ruin;
Remember yet, he was first wrong'd, and honour
Spurr'd him to what he did; and next the place
Where now he is, your house, which by the laws
Of hospitable duty should protect him;
Have you been twenty years a stranger to it,
To make your entrance now in blood? or think
you
Your countryman, a true-born Spaniard, will be
An offering fit to please the genius of it?
No; in this I'll presume to teach my father,
And this first act of disobedience shall
Confirm I am most dutiful.

Alv. I am pleased [*Aside.*
With what I dare not give allowance to.—
Unnatural wretch, what wilt thou do?

Clara. Set free
A noble enemy: Come not on! by Heaven,
You pass to him through me!—The way is open.
Farewell! when next I meet you, do not look for
A friend, but a vow'd foe; I see you worthy,
And therefore now preserve you, for the honour
Of my sword only.

Vit. Were this man a friend,
How would he win me, that, being my vow'd foe,
Deserves so well! I thank you for my life;
But how I shall deserve it, give me leave
Hereafter to consider. [*Exit.*

Alv. Quit thy fear;
All danger is blown over: I have letters
To the governor, in the king's name, to secure us
From such attempts hereafter; yet we need not,
That have such strong guards of our own, dread
others;
And, to increase thy comfort, know, this young
man,
Whom with such fervent earnestness you eye,

Is not what he appears, but such a one
As thou with joy wilt bless, thy daughter Clara.

Eug. A thousand blessings in that word!

Alv. The reason
Why I have bred her up thus, at more leisure
I will impart unto you: Wonder not
At what you have seen her do, it being the least
Of many great and valiant undertakings
She hath made good with honour.

Eug. I'll return
The joy I have in her, with one as great
To you, my Alvarez: You, in a man,
Have given to me a daughter; in a woman,
I give to you a son: This was the pledge
You left here with me, whom I have brought up
Different from what he was, as you did Clara,
And with the like success; as she appears,
Alter'd by custom, more than woman, he,
Transform'd by his soft life, is less than man.

Alv. Fortune in this gives ample satisfaction
For all our sorrows past.

Lucio. My dearest sister!

Clara. Kind brother!

Alv. Now our mutual care must be
Employ'd, to help wrong'd Nature to recover
Her right in either of them, lost by custom:
To you I give my Clara, and receive
My Lucio to my charge; and we'll contend,
With loving industry, who soonest can
Turn this man woman, or this woman man.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.[3]

A Street.

Enter PACHIECO *and* LAZARILLO.

Pach. Boy, my cloak, and rapier! it fits not a gentleman of my rank to walk the streets in *querpo*.[4]

Laz. Nay you are a very rank gentleman, signor. I am very hungry; they tell me in Sevil here, I look like an eel with a man's head; and your neighbour the smith here hard by would have borrowed me the other day to have fish'd with me, because he had lost his angle-rod.

Pach. Oh, happy thou, Lazarillo, being the cause of other men's wits, as in thine own! Live lean and witty still: oppress not thy stomach too much: gross feeders, great sleepers; great sleepers, fat bodies; fat bodies, lean brains!—No, Lazarillo; I will make thee immortal, change thy humanity into deity, for I will teach thee to live upon nothing.

Laz. 'Faith, signor, I am immortal then already, or very near it, for I do live upon little or nothing. Belike that's the reason the poets are said to be

[3] The editors of 1750 and 1778, always preferring to good prose, such rumbling and grating verse as no ears but their own can possibly endure, have turned this and other scenes in this play into a free and easy metre, consisting of iambics, dactyls, spondees, and anapests, indiscriminately mingled; the verses varying from five to fifteen or more syllables.

[4] *In* querpo.] In a doublet sitting close to the body, from *cuerpo*, Span.

immortal; for some of them live upon their wits, which is indeed as good as little or nothing. But, good master, let me be mortal still, and let us go to supper.

Pach. Be abstinent; shew not the corruption of thy generation: he that feeds shall die, therefore, he that feeds not shall live.

Laz. Ay, but how long shall he live? there's the question.

Pach. As long as he can without feeding. Didst thou read of the miraculous maid in Flanders——

Laz. No, nor of any maid else; for the miracle of virginity now-a-days ceases, ere the virgin can read virginity.

Pach. She that lived three years without any other sustenance than the smell of a rose?

Laz. I heard of her, signor; but they say her guts shrunk all into lutestrings, and her nether parts clinged together like a serpent's tail; so that though she continued a woman still above the girdle, beneath yet she was monster.

Pach. So are most women, believe it.

Laz. Nay all women, signor, that can live only upon the smell of a rose.

Pach. No part of the history is fabulous.

Laz. I think rather, no part of the fable is historical. But for all this, sir, my rebellious stomach will not let me be immortal: I will be as immortal as mortal hunger will suffer. Put me to a certain stint, sir! allow me but a red herring a-day!

Pach. *O, de Dios!* Wouldst thou be gluttonous in thy delicacies?

Laz. He that eats nothing but a red herring a-day shall ne'er be broiled for the devil's rasher: a pilcher, signor, a surdiny,[5] an olive, that I may be a philosopher first, and immortal after.

[5] *A* surdiny.] A sardelle, sardina, or anchovy.

Pach. Patience, Lazarillo! let contemplation be thy food awhile: I say unto thee, one pease was a soldier's provant[6] a whole day at the destruction of Jerusalem.

Laz. Ay, an it were any where but at the destruction of a place, I'll be hang'd.

Enter METALDI *and* MENDOZA.

Met. Signor Pachieco Alasto, my most ingenious cobler of Sevil, the *buenos noches* to your signory!

Pach. Signor Metaldi de Forgio! my most famous smith, and man of metal, I return your courtesy ten-fold, and do humble my bonnet beneath the shoe-sole of your congie. The like to you, signor Mendoza Pediculo de Vermini, my most exquisite hose-heeler!

Laz. Here's a greeting betwixt a cobler, a smith, and a botcher! they all belong to the foot, which makes them stand so much upon their gentry.

Mend. Signor Lazarillo!

Laz. Ah, signor, *sì!* Nay, we are all signors here in Spain, from the jakes-farmer to the grandee, or *adelantado.*[7] This botcher looks as if he were dough-baked; a little butter now, and I could eat him like an oaten cake! his father's diet was new cheese and onions, when he got him: What a scallion-faced[8] rascal 'tis!

Met. But why, signor Pachieco, do you stand so much on the priority and antiquity of your quality[9] (as you call it) in comparison of ours?

[6] *Provant.*] i. e. ration, provision.

[7] *Adelantado.*] *Span.* for a chief magistrate, president, or governor.

[8] *Scallion-faced.*] A scallion is a kind of small onion.

[9] *Your quality.*] *Quality* means here profession or calling.

Mend. Ay; your reason for that.

Pach. Why, thou iron-pated smith, and thou woollen-witted hose-heeler, hear what I will speak indifferently, and according to antient writers, of our three professions; and let the upright Lazarillo be both judge and moderator!

Laz. Still am I the most immortally hungry that may be!

Pach. Suppose thou wilt derive thy pedigree, like some of the old heroes, (as Hercules, Æneas, Achilles) lineally from the gods, making Saturn thy great-grandfather, and Vulcan thy father—Vulcan was a god——

Laz. He'll make Vulcan your godfather by-and-by.

Pach. Yet, I say, Saturn was a crabbed block-head, and Vulcan a limping horn-head; for Venus his wife was a strumpet, and Mars begat all her children: Therefore, however, thy original must of necessity spring from bastardy. Further, what can be a more deject spirit in man, than to lay his hands under every one's horses' feet, to do him service as thou dost?—For thee, I will be brief; thou dost botch, and not mend, thou art a hider of enormities, *viz.* scabs, chilblains, and kib'd heels; much prone thou art to sects, and heresies, disturbing state and government; for how canst thou be a sound member in the commonwealth, that art so subject to stitches in the ancles? blush and be silent then, oh, ye mechanics! compare no more with the politic cobler! for coblers in old time have prophesied; what may they do now then, that have every day waxed[1] better and better? Have we not the length of every man's foot?

[1] *Waxed.*] The old Saxon word for *grew*, now confined to the waxing and waning of the moon.

Are we not daily menders? Yea, and what menders? Not horse-menders——

Laz. Nor manners-menders.

Pach. But sole-menders: Oh, divine coblers!—Do we not, like the wise man, spin our own threads, (or our wives for us?) Do we not, by our sowing the hide, reap the beef? Are not we of the gentle-craft, whilst both you are but crafts-men? You will say, you fear neither iron nor steel, and what you get is wrought out of the fire; I must answer you again though, all this is but forgery. You may likewise say, a man's a man, that has but a hose on his head: I must likewise answer, that man is a botcher that has a heel'd hose on his head. To conclude, there can be no comparison with the cobler, who is all in all in the common-wealth, has his politic eye and ends on every man's steps that walks, and whose course shall be lasting to the world's end.

Met. I give place: the wit of man is wonderful! Thou hast hit the nail on the head, and I will give thee six pots for't, though I ne'er clench shoe again.

Enter VITELLI *and* ALGUAZIER.

Pach. Who's this? Oh, our Alguazier;[a] as arrant a knave as e'er wore one head under two offices; he is one side Alguazier.

Met. The other side Serjeant.

Mend. That's both sides carrion, I am sure.

Pach. This is he apprehends whores in the way of justice, and lodges 'em in his own house, in the way of profit. He with him is the grand don Vi-

[a] *Alguazier.*] This should be more correctly, *alguazil*, Span. a bailiff, or catchpole.

telli, 'twixt whom and Fernando Alvarez the mortal hatred is: he is indeed my don's bawd, and does at this present lodge a famous courtezan of his, lately come from Madrid.

Vit. Let her want nothing, signor, she can ask:
What loss or injury you may sustain
I will repair, and recompense your love:
Only that fellow's coming I mislike,
And did forewarn her of him. Bear her this,
With my best love; at night I'll visit her.
[*Gives money.*

Alg. I rest your lordship's servant!

Vit. Good even, signors!—
Oh, Alvarez, thou hast brought a son with thee
Both brightens and obscures our nation,
Whose pure strong beams on us shoot like the sun's
On baser fires. I would to Heaven my blood
Had never stain'd thy bold unfortunate hand,
That with mine honour I might emulate,
Not persecute such virtue! I will see him,
Though with the hazard of my life; no rest
In my contentious spirits can I find,
Till I have gratified him in like kind. [*Exit.*

Alg. I know ye not! what are ye? Hence, ye base bisognios![3]

[3] *Besognios.*] This appears to be a word of contempt, which perhaps will receive some explanation from the following passage in Churchyard's Challenge, 1593. p. 85. "It may be thought that every mercinarie man and common hierling (taken up for a while, or serving a small season) is a souldier fit to be registred, or honoured among the renouned sort of warlike people. For such numbers of *bezoignies*, or necessarie instruments for the time, are to fall to their occupation when the service is ended, and not to live idlely, or looke for imbrasing."—*Reed.*

Bisogno is an Italian word, signifying *want.* In Spanish, *bisonno* is a common phrase for a new-raised soldier, or recruit; and the word is said to have originated from some Spanish soldiers in Italy.

Pach. Marry, Cazzo! Signor Alguazier, do you not know us?—Why, we are your honest neighbours, the cobler, smith, and botcher, that have so often sat snoring cheek by joll with your signory, in rug at midnight.

Laz. Nay, good signor, be not angry; you must understand, a cat and such an officer see best in the dark.

Met. By this hand, I could find in my heart to shoe his head!

Pach. Why then we know you, signor! Thou mungril, begot at midnight, at the gaol-gate, by a beadle on a catchpole's wife, are not you he that was whipt out of Toledo for perjury?

Mend. Next condemn'd to the gallies for pilfery, to the bull's pizzle?

Met. And after call'd to the inquisition for apostacy?

Pach. Are not you he that, rather than you durst go an industrious voyage, being press'd, to the islands, skulked till the fleet was gone, and then earned your rial a-day by squiring punks and punklings up and down the city?

Laz. Are not you a Portuguese born, descended o' the Moors, and came hither into Sevil with your master, an arrant tailor, in your red bonnet, and your blue jacket lousy; though now your block-head be cover'd with the Spanish block, and your lashed shoulders with a velvet pee?[4]

who, not knowing the language sufficiently, expressed their wants by the word *bisogno*, as *bisogno carne*, I want meat; and hence the inhabitants gave them the nickname of *bisogni*.

[4] *Your block-head be covered with a* Spanish block, *and your lashed shoulders with a* velvet pee.] *Velvet pee* is nonsense: we should read *velvet peel;* meaning a coat or covering of velvet. A Spanish block means a hat after the Spanish fashion.—*Mason.*

Pach. Are not you he that have been of thirty callings, yet ne'er a one lawful; that being a chandler first, professed sincerity, and would sell no man mustard to his beef on the sabbath, and yet sold hypocrisy all your life-time?

Met. Are not you he, that were since a surgeon to the stews, and undertook to cure, what the church itself could not, strumpets? that rise to your office by being a great don's bawd?

Laz. That commit men nightly, offenceless, for the gain of a groat a prisoner, which your beadle seems to put up, when you share three-pence?

Mend. Are not you he that is a kisser of men, in drunkenness, and a betrayer in sobriety?

Alg. *Diablo!* They'll rail me into the gallies again.

Pach. Yes, signor, thou art even he we speak of all this while. Thou mayst, by thy place now, lay us by the heels, 'tis true; but take heed; be wiser, pluck not ruin on thine own head; for never was there such an anatomy,[5] as we shall make thee then; be wise therefore, Oh, thou child of the night! Be friends, and shake hands. Thou art a

Though I believe Mason's conjecture is right, I have not disturbed the text, as so many phrases, which have been altered by intrepid editors, have been so frequently proved true by their being discovered in other old books. Besides, the word *peel* for a cloak, (which is evidently the sense of the word, and not *coat*,) has not occurred to the editor in any other passage.—A *block* meant anciently the mould of the hat; but is also used for the hat itself. So in Naps upon Parnassus, 1658, in the character of an antiquarian:—"Were they by chymist extracted, those reeking fumes by the artist extracted and modified, would very handsomely beaver their *blocks*, and fit them as neatly as ere the ancient black-capt cloud did the divine temple."

[5] *Such an* anatomy.] *Anatomy* was anciently synonymous with *skeleton*.

proper man, if thy beard were redder :[6] remember thy worshipful function, a constable; though thou turnest day into night, and night into day, what of that?—Watch less, and pray more: gird thy bear-skin (*viz.* thy rug-gown) to thy loins; take thy staff in thy hand, and go forth at midnight:[7] let not thy mittens abate the talons of thy authority,[8] but gripe theft and whoredom, wheresoever thou meet'st 'em; bear 'em away like a tempest, and lodge 'em safely in thine own house.

Laz. Would you have whores and thieves lodged in such a house?

Pach. They ever do so; I have found a thief or a whore there when the whole suburbs could not furnish me.

Laz. But why do they lodge there?

Pach. That they may be safe and forth-coming; for in the morning usually, the thief is sent to the gaol, and the whore prostrates herself to the justice.

Mend. Admirable Pachieco!

Met. Thou cobler of Christendom!

Alg. [*Aside.*] There is no railing with these

6 *Thou art a proper man, if thy beard were redder.*] In a preceding note in these volumes, it has been observed, that Judas was painted with a red beard, and to this Pachieco may sneeringly allude, as his fellow Metaldi had before said to the *alguacil*—"Are not you he that is a kisser of men in drunkenness, and a betrayer in sobriety?" In some parts of Germany red hair is still superstitiously supposed a sign of an evil disposition.

7 *Gird thy bear-skin,* (viz. *thy rug-gown*) *to thy loins; take thy staff in thy hand, and go forth at midnight.*] These words are found only in the first folio.—Ed. 1778.

They were probably omitted in 1679, as being a prophane allusion to scripture.

8 *That is,* Let not thy mittens be the same to thy talons as a button is to a foil.—*Sympson.*

rogues: I will close with 'em, till I can cry quittance.—Why, signors, and my honest neighbours, will ye impute that as a neglect of my friends, which is an imperfection in me? I have been sand-blind from my infancy; to make you amends, you shall sup with me.

Laz. Shall we sup with ye, sir? O' my conscience, they have wrong'd the gentleman extremely.

Alg. And after supper, I have a project to employ you in, shall make you drink and eat merrily this month. I am a little knavish; why, and do not I know all you to be knaves?

Pach. I grant you, we are all knaves, and will be your knaves; but oh, while you live, take heed of being a proud knave!

Alg. On then, pass; I will bear out my staff, and my staff shall bear out me.

Laz. Oh, Lazarillo, thou art going to supper.[9] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Alvarez' *House. Arms hanging on the Wall.*

Enter LUCIO *in Man's Attire, and* BOBADILLA.

Lucio. Pray be not angry.

[9] Fletcher seems here to have had in his recollection the namesake of this hungry hero in his own comedy of The Woman-Hater.

Bob. I am angry, and I will be angry. Diablo! what should you do in the kitchen? Cannot the cooks lick their fingers without your overseeing? nor the maids make pottage, except your dog's head be in the pot? Don Lucio? Don Quot-Quean,[1] don Spinster! wear a petticoat still, and put on your smock a' Monday; I will have a baby o' clouts made for it, like a great girl! Nay, if you will needs be starching of ruffs, and sowing of black-work, I will, of a mild and loving tutor, become a tyrant: your father has committed you to my charge, and I will make a man or a mouse on you.

Lucio. What would you have me do? This scurvy sword
So galls my thigh, I would 'twere burnt!—Pish, look,
This cloak will ne'er keep on; these boots too hide-bound,
Make me walk stiff, as if my legs were frozen,
And my spurs jingle like a morris-dancer:
Lord, how my head aches with this roguish hat!
This masculine attire is most uneasy,
I am bound up in it; I had rather walk
In folio again, loose, like a woman.

Bob. In *foolio*, had you not?
Thou mock to Heaven, and Nature, and thy parents!
Thou tender leg of lamb! Oh, how he walks
As if he had bepiss'd himself, and fleers!
Is this a gait for the young cavalier,
Don Lucio, son and heir to Alvarez?
Has it a corn? or docs it walk on conscience,

[1] *Quot-quean.*] An intentional corruption of *cotquean*, a man who employs himself more in women's affairs than in those befitting a man.

It treads so gingerly? Come on your ways!
Suppose me now your father's foe, Vitelli,
And spying you i' the street, thus I advance:
I twist my beard, and then I draw my sword.[a]
Lucio. Alas!
Bob. And thus accost thee: "Traitorous brat,
How durst thou thus confront me? impious twig
Of that old stock, dewed with my kinsman's gore,
Draw! for I'll quarter thee in pieces four."
Lucio. Nay, pr'ythee, Bobadilla, leaving thy fooling,
Put up thy sword. I will not meddle with you.
Ay, justle me, I care not, I'll not draw;
Pray be a quiet man.
Bob. Do ye hear? answer me, as you would do don Vitelli, or I'll be so bold as to lay the pommel of my sword over the hilts of your head!—
"My name's Vitelli, and I'll have the wall."
Lucio. "Why then,
I'll have the kennel: What a coil you keep?
Signor, what happen'd 'twixt my sire and your
Kinsman, was long before I saw the world;
No fault of mine, nor will I justify
My father's crimes: Forget, sir, and forgive,
'Tis Christianity. I pray put up your sword;
I'll give you any satisfaction,
That may become a gentleman. However,
I hope you are bred to more humanity,
Than to revenge my father's wrong on me,

[a] *I twist my beard, and then I draw my sword.*] This passage seems to explain the common phrase in old language, to beard an adversary, that is, to defy him. Steevens explains it to cut off the beard of the foe; but, as this could not be done till he was down, it seems more rational to suppose, (and indeed the text proves the supposition,) that to twist one's own beard was an insult intended to provoke the choler of the adversary, a mark of indignity similar to biting the thumb.

That crave your love and peace." Law-you-now, Zancho,
Would not this quiet him, were he ten Vitellis?

Bob. Oh, craven-chicken of a cock o' th' game! Well, what remedy?—Did thy father see this, o' my conscience, he would cut off thy masculine gender, crop thine ears, beat out thine eyes, and set thee in one of the pear-trees for a scare-crow! as I am Vitelli, I am satisfied; but as I am Bobadilla Spindola Zancho, steward of the house, and thy father's servant, I could find in my heart to lop off the hinder part of thy face, or to beat all thy teeth into thy mouth! Oh, thou whey-blooded milksop, I'll wait upon thee no longer; thou shalt even wait upon me. Come your ways, sir; I shall take a little pains with you else.

Enter Clara *in Female Habit.*

Clara. Where art thou, brother Lucio?—Ran tan tan ta, ran tan ran tan tan, ta ran tan tan tan!—Oh, I shall no more see those golden days! These clothes will never fadge with me:[3] A pox o' this filthy fardingale, this hip-hape! —Brother, why are women's haunches only limited, confined, hoop'd in as it were, with these same scurvy vardingales?

Bob. Because women's haunches only are most subject to display and fly out.

Clara. Bobadilla, rogue, ten ducats, I hit the prepuce of thy cod-piece!

Lucio. Hold, if you love my life, sister! I am not Zancho Bobadilla; I am your brother Lucio. What a fright you have put me in!

Clara. Brother? and wherefore thus?

Lucio. Why, master steward here, signor Zan-

[3] *These clothes will never* fadge *with me.*] That is, agree with me.

cho made me change: He does nothing but misuse me, and call me coward, and swears I shall wait upon him.

Bob. Well! I do no more than I have authority for.—'Would I were away though! [*Aside.*] For she's as much too mannish, as he too womanish: I dare not meddle with her; yet I must set a good face on it, if I had it.—I have like charge of you, madam; I am as well to mollify you as to qualify him. What have you to do with armors, and pistols, and javelins, and swords, and such tools? Remember, mistress, Nature hath given you a sheath only, to signify women are to put up men's weapons, not to draw them!—Look you now, is this a fit trot for a gentlewoman? You shall see the court-ladies move like goddesses, as if they trod air; they will swim you their measures,[4] like whiting-mops,[5] as if their feet were fins, and the hinges of their knees oil'd. Do they love to ride great horses as you do? no; they love to ride great asses sooner. 'Faith, I know not what to say to ye both: Custom hath turn'd Nature topsy-turvy in you.

Clara. Nay, but master steward!

Bob. You cannot trot so fast, but he ambles as slowly.

Clara. Signor Spindle! will you hear me?

Bob. He that shall come to bestride your virginity had better be a-foot o'er the dragon.

Clara. Very well!

Bob. Did ever Spanish lady pace so?

[4] *Measures.*] By this word was anciently meant *dances* of a slow and solemn nature, like our minuet.

[5] *Whiting-mops.*] i. e. Young whitings, commonly used as a term of endearment.

Clara. Hold these a little!
[*Takes a truncheon from the wall.*
Lucio. I'll not touch 'em, I.
Clara. First do I break your office o'er your pate,
You dog-skin-faced rogue, pilcher, you Poor-John![6]
Which I will beat to stock-fish. [*Beats him.*
Lucio. Sister!
Bob. Madam!
Clara. You cittern-head![7] who have you talk'd to, ha?
You nasty, stinking, and ill-countenanced cur!
Bob. By this hand I'll bang your brother for this, when I get him alone.
Clara. How! Kick him, Lucio! He shall kick you, Bob,
Spite o' thy nose; that's flat. Kick him, I say,
Or I will kick thy head off!
Bob. Softly, you had best! [LUCIO *kicks him.*
Clara. Now, thou lean, dried, and ominous-visaged knave,
Thou false and peremptory steward, pray!
For I will hang thee up in thine own chain!
Lucio. Good sister, do not choak him.
Bob. Murder! murder! [*Exit.*
Clara. Well! I shall meet with ye.—Lucio, who bought this?
'Tis a reasonable good one; but there hangs one,
Spain's champion ne'er used truer; with this staff
Old Alvarez has led up men so close,

6 *Poor John.*] Mr Malone observes that *poor John* is hake, dried and salted.

7 *You* cittern-head!] *Citterns* or lutes appear to have been anciently decorated with a head, as the word of contempt in the text occurs more than once. So in Ford's Fancies Chaste and Noble, (Ed. 1811, vol. II. p. 128.) "Thou'rt a prick-eared foist, a *cittern-headed* gewgaw," &c.

They could almost spit in the cannon's mouth;
Whilst I with that, and this, well mounted, skirr'd[7]
A horse-troop through and through, like swift Desire,
And seen poor rogues retire, all gore, and gash'd
Like bleeding shads.

Lucio. Bless us, sister Clara,
How desperately you talk! What do ye call
This gun? a dag?[8]

Clara. I'll give't thee; a French petronel.
You never saw my Barbary, the Infanta
Bestow'd upon me, as yet, Lucio:
Walk down, and see it.

Lucio. What, into the stable?
Not I; the jades will kick: The poor groom there

7 —— *and this, well mounted,* scour'd
A horse-troop through and through,—] The old folio reads *scurr'd*, which I take to be only a false spelling of a better word, viz. *skirr'd*: Thus Shakspeare in Macbeth, act v. scene iii.

"*Send out more horses;* skir *the country round.*"

To *skir* is *velitari*, to fight as the light-horse do, from whence the substantive *skirmish*.

In Henry V. Shakspeare uses the word for *flying swiftly*, though from an enemy. The king says of the French horse, act iv. scene xiii.

"*He'll make 'em* skir *away, as swift as stones*
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings."

No reader of taste would bear the change of the word *skir*, which is perfectly poetical, as the sound is an echo to the sense, for *scour*; and Fletcher has not suffered much less by the change.—*Seward.*

When the indeterminate state of orthography is considered, it will not appear wonderful that *scurr'd* may have been as common a manner of spelling the word in question as *skirred*.

8 —— *What do ye call*
This gun? a dag?] A *dag* was an ancient name for a pistol. So in Jack Drum's Entertainment:

—"He would shew me how to hold the *dag*,
To draw the cock, to charge, and set the flint."

Was almost spoil'd the other day.
Clara. Fy on thee!
Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy mother.
Lucio. When will you be a woman?
Clara. 'Would I were none!
But Nature's privy seal assures me one.

Enter ALVAREZ *and* BOBADILLA.

Alv. Thou anger'st me! Can strong habitual custom
Work with such magic on the mind and manners,
In spite of sex and Nature? Find out, sirrah,
Some skilful fighter.
Bob. Yes, sir.
Alv. I will rectify
And redeem either's proper inclination,
Or bray 'em in a mortar, and new-mold 'em.
Bob. Believe your eyes, sir; I tell you, we wash an Ethiop. [*Exit.*
Clara. I strike it, for ten ducats.
Alv. How now, Clara,
Your breeches on still? And your petticoat
Not yet off, Lucio? art thou not gelt?
Or did the cold Muscovite beget thee,
That lay here lieger,[9] in the last great frost?

[9] *That lay here* lieger.] So, in Greene's Quip for an Upstart Courtier, 4to. 1592:—"Indeed, I have been *lieger* in my time in London, and have play'd many madde pranckes, for which cause you may apparently see I am made a curtall; for the pillory (in the sight of a great many good and sufficient witnesses) hath eaten off both my eares, and now, sir, this rope-maker hunteth me heere with his halters."—And in the Roaring Girle, or Moll Cutpurse, by Middleton and Dekkar,

"What durst move you, sir,
To thinke me whoorish? a name which I'de teare out
From the hye Germaine's throat, *if it lay ledger* there!
To dispatch privy slanders against mee!"—*Reed.*

Art not thou, Clara, turn'd a man indeed
Beneath the girdle? and a woman thou?
I'll have you search'd; by Heaven, I strongly
doubt!
We must have these things mended. Come, go
in! [*Exit.*

Enter VITELLI *and* BOBADILLA.

Bob. With Lucio, say you? There he is for you.
Vit. And there is for thee. [*Gives money.*
Bob. I thank you. You have now bought a little advice of me: If you chance to have conference with that lady there, be very civil, or look to your head! She has ten nails, and you have but two eyes: If any foolish hot motions should chance to rise in the horizon, under your equinoctial there, qualify it as well as you can, for I fear the elevation of your pole will not agree with the horoscope of her constitution: She is Bell and the Dragon,[1] I assure you. [*Exit.*
Vit. Are you the Lucio, sir, that saved Vitelli?
Lucio. Not I, indeed, sir; I did never brabble: There walks that Lucio metamorphosed. [*Exit.*
Vit. Do you mock me?
Clara. No, he does not: I am that
Supposed Lucio that was, but Clara
That is, and daughter unto Alvarez.

A *lieger*-ambassador was one who was resident, in contradistinction to occasional envoys. Russian ambassadors were at King James's court in 1617, and in 1622; and as Sir Finnet, in his *Philoxenis*, mentions, that in the latter year, on account of the great frost, they did not stir from their house till June; the text probably alludes to the latter embassy, and this fixes the date of the play.

[1] *Bell and the Dragon.*] This sign may possibly be a corruption of the Dragon of Bable, or Babylon, one of the books in the Apocrypha.

Vit. Amazement daunts me! 'Would my life were riddles,
So you were still my fair expositor!
Protected by a lady from my death?
Oh, I shall wear an everlasting blush
Upon my cheek from this discovery!
Oh, you, the fairest soldier I e'er saw,
Each of whose eyes, like a bright beamy shield,
Conquers without blows, the contentious——
Clara. Sir, guard yourself; you are in your enemy's house,
And may be injured.
Vit. 'Tis impossible:
Foe, nor oppressing odds, dares prove Vitelli,
If Clara side him, and will call him friend.
I would the difference of our bloods were such
As might with any shift be wiped away!
Or 'would to Heaven yourself were all your name;
That, having lost blood by you, I might hope
To raise blood from you! But my black-wing'd fate
Hovers aversely over that fond hope;
And he whose tongue thus gratifies the daughter[a]
And sister of his enemy, wears a sword
To rip the father and the brother up:
Thus you, that saved this wretched life of mine,
Have saved it to the ruin of your friends.
That my affections should promiscuously
Dart love and hate at once, both worthily!
Pray let me kiss your hand!
Clara. You are treacherous,
And come to do me mischief.

[a] *Thus* gratifies *the daughter.*] This, says Sympson, "Comes in oddly," and therefore would read *glorifies*. But the old text may stand. To *gratify* in this line means, as Mason interprets it—to requite; Vitelli comes to thank Clara for saving his life in the first act.

Vit. Speak on still;
Your words are falser, fair, than my intents,
And each sweet accent far more treacherous; for
Though you speak ill of me, you speak so well
I do desire to hear you.
Clara. Pray be gone;
Or, kill me if you please.
Vit. Oh, neither can I:
For, to be gone were to destroy my life;
And to kill you were to destroy my soul.
I am in love, yet must not be in love!
I'll get away apace. Yet, valiant lady,
Such gratitude to honour I do owe,
And such obedience to your memory,
That if you will bestow something, that I
May wear about me, it shall bind all wrath,
My most inveterate wrath, from all attempts,
Till you and I meet next.
Clara. A favour, sir?
Why, I'll give you good counsel.
Vit. That already
You have bestow'd; a ribbon, or a glove——
Clara. Nay, those are tokens for a waiting-maid
To trim the butler with.
Vit. Your feather——
Clara. Fy!
The wenches give them to the serving-men.
Vit. That little ring——
Clara. 'Twill hold you but by th' finger;
And I would have you faster.
Vit. Any thing
That I may wear, and but remember you.
Clara. This smile; my good opinion; or myself!
But that, it seems, you like not.
Vit. Yes; so well,
When any smiles, I will remember yours;
Your good opinion shall in weight poize me

Against a thousand ill; lastly, yourself
My curious eye now figures in my heart,
Where I will wear you till the table break.[3]
So, whitest angels guard you!

Clara. Stay, sir; I
Have fitly thought to give, what you as fitly
May not disdain to wear.

Vit. What's that?

Clara. This sword.—
I never heard a man speak till this hour: [*Aside.*
His words are golden chains, and now I fear
The lioness hath met a tamer here:
Fy, how his tongue chimes!—What was I saying?
Oh, this favour I bequeath you, which I tie
In a love-knot, fast, ne'er to hurt my friends;
Yet be it fortunate 'gainst all your foes
(For I have neither friend, nor foe, but yours)
As e'er it was to me! I have kept it long,
And value it, next my virginity.—
But, good, return it; for I now remember
I vow'd, who purchased it should have me too.

Vit. 'Would that were possible; but, alas, 'tis not:
Yet this assure yourself, most-honoured Clara,
I'll not infringe an article of breath
My vow hath offer'd to you; nor from this part
Whilst it hath edge, or point, or I a heart. [*Exit.*

[3] —— *lastly, yourself*
My curious eye now figures in my heart,
Where I will wear it *till the* table *break.*] *Table* here, as in many other passages, means the board or canvas on which a picture is drawn. For instance, in Love's Sacrifice, by Ford—"I will have my picture drawn most compposituously, in a square *table*, of some two foot long, from the crown of the head to the waste downward."—Vitelli says, "Your form is pictured in my heart, where I will wear the representation of *you* till the picture, or rather the board or canvas on which the picture is drawn (my heart) break."

Clara. Oh, leave me living!—What new exercise
Is crept into my breast, that blancheth clean
My former nature? I begin to find
I am a woman, and must learn to fight
A softer sweeter battle than with swords.
I am sick methinks; but the disease I feel
Pleaseth, and punisheth. I warrant, love
Is very like this, that folks talk of so;
I skill not[4] what it is, yet sure even here,
Even in my heart, I sensibly perceive
It glows, and riseth like a glimmering flame,
But know not yet the essence on't, nor name.
[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Alguazier's *House.*

Enter MALRODA *and* ALGUAZIER.

Malr. He must not? nor he shall not? who shall let him?[5]
You, politic Diego, with your face of wisdom!
Don Blirt! The pox upon your aphorisms,

[4] *I* skill *not.*] That is, I care not.

[5] Let *him.*] Hinder him.

Your grave and sage ale-physiognomy!
Do not I know thee for the Alguazier,
Whose dunghill all the parish scavengers
Could never rid? Thou comedy to men,
Whose serious folly is a butt for all
To shoot their wits at; whilst thou hast not wit,
Nor heart, to answer, or be angry!

Alg. Lady!

Malr. Peace, peace, you rotten rogue, supported by
A staff of rottener office! Dare you check
Any's accesses that I will allow?
Piorato is my friend, and visits me
In lawful sort, to espouse me as his wife;
And who will cross, or shall, our interviews?
You know me, sirrah, for no chambermaid,
That cast her belly and her waistcoat[3] lately.
Thou think'st thy constableship is much! not so;
I am ten offices to thee: Ay, thy house,
Thy house and office is maintain'd by me.

Alg. My house-of-office is maintain'd i'th' garden!
Go to! I know you; and I have contrived,
(You're a delinquent) but I have contrived
A poison, though not in the third degree:
I can say, black's your eye,[4] though it be grey;

[3] *Waistcoat.*] See vol. V. p. 295.

[4] *I can say,* black's your eye.] This expression is not entirely obsolete among the vulgar. In The Bird in a Cage, by Shirley, Bonamico says—" Are you in debt, and fear arresting? you shall save your money in protections, come up to the sergeant, nay, walk by a shoal of these mankind horse-leaches, and be mace-proof. If you have a mind to rail at 'em, or kick some of their loose flesh out, they sha' not say *black's your eye,* nor with all their lynx's eyes discover you." And in Roy's Satire on Wolsey, entitled, " Rede me and be nott wrothe, for I say nothing but trothe,"—

——" they eat their bellies full,
Every man as moche as he wull,
And none sayth *black is his eye!*"

I have connived at this your friend, and you;
But what is got by this connivency?
I like his feature well;[5] a proper man,
Of good discourse, fine conversation,
Valiant, and a great carrier of the business,
Sweet-breasted[6] as the nightingale or thrush!
Yet I must tell you, you forget yourself;
My lord Vitelli's love, and maintenance,
Deserves no other Jack i' th' box,[7] but he.
What though he gather'd first the golden fruit,
And blew your pigs-coat up into a blister,
When you did wait at court upon his mother;
Has he not well provided for the bairn?
Beside, what profit reap I by the other?
If you will have me serve your pleasure, lady,
Your pleasure must accommodate my service;
As good be virtuous and poor, as not
Thrive by my knavery; all the world would be
Good, prosper'd goodness like to villainy.
I am the king's vicegerent by my place;
His right lieutenant in mine own precinct.

Malr. Thou art a right rascal in all men's precincts!
Yet now, my pair of twins, of fool and knave,
Look, we are friends; there's gold for thee: Admit
Whom I will have, and keep it from my don,
And I will make thee richer than thou art wise:

[5] *I like his* feather *well.*] Altered by Sympson. I am however by no means fully convinced of the necessity of the variation. As gallants almost universally wore feathers, the Alguacil might mean to designate the gait or fashion of Piorato by the term.

[6] *Sweet-breasted.*] See note on the Pilgrim, vol. V. p. 468.

[7] *Jack i' th' box.*] This may either allude to the common child's toy, where the touch of a spring opens the lid of a *box*, and discovers *Jack*, the small figure; or Jack i' th' box may be another name for Jack of the clock, frequently alluded to in old plays, and a specimen of it is still gazed at in Fleet street, at St Dunstan's church.

Thou shalt be my bawd, and my officer;
Thy children shall eat still, my good night-owl,
And thy old wife sell andirons to the court,
Be countenanced by the dons, and wear a hood,
Nay, keep my garden-house; I'll call her mother,
Thee father, my good poisonous red-hair'd devil,[8]
And gold shall daily be thy sacrifice,
Wrought from a fertile island of mine own,
Which I will offer, like an Indian queen.
Alg. And I will be thy devil, thou my flesh,
With which I'll catch the world.
Malr. Fill some tobacco,
And bring it in. If Piorato come
Before my don, admit him; if my don
Before my love, conduct him, my dear devil!
[*Exit.*
Alg. I will, my dear flesh.—First come, first served: Well said!—
Oh, equal Heaven, how wisely thou disposest
Thy several gifts! One's born a great rich fool,
For the subordinate knave to work upon;
Another's poor with wit's addition,
Which, well or ill used, builds a living up,
And that too from the sire oft descends
Only fair virtue, by traduction
Never succeeds,[9] and seldom meets success:
What have I then to do with't? My free will,
Left me by Heaven, makes me or good or ill.
Now since vice gets more in this vicious world
Than piety, and my stars' confluence
Enforce my disposition to affect

[8] *My good poisonous* red-hair'd dill.] The last word is, I suppose, an abbreviation of *devil.* For the preceding epithet see p. 410 of this play.

[9] *Never* succeeds.] *i. e.* Never follows by *succession.*—Ed. 1778.

Gain, and the name of rich, let who will practise
War, and grow that way great; religious,
And that way good! My chief felicity
Is wealth, the nurse of sensuality:
And he that mainly labours to be rich,
Must scratch great scabs, and claw a strumpet's
itch. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Street before the same.

Enter PIORATO *and* BOBADILLA.

Pio. To say, sir, I will wait upon your lord,
Were not to understand myself.
Bob. To say, sir,
You will do any thing but wait upon him,
Were not to understand my lord.
Pio. I'll meet him
Some half-hour hence, and doubt not but to render
His son a man again: The cure is easy;
I have done divers.
Bob. Women do you mean, sir?
Pio. Cures I do mean, sir. Be there but one
spark
Of fire remaining in him unextinct,
With my discourse I'll blow it to a flame,
And with my practice into action.
I have had one so full of childish fear,
And womanish-hearted, sent to my advice,
He durst not draw a knife to cut his meat.

Bob. And how, sir, did you help him?
Pio. Sir, I kept him
Seven days in a dark room by candle-light,
A plenteous table spread, with all good meats,
Before his eyes, a case of keen broad knives
Upon the board, and he so watch'd he might not
Touch the least modicum, unless he cut it:
And thus I brought him first to draw a knife.
Bob. Good!
Pio. Then for ten days did I diet him
Only with burnt pork, sir, and gammons of bacon;
A pill of caviary now and then,
Which breeds choler adust, you know——
Bob. 'Tis true.
Pio. And to purge phlegmatic humour, and cold crudities,
In all that time he drank me *aqua-fortis*,
And nothing else but——
Bob. *Aqua-vitæ*, signor;
For *aqua-fortis* poisons.
Pio. *Aqua-fortis*,
I say again: What's one man's poison, signor,
Is another's meat or drink.
Bob. Your patience, sir!
By your good patience, he had a huge cold stomach.
Pio. I fired it, and gave him then three sweats
In the artillery-yard, three drilling days;
And now he'll shoot a gun, and draw a sword,
And fight, with any man in Christendom.
Bob. A receipt for a coward! I'll be bold, sir,
To write your good prescription.
Pio. Sir, hereafter
You shall, and underneath it put *probatum*.—
Is your chain right?[1]

[1] *Is your chain* right?] That is, Is it real gold?

Bob. It is both right and just, sir;
For, though I am a steward, I did get it
With no man's wrong.
Pio. You are witty.
Bob. So, so.
Could you not cure one, sir, of being too rash,
And over-daring? (there now's my disease)
Fool-hardy, as they say? for that in sooth
I am.
Pio. Most easily.
Bob How?
Pio. To make you drunk, sir,
With small beer once a-day, and beat you twice,
Till you be bruis'd all over; if that help not,
Knock out your brains.
Bob. This is strong physic, signor,
And never will agree with my weak body:
I find the medicine worse than the malady,
And therefore will remain fool-hardy still.
You'll come, sir?
Pio. As I am a gentleman.
Bob. A man o' th' sword should never break his word.
Pio. I'll overtake you: I have only, sir,
A complimental visitation
To offer to a mistress lodged here by.
Bob. A gentlewoman?
Pio. Yes, sir.
Bob. Fair and comely?
Pio. Oh, sir, the paragon, the nonpareil
Of Sevil, the most wealthy mine of Spain,
For beauty and perfection.
Bob. Say you so?
Might not a man entreat a courtesy,
To walk along with you, signor, to peruse
This dainty mine, though not to dig in't, signor?
Hauh—I hope you'll not deny me, being a stranger;

Though I am steward, I am flesh and blood,
And frail as other men.

Pio. Sir, blow your nose!
I dare not, for the world: No; she is kept
By a great don, Vitelli.

Bob. How!

Pio. 'Tis true.

Bob. See, things will veer about! This don Vitelli
Am I to seek now, to deliver letters
From my young mistress Clara; and, I tell you,
Under the rose, (because you are a stranger
And my especial friend) I doubt there is
A little foolish love betwixt the parties,
Unknown unto my lord.

Pio. Happy discovery! [*Aside.*
My fruit begins to ripen.—Hark you, sir!
I would not wish you now to give those letters;
But home, and ope this to madonna Clara,
Which when I come I'll justify, and relate
More amply and particularly.

Bob. I approve
Your counsel, and will practise it. *Beso las manos!*
Here's two chewres chewr'd![a] When Wisdom is employ'd,
'Tis ever thus.—Your more acquaintance, signor!
I say not better, lest you think I thought not
Yours good enough. [*Exit.*

[a] *Here's two* chewres chewr'd.] That is, *Here are two businesses dispatched. Chewre* may be a south-country word for *business*; but in the north we should say,

Here's two chares char'd.

So in The Noble Kinsmen, we have the same word; act iii. sc. ii. the Gaoler's Daughter, speaking of Palamon, says,

" *All's* char'd *when he is gone. No, no, I lie,*
My father's to be hang'd for his escape, &c."—Sympson.

Pio. Your servant, excellent steward!
'Would all the dons in Spain had no more brains!

Enter ALGUAZIER.

Here comes the Alguazier: *Dieu vous guarde, monsieur!*
Is my cuz stirring yet?
Alg. Your cuz, good cousin?[3]
A whore is like a fool, a-kin to all
The gallants in the town. Your cuz, good signor,
Is gone abroad, sir, with her other cousin,
My lord Vitelli; since when there hath been
Some dozen cousins here to enquire for her.
Pio. She's greatly allied, sir.
Alg. Marry is she, sir;
Come of a lusty kindred! The truth is,
I must connive no more; no more admittance
Must I consent to: My good lord has threaten'd me,
And you must pardon——
Pio. Out upon thee, man!
Turn honest in thine age? one foot i' th' grave?
Thou shalt not wrong thyself so for a million.
Look, thou three-headed Cerberus (for wit
I mean), here is one sop, and two, and three;
For every chop a bit! [*Gives money.*
Alg. Ay, marry, sir!—
Well, the poor heart loves you but too well.
We have been talking on you, 'faith, this hour,

[3] *Cousin.*] So in Dekkar's Honest Whore:—

Cousin! a name of much deceit, folly, and sin;
For under that common abused word,
Many an honest-temper'd citizen
Is made a monster, and his wife trained out
To foul adulterous action, full of fraud.
I may well call that word a city's bawd.

Where, what I said—Go to! she loves your valour;
Oh, and your music most abominably!
She is within, sir, and alone.—What mean you?
[PIORATO *changes sides.*

Pio. That is your sergeant's side, I take it, sir;
Now I endure your constable's much better;
There is less danger in't; for one, you know,
Is a tame harmless monster in the light,
The sergeant, salvage[4] both by day and night.

Alg. I'll call her to you for that.

Pio. No, I'll charm her.

Alg. She's come.

Pio. My spirit!

Enter MALRODA.

Malr. Oh, my sweet!
Leap hearts to lips, and in our kisses meet!

SONG.

Pio. *Turn, turn, thy beauteous face away,*
How pale and sickly looks the day,
In emulation of thy brighter beams!
Oh, envious Light, fly, fly, begone,
Come, Night, and piece two breasts as one;
When what Love does, we will repeat in dreams.
Yet, thine eyes open, who can Day hence fright?
Let but their lids fall, and it will be Night!

Alg. Well, I will leave you to your fortitude,
And you to temperance. Ah, ye pretty pair!
'Twere sin to sunder you. Lovers being alone

[4] *Salvage.*] An obsolete word for *savage*, used by Piorato affectedly.

Make one of two, and day and night all one.
But fall not out, I charge you, keep the peace;
You know my place else. [*Exit.*

Malr. No, you will not marry;
You are a courtier, and can sing, my love,
And want no mistresses; but yet I care not,
I'll love you still, and when I am dead for you,
Then you'll believe my truth.

Pio. You kill me, fair!
It is my lesson that you speak. Have I
In any circumstance deserved this doubt?
I am not like your false and perjured don,
That here maintains you, an' has vow'd his faith;
And yet attempts in way of marriage
A lady not far off.

Malr. How's that?

Pio. 'Tis so:
And therefore, mistress, now the time is come
You may demand his promise; and I swear
To marry you with speed.

Malr. And with that gold
Which don Vitelli gives, you'll walk some voyage,[4]
And leave me to my trade; and laugh and brag,
How you o'er-reach'd a whore, and gull'd a lord.

Pio. You anger me extremely! Fare you well!
What should I say to be believed? Expose me
To any hazard; or, like jealous Juno,
The incensed step-mother of Hercules,
Design me labours most impossible,[5]

[4] Walk *some voyage.*] Voyage is now improperly applied only to journies at sea; but it properly signifies a journey either by land or sea, as the French use the word *voyage*. The word *journey* is derived from *jour*, the day: *voyage* is from *voye*, *via*, the *way*. And here is used in its proper signification.—*Seward.*

[5] *Labours most impossible.*] Sympson wishes to weaken the expression by reading—Labours *'most* (i. e. almost) impossible.

I'll do 'em, or die in 'em; so at last
You will believe me.
Malr. Come; we are friends; I do!
I am thine; walk in. My lord has sent me outsides,
But thou shalt have 'em; the colours are too sad.[6]
Pio. 'Faith, mistress, I want clothes indeed.
Malr. I have
Some gold too, for my servant.
Pio. And I have
A better metal for my mistress. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the same.

Enter VITELLI *and* ALGUAZIER, *at several Doors.*

Alg. [*Aside.*] Undone!—Wit, now or never help me!—My master?
He'll cut my throat!—I am a dead constable!

But the present reading is right, and a bold poetical mode of expression used by Shakspeare as well as by our authors. In Much Ado about Nothing, Beatrice says that Benedict amused himself in devising impossible slanders: in the Merry Wives of Windsor, Ford says, he would search for Falstaff in impossible places: and in Jonson's Sejanus, Silius accuses Aper of malicious and manifold applying, foul arresting, and impossible construction.—*Mason.*

[6] *My lord has sent me* outsides;
But thou shalt have 'em; the colours are too sad.] The outsides mentioned here are probably outer-cloaks which were worn over the mantle. *Sad* has here the same meaning which has occurred before, *viz.* sombre, dark-coloured.

And he'll not be hang'd neither; there's the grief.—
The party, sir, is here——

Vit. What?

Alg. He was here;
(I cry your lordship mercy!) but I rattled him;
I told him here was no companions
For such debosh'd, and poor-condition'd fellows;
I bid him venture not so desperately
The cropping of his ears, slitting his nose,
Or being gelt——

Vit. 'Twas well done.

Alg. Please your honour,
I told him there were stews; and then at last
Swore three or four great oaths she was removed,
Which I did think I might, in conscience,
Being for your lordship.

Vit. What became of him?

Alg. 'Faith, sir, he went away with a flea in's ear,
Like a poor cur, clapping his trindle tail [7]
Betwixt his legs.—*A chi ha, a chi ha, a chi ha!*—
Now, luck!

Enter MALRODA *and* PIORATO.

Malr. 'Tis he; do as I told thee; bless thee, signor!—
Oh, my dear lord.

Vit. Malroda? what, alone?

Malr. She never is alone, that is accompanied

[7] *Trindle-tail.*] A term for a mean species of dogs (here applied to the tail itself) mentioned in other plays of Fletcher as well as in Shakspeare's King Lear. The exclamation in the next line may be an imitation of sneezing, the signal to Malroda and Piorato that Vitelli is in the house; and to this the words "Now, luck!" may refer.

With noble thoughts, my lord; and mine are such,
Being only of your lordship.
Vit. Pretty lass!
Malr. Oh, my good lord, my picture's done; but 'faith,
It is not like. Nay, this way, sir! the light
Strikes best upon it here.
[*Shows a picture, behind which* PIORATO *steals out.*
Pio. Excellent wench! [*Exit.*
Alg. I am glad the danger's o'er. [*Exit.*
Vit. 'Tis wond'rous like,
But that Art cannot counterfeit what Nature
Could make but once.
Malr. All's clear; another tune [*Aside.*
You must hear from me now.—Vitelli, thou art
A most perfidious and a perjured man,
As ever did usurp nobility!
Vit. What mean'st thou, Mal?
Malr. Leave your betraying smiles,
And change the tunes of your enticing tongue
To penitential prayers; for I am great
In labour, even with anger; big with child
Of woman's rage, bigger than when my womb
Was pregnant by thee! Go, seducer, fly
Out of the world; let me the last wretch be
Dishonour'd by thee! Touch me not; I loath
My very heart, because thou lay'st there long.
A woman's well help'd up, that's confident
In e'er a glittering outside of you all!
'Would I had honestly been match'd to some
Poor country swain, ere known the vanity
Of court! peace then had been my portion,
Nor had been cozen'd by an hour's pomp,
To be a whore unto my dying day!
Vit. Oh, the uncomfortable ways such women have!

Their different speech and meaning, no assurance
In what they say or do: Dissemblers
Even in their prayers, as if the weeping Greek
That flatter'd Troy a-fire, had been their Adam;
Liars, as if their mother had been made
Only of all the falsehood of the man,
Disposed into that rib! Do I know this,
And more; nay, all that can concern this sex,
With the true end of my creation?
Can I with rational discourse sometimes
Advance my spirit into Heaven, before
'T has shook hands with my body, and yet blindly
Suffer my filthy flesh to master it,
With sight of such fair frail beguiling objects?
When I am absent, easily I resolve
Ne'er more to entertain those strong desires
That triumph o'er me, even to actual sin;
Yet when I meet again those sorcerer's eyes,
Their beams my hardest resolutions thaw,
As if that cakes of ice and July met;
And her sighs, powerful as the violent north,
Like a light feather twirl me round about,
And leave me in mine own low state again.—
What ail'st thou? Pr'ythee, weep not! Oh, those tears,
If they were true, and rightly spent, would raise
A flow'ry spring i' th' midst of January;
Celestial ministers with crystal cups
Would stoop to save 'em for immortal drink!
But from this passion—Why all this?

Malr. Do you ask?
You are marrying! having made me unfit
For any man, you leave me fit for all:
Porters must be my burdens now, to live;
And fitting me yourself for carts and beadles,
You leave me to 'em: And who, of all the world,
But the virago, your great arch-foe's daughter?

But on! I care not this poor rush! 'Twill breed
An excellent comedy; ha! ha! It makes me laugh;
I cannot chuse. The best is, some report
It is a match for fear, not love, o' your side.
Vit. Why, how the devil knows she that I saw [*Aside.*
This lady? are all whores pieced with some witch?
I will be merry.—'Faith, 'tis true, sweetheart,
I am to marry——
Malr. Are you? You base lord!
By Heaven, I'll pistol thee.
Vit. A roaring whore!—
Take heed! there's a correction-house hard by.
You ha' learn'd this o' your swordman, that I warn'd you of,
Your fencers and your drunkards. But whereas
You upbraid me with oaths, why, I must tell you
I ne'er promised you marriage, nor have vowd,
But said I love you, long as you remain'd
The woman I expected, or you swore:
And how you have fail'd of that, sweetheart, you know.
You fain would shew your power; but, fare you well!
I'll keep no more faith with an infidel.
Malr. Nor I my bosom for a Turk. Do ye hear?
Go! and the devil take me, if ever
I see you more! I was too true.
Vit. Come; pish!
That devil take the falsest of us two!
Malr. Amen!
Vit. You're an ill clerk, and curse yourself:
Madness transports you. I confess, I drew you
Unto my will; but you must know that must not
Make me dote on the habit of my sin:
I will, to settle you to your content,

Be master of my word. And yet he lied,
That told you I was marrying but in thought:
But will you slave me to your tyranny
So cruelly, I shall not dare to look
Or speak to other women? make me not
Your smock's monopoly. Come, let's be friends!
Look, here's a jewel for thee: I will come
At night, and——

Malr. What? I'faith you shall not, sir.

Vit. I'faith and troth, and verily, but I will.

Malr. Half-drunk, to make a noise, and rail?

Vit. No, no;
Sober, and dieted for the nonce. I am thine!
I have won the day.

Malr. The night, though, shall be mine.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in ALVAREZ' *House.*

Enter CLARA *and* BOBADILLA.

Clara. What said he, sirrah?

Bob. Little, or nothing. 'Faith, I saw him not,
Nor will not: He doth love a strumpet, mistress,
Nay, keeps her spitefully, under the constable's
nose:
It shall be justified by the gentleman,
Your brother's master, that is now within
A-practising. There are your letters! Come,
You shall not cast yourself away while I live;
Nor will I venture my right-worshipful place

In such a business. Here's your mother (down!)
And he that loves you; another 'gates fellow—
I wish if you had any grace——
Clara. Well, rogue! [*Sits and works.*
Bob. I'll in,
To see don Lucio manage: He will make
A pretty piece of flesh, I promise you;
He does already handle his weapon finely. [*Exit.*

Enter EUGENIA *and* SYAVEDRA.

Eug. She knows your love, sir, and the full allowance
Her father and myself approve it with;
And I must tell you, I much hope it hath
Wrought some impression, by her alteration:
She sighs, and says *forsooth*, and cries *heigh-ho!*
She'll take ill words o' th' steward, and the servants,
Yet answer affably, and modestly;
Things, sir, not usual with her. There she is;
Change some few words.
Syav. Madam, I am bound to you.—
How now, fair mistress? working?
Clara. Yes, forsooth;
Learning to live another day.
Syav. That needs not.
Clara. No, forsooth? by my truly, but it does;
We know not what we may come to.
Eug. 'Tis strange!
Syav. Come, I ha' begg'd leave for you to play.
Clara. Forsooth,
'Tis ill for a fair lady to be idle.
Syav. She had better be well busied, I know that.
Turtle, methinks you mourn; shall I sit by you?

Clara. If you be weary, sir, you had best be gone;
I work not a true stitch, now you're my mate.
Syav. If I be so, I must do more than side you.
Clara. Even what you will, but tread me.
Syav. Shall we bill?
Clara. Oh, no, forsooth.
Syav. Being so fair, my Clara,
Why do you delight in black-work?
Clara. Oh, white sir,
The fairest ladies like the blackest men:
I ever loved the colour; all black things
Are least subject to change.
Syav. Why, I do love
A black thing too; and the most beauteous faces
Have oftnest of them; as the blackest eyes,
Jet-arched brows, such hair. I'll kiss your hand.
Clara. 'Twill hinder me my work, sir; and my mother
Will chide me if I do not do my task.
Syav. Your mother, nor your father, shall chide.—You
Might have a prettier task, would you be ruled,
And look with open eyes.
Clara. I stare upon you,
And broadly see you; a wond'rous proper man!
Yet 'twere a greater task for me to love you,
Than I shall ever work, sir, in seven year.
Plague o' this stitching! I had rather feel
Two, than sow one.—This rogue has given me a stitch [*Aside.*
Clean cross my heart.—Good faith, sir, I shall prick you!
Syav. In gooder faith, I would prick you again!
Clara. Now you grow troublesome! Pish, the man's foolish!
Syav. Pray wear these trifles.
Clara. Neither you, nor trifles:

You are a trifle; wear yourself, sir, out,
And here no more trifle the time away.
Syav. Come, you're deceived in me; I will not wake,
Nor fast, nor die for you.
Clara. Goose, be not you deceived!
I cannot like, nor love, nor live with you,
Nor fast, nor watch, nor pray for you.
Eug. Her old fit!
Syav. [*Aside.*] Sure this is not the way.—Nay, I will break
Your melancholy——
Clara. I shall break your pate then.
Away, you sanguine scabbard!
Eug. Out upon thee!
Thou'lt break my heart, I am sure.
Syav. She's not yet tame.

Enter ALVAREZ; PIORATO, *and* LUCIO, *fencing, and* BOBADILLA.

Alv. On, sir! put home! or I shall goad you here
With this old fox[8] of mine, that will bite better.
Oh, the brave age is gone! In my young days
A chevalier would stock[9] a needle's point
Three times together: Strait i' th' hams!
Or shall I give you new garters?
Bob. 'Faith, old master,
There's little hope; the linen sure was dank

[8] *With this old fox of mine.*] Fox was a cant word for a sword. So Pistol, in King Henry V., says—

> "O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of *fox*,
> Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
> Egregious ransome."

[9] *A chevalier would stock a needle's point.*] That is, would hit it with a stoccado, a thrust with his rapier.—*Mason.*

He was begot in, he's so faint and cold!
Even send him to Toledo, there to study;
For he will never fadge[1] with these Toledos.
Bear ye up your point there, pick his teeth! Oh, base!

Pio. Fy! you are the most untoward scholar!—Bear
Your body gracefully; what a posture's there!
You lie too open-breasted.

Lucio. Oh!

Pio. You would
Never make a good statesman.

Lucio. Pray, no more!
I hope to breathe in peace, and therefore need not
The practice of these dangerous qualities:
I do not mean to live by't, for I trust
You'll leave me better able.

Alv. Not a button!
Eugenia, let's go get us a new heir.

Eug. Ay, by my troth, your daughter's as untoward.

Alv. I will break thee bone by bone, and bake thee, ere
I will ha' such a wooden son to inherit.—
Take him a good knock; see how that will work.

Pio. Now for your life, signor!

Lucio. Oh, alas, I am kill'd!
My eye is out! Look, father! Zancho!
I'll play the fool no more thus, that I will not.

Clara. 'Heart, ne'er a rogue in Spain shall wrong my brother,
Whilst I can hold a sword. [*Thrusts at* PIORATO.

Pio. Hold, madam, madam!

Alv. Clara!

[1] *Fadge.*] This obsolete word has already occurred in this play in the same sense, *viz.* agree.

Eug. Daughter!
Bob. Mistress!
Pio. *Bradamante!*
Hold, hold, I pray.
Alv. The devil's in her, o' the other side sure!—
There's gold for you.—They have changed what-ye-call't's.
Will no cure help? Well, I have one experiment,
And if that fail, I'll hang him; then there's an end on't.
Come you along with me! and you, sir!
Bob. Now are you going to drowning.
[*Exeunt* ALVAREZ, EUGENIA, LUCIO, *and* BOBADILLA.
Syav. I'll even along with ye; she's too great a lady,
For me, and would prove more than my match.
[*Exit.*
Clara. You are he spoke of Vitelli to the steward?
Pio. Yes; and, I thank you, you have beat me for't.
Clara. But are you sure you do not wrong him?
Pio. Sure?
So sure, that, if you please venture yourself,
I'll shew you him and his cockatrice together,
And you shall hear 'em talk.
Clara. Will you? By Heaven, sir,
You shall endear me ever; and I ask
You mercy!
Pio. You were somewhat boisterous.
Clara. There's gold to make ye amends; and for this pains,
I'll gratify you further. I'll but mask me,
And walk along with ye. 'Faith, let's make a night on't! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Night. A Street.

Enter ALGUAZIER, PACHIECO, MENDOZA, METALDI, *and* LAZARILLO.

Alg. Come on, my brave water-spaniels! you that hunt ducks in the night, and hide more knavery under your gowns than your betters! Observe my precepts, and edify by my doctrine. At yond corner will I set you: If drunkards molest the street, and fall to brabbling, knock you down the malefactors, and take you up their cloaks and hats, and bring them to me; they are lawful prisoners, and must be ransom'd ere they receive liberty. What else you are to execute upon occasion, you sufficiently know, and therefore I abbreviate my lecture.

Met. We are wise enough, and warm enough.

Mend. Vice this night shall be apprehended!

Pach. The terror of rug-gowns shall be known, and our bills discharge us of after-reckonings.

Laz. I will do any thing, so I may eat!

Pach. Lazarillo, we will spend no more; now we are grown worse, we will live better; let us follow our calling faithfully.

Alg. Away then! the commonwealth is our mistress; and who would serve a common mistress, but to gain by her? [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter VITELLI, LAMORAI, GENEVORA, ANASTRO, *and two Pages with Lights.*

Lam. I pray you see the masque, my lord.
Ana. 'Tis early night yet.
Gen. Oh, if it be so late, take me along;
I would not give advantage to ill tongues
To tax my being here, without your presence
To be my warrant.
Vit. You might spare this, sister,
Knowing with whom I leave you; one that is,
By your allowance, and his choice, your servant,
And, may my counsel and persuasion work it,
Your husband speedily.—For your entertainment
My thanks! I will not rob you of the means
To do your mistress some acceptable service,
In waiting on her to my house.
Gen. My lord——
Vit. As you respect me, without further trouble
Retire, and taste those pleasures prepaıed for you,
And leave me to my own ways.
Lam. When you please, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Alguazier's *House with a Gallery.*

Enter MALRODA *and* ALGUAZIER.

Malr. You'll leave my chamber?
Alg. Let us but bill once,
My dove, my sparrow, and I, with my office,
Will be thy slaves for ever.
Malr. Are you so hot?
Alg. But taste the difference of a man in place:
You'll find that, when authority pricks him forward,
Your don, nor yet your Diego, comes not near him,
To do a lady right! No men pay dearer
For their stolen sweets than we; three minutes' trading
Affords to any sinner a protection
For three years after; think on that. I burn!
But one drop of your bounty——
Malr. Hence, you rogue!
Am I fit for you? is't not grace sufficient
To have your staff a bolt to bar the door
Where a don enters, but that you'll presume
To be his taster?
Alg. Is no more respect
Due to this rod of justice?
Malr. Do you dispute?
Good doctor of the dungeon, not a word more!
Pox! if you do, my lord Vitelli knows it.
Alg. Why, I am big enough to answer him,

Or any man.
Malr. 'Tis well!
Vit. [*Within.*] Malroda!
Alg. How?
Malr. You know the voice; and now crouch like a cur
Ta'en worrying sheep: I now could have you gelded
For a bawd rampant; but, on this submission,
For once I spare you.
Alg. [*Aside.*] I will be revenged!—

Enter VITELLI.

My honourable lord.
Vit. There's for thy care.
Alg. I am mad, stark mad! Proud Pagan! scorn her host? [*Aside.*
I would I were but valiant enough to kick her!
I would wish no manhood else.
Malr. What's that?
Alg. I am gone. [*Exit.*

Enter PIORATO *and* CLARA, *above.*

Pio. You see I have kept my word.
Clara. But in this object
Hardly deserved my thanks.
Pio. Is there aught else
You will command me?
Clara. Only your sword,
Which I must have. Nay, willingly! I yet know
To force it, and to use it.
Pio. 'Tis yours, lady.
Clara. I ask no other guard.
Pio. If so, I leave you.
And now, if that the constable keep his word,

A poorer man may chance to gull a lord. [*Exit.*
Malr. By this good kiss, you shall not.
Vit. By this kiss,
I must, and will, Malroda! What, do you make
A stranger of me?
Malr. I'll be so to you,
And you shall find it.
Vit. These are your old arts,
To endear the game you know I come to hunt for;
Which I have borne too coldly.
Malr. Do so still!
For if I heat you, hang me!
Vit. If you do not,
I know who'll starve for't. Why, thou shame of women,
Whose folly or whose impudence is greater
Is doubtful to determine! This to me,
That know thee for a whore?
Malr. And made me one;
Remember that!
Vit. Why, should I but grow wise,
And tie that bounty up, which nor discretion
Nor honour can give way to, thou wouldst be
A bawd ere twenty; and, within a month,
A barefoot, lowsy, and diseased whore,
And shift thy lodgings oftner than a rogue
That's whipt from post to post.
Malr. Pish! all our college
Know you can rail well in this kind.
Clara. For me
He never spake so well!
Vit. I have maintain'd thee
The envy of great fortunes; made thee shine
As if thy name were glorious; stuck thee full
Of jewels, as the firmament of stars;
And in it made thee so remarkable,
That it grew questionable whether Virtue poor,

Or Vice so set forth as it is in thee,
Were even by Modesty's self to be preferr'd:
And am I thus repaid?
Malr. You are still my debtor!
Can this, though true, be weigh'd with my lost honour,
Much less my faith? I have lived private to you,
And but for you had ne'er known what lust was,
Nor what the sorrow for't.
Vit. 'Tis false!
Malr. 'Tis true!
But how return'd by you? thy whole life being
But one continued act of lust, and shipwreck
Of women's chastities.
Vit. But that I know
That she that dares be damn'd dares any thing,
I should admire thy tempting me; but presume not
On the power you think you hold o'er my affections;
It will deceive you! Yield, and presently,
Or by the inflamed blood, which thou must quench,
I'll make a forcible entry.
Malr. Touch me not!
You know I have a throat: By Heaven, if you do,
I will cry out a rape, or sheathe this here,
Ere I'll be kept, and used for julip-water,
To allay the heat which luscious meats and wine,
And not desire, hath raised.
Vit. A desperate devil! [*Aside.*
My blood commands my reason; I must take
Some milder way.
Malr. I hope, dear don, I fit you: [*Aside.*
The night is mine, although the day was yours!
You are not fasting now. This speeding trick
(Which I would as a principle leave to all

That make their maintenance out of their own
Indies,
As I do now) my good old mother taught me:
"Daughter," quoth she, "contest not with your
lover,
His stomach being empty; let wine heat him,
And then you may command him:" 'Tis a sure one!
His looks shew he is coming.
Vit. Come, this needs not,
Especially to me: You know how dear
I ever have esteem'd you——
Clara. Lost again!
Vit. That any sigh[a] of yours hath power to
change
My strongest resolution; and one tear
Sufficient to command a pardon from me,
For any wrong from you, which all mankind
Should kneel in vain for.
Malr. Pray you pardon those
That need your favour, or desire it.
Vit. Pr'ythee
Be better temper'd: I'll pay, as a forfeit
For my rash anger, this purse fill'd with gold.
Thou shalt have servants, gowns, attires; what
not?
Only continue mine.
Malr. 'Twas this I fish'd for. [*Aside.*
Vit. Look on me, and receive it.
Malr. Well, you know
My gentle nature, and take pride to abuse it.
You see a trifle pleases me: We are friends;
This kiss, and this, confirms it.
Clara. With my ruin!
Malr. I'll have this diamond, and this pearl.

[a] *That any* sight *of yours.*] Amended from Sympson's conjecture.—Ed. 1778.

Vit. They are yours.
Malr. But will you not, when you have what you came for,
Take them from me to-morrow? 'Tis a fashion
Your lords of late have used.
Vit. But I'll not follow.
Clara. That any man at such a rate as this
Should pay for his repentance!
Vit. Shall we to-bed now?
Malr. Instantly, sweet. Yet, now I think on't better,
There's something first that in a word or two
I must acquaint you with.
Clara. Can I cry aim[3]
To this, against myself? I'll break this match,
Or make it stronger with my blood! [*Descends.*

Enter ALGUAZIER, PIORATO, PACHIECO, METALDI, MENDOZA, LAZARILLO, *&c. and stand apart.*

Alg. I am yours!
A don's not privileged here more than yourself:
Win her, and wear her.
Pio. Have you a priest ready?
Alg. I have him for thee, lad.—And when I have
Married this scornful whore to this poor gallant,
She will make suit to me: There is a trick
To bring a high-priced wench upon her knees.
For you, my fine neat harpies, stretch your talons,
And prove yourselves true night-birds.
Pach. Take my word
For me and all the rest.
Laz. If there be meat
Or any banquet stirring, you shall see
How I'll bestow myself.

[3] *Can I* cry ayme.] See the False One, vol. V. p. 114.

Alg. When they are drawn,
Rush in upon 'em; all's fair prize you light on.
I must away: Your officer may give way
To the knavery of his watch, but must not see it.
You all know where to find me. [*Exit.*

Met. There look for us.

Vit. Who's that?

Malr. My Piorato? Welcome, welcome!
'Faith, had you not come when you did, my lord
Had done I know not what to me.

Vit. I am gull'd!
First cheated of my jewels, and then laugh'd at!
—Sirrah, what make you here?

Pio. A business brings me,
More lawful than your own.

Vit. How's that, you slave?

Malr. He's such, that would continue her a whore,
Whom he would make a wife of!

Vit. I'll tread upon [*Draws.*
The face you dote on, strumpet!

Enter CLARA.

Pach. Keep the peace there!
[*They rush forward.*

Vit. A plot upon my life too?

Met. Down with him!

Clara. Shew your old valour, and learn from a woman!
One eagle has a world of odds against
A flight of daws, as these are. [*She beats them off.*

Pio. Get you off;
I'll follow instantly.

Pach. Run for more help there!
[*Exeunt all but* VITELLI *and* CLARA.

Vit. Loss of my gold, and jewels, and the wench
too,
Afflicts me not so much as the having Clara
The witness of my weakness.
Clara. He turns from me!
And yet I may urge merit; since his life
Is made my second gift.
Vit. May I ne'er prosper
If I know how to thank her!
Clara. Sir, your pardon
For pressing thus, beyond a virgin's bounds,
Upon your privacies; and let my being
Like to a man, as you are, be the excuse
Of my soliciting that from you, which shall not
Be granted on my part, although desired
By any other. Sir, you understand me;
And 'twould shew nobly in you, to prevent
From me a further boldness, which I must
Proceed in, if you prove not merciful,
Though with my loss of blushes and good name.
Vit. Madam, I know your will, and would be
thankful,
If it were possible I could affect
The daughter of an enemy.
Clara. That fair false one,
Whom with fond dôtage you have long pursued,
Had such a father; she to whom you pay
Dearer for your dishonour, than all titles
Ambitious men hunt for are worth.
Vit. 'Tis truth.
Clara. Yet, with her, as a friend, you still ex-
change
Health for diseases, and, to your disgrace,
Nourish the rivals to your present pleasures,
At your own charge; used as a property
To give a safe protection to her lust,

Yet share in nothing but the shame of it.
Vit. Grant all this so, to take you for a wife
Were greater hazard; for should I offend you
(As 'tis not easy still to please a woman)
You're of so great a spirit, that I must learn
To wear your petticoat, for you will have
My breeches from me.
Clara. Rather from this hour
I here abjure all actions of a man,
And will esteem it happiness from you
To suffer like a woman. Love, true love,
Hath made a search within me, and expell'd
All but my natural softness, and made perfect
That which my parents' care could not begin.
I will shew strength in nothing, but my duty
And glad desire to please you, and in that
Grow every day more able.
Vit. Could this be, [*Aside.*
What a brave race might I beget! I find
A kind of yielding; and no reason why
I should hold longer out: She's young, and fair,
And chaste, for sure; but with her leave, the devil
Durst not attempt her.—Madam, though you have
A soldier's arm, your lips appear as if
They were a lady's.
Clara. They dare, sir, from you
Endure the trial.
Vit. [*Kisses her.*] Ha! once more, I pray you!—
The best I ever tasted; and 'tis said
I have proved many. 'Tis not safe, I fear,
To ask the rest now. Well, I will leave whoring,
And luck herein send me with her!—Worthiest lady,
I'll wait upon you home, and by the way
(If e'er I marry, as I'll not forswear it)
Tell you, you are my wife.
Clara. Which if you do,

From me, all mankind women learn to wooe![4]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Night. A Street.

Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Metaldi, Mendoza, *and* Lazarillo.

Alg. A cloak? Good purchase![5] And rich hangers? well!
We'll share ten pistolets a-man.
Laz. Yet still
I am monstrous hungry! Could you not deduct
So much out of the gross sum, as would purchase
Eight loins of veal, and some two dozen of capons?
Pach. Oh, strange proportion for five!
Laz. For five? I have
A legion in my stomach, that have kept
Perpetual fast these ten years: For the capons,
They are to me but as so many black-birds.
May I but eat once, and be satisfied,
Let the fates call me, when my ship is fraught,
And I shall hang in peace.
Alg. Steal well to-night,
And thou shalt feed to-morrow. So! now you are

[4] Mankind *women.*] A *mankind* woman here, and in many other passages of old authors, is equivalent to *masculine.*

[5] *Good* purchase.] *Purchase* was very generally used for property stolen, or otherwise unlawfully acquired.

Yourselves again, I'll raise another watch
To free you from suspicion: Set on any
You meet with boldly; I'll not be far off,
To assist you, and protect you. [*Exit.*
Met. Oh, brave officer!
Pach. 'Would every ward had one but so well given,
And we would watch, for rug,[6] in gowns of velvet!

Enter ALVAREZ, LUCIO, *and* BOBADILLA.

Mend. Stand close; a prize!
Met. Sattin, and gold lace, lads!
Alv. Why dost thou hang upon me?
Lucio. 'Tis so dark
I dare not see my way; for Heaven sake, father,
Let us go home!
Bob. No, even here we'll leave you.—
Let's run away from him, my lord.
Lucio. Oh, 'las!
Alv. Thou hast made me mad, and I will beat thee dead,
Then bray thee in a mortar, and new-mould thee,
But I will alter thee.
Bob. 'Twill never be:
He has been three days practising to drink,
Yet still he sips like to a waiting-woman,
And looks as he were murdering of a fart
Among wild Irish swaggerers.
Lucio. I have still
Your good word, Zancho. Father——

6 *And we would watch, for rug, in gowns of velvet.*] That is, in velvet gowns instead of rug gowns, which, from this and various other passages in this and other old plays, appear to have been worn by constables and sheriffs' officers.

Alv. Milk-sop, coward!
No house of mine receives thee; I disclaim thee;
Thy mother on her knees shall not entreat me
Hereafter to acknowledge thee!
Lucio. Pray you speak for me!
Bob. I would, but now I cannot with mine honour.
Alv. There's only one course left, that may redeem thee,
Which is, to strike the next man that you meet;
And if we chance to light upon a woman,
Take her away, and use her like a man,
Or I will cut thy hamstrings.
Pach. This makes for us.
Alv. What dost thou do now?
Lucio. Sir, I'am saying my prayers;
For being to undertake what you would have me,
I know I cannot live.

Enter LAMORAL, GENEVORA, ANASTRO, *and Pages with Lights.*

Lam. Madam, I fear
You'll wish you had used your coach; your brother's house
Is yet far off.
Gen. The better, sir; this walk
Will help digestion after your great supper,
Of which I have fed largely.
Alv. To your task!
Or else you know what follows.
Lucio. I am dying:
Now, Lord have mercy on me!—By your favour,
Sir, I must strike you.
Lam. For what cause?
Lucio. I know not.
And I must likewise talk with that young lady,

An hour in private.
Lam. What you must, is doubtful;
But I am certain, sir, I must beat you.
[*Strikes him.*
Lucio. Help, help!
Alv. Not strike again?
Lam. How! Alvarez?
Ana. This for my lord Vitelli's love!
[*Strikes* ALVAREZ *down.*
Pach. Break out;
And, like true thieves, make prey on either side,
But seem to help the stronger.[7]
Bob. Oh, my lord!
They have beat him on his knees.
Lucio. Though I want courage,
I yet have a son's duty in me, and
Compassion of a father's danger; that,
That wholly now possesses me. [*Rushes on them.*
Alv. Lucio,
This is beyond my hope.
Met. So! Lazarillo,
Take up all, boy! Well done!
Pach. And now steal off
Closely and cunningly.
Ana. How! have I found you?—
Why gentlemen, are you mad, to make yourselves
A prey to rogues?
Lam. 'Would we were off!
Bob. Thieves, thieves!
Lam. Defer our own contention, and down with them. [*They rush on the thieves.*
Lucio. I'll make you sure!
Bob. Now he plays the devil.
Gen. This place is not for me. [*Exit.*

7 *But seem to help the* stranger.] Corrected from Sympson's conjecture.—Ed. 1778.

Lucio. I'll follow her:
Half of my penance is past o'er. [*Exit.*

Enter ALGUAZIER, *with other Watches; and Assistant, who stands apart.*

Alg. What noise,
What tumult's there? Keep the king's peace, I charge you.
Pach. I am glad he's come yet.
Alv. Oh, you keep good guard
Upon the city, when men of our rank
Are set upon in the streets.
Lam. The assistant
Shall hear of it, be assured.
Ana. And if he be
That careful governor he is reported,
You will smart for it.
Alg. Patience, good signors!
Let me survey the rascals. Oh, I know them,
And thank you for them: They are pilfering rogues
Of Andalusia, that have perused
All prisons in Castile. I dare not trust
The dungeon with them; no, I'll have them home
To my own house.
Pach. We had rather go to prison.
Alg. Had you so, dog-bolts? Yes, I know you had!
You there would use your cunning fingers on
The simple locks, you would; but I'll prevent you.
Lam. My mistress lost? good night! [*Exit.*
Bob. Your son's gone too;
What should become of him?
Alv. Come of him what will,
Now he dares fight, I care not: I'll to bed.
Look to your prisoners, Alguazier.
[*Exit with* BOBADILLO.

Alg. All's cleared.
Droop not for one disaster: let us hug,
And triumph in our knaveries.
Assist. This confirms
What was reported of him.
Met. 'Twas done bravely!
Alg. I must a little glory in the means
We officers have to play the knaves, and safely:
How we break through the toils pitch'd by the law,
Yet hang up them that are far less delinquents!
A simple shopkeeper's carted for a bawd,
For lodging, though unwittingly, a smock-gamester;
Where,[8] with rewards, and credit; I have kept
Malroda in my house, as in a cloister,
Without taint or suspicion.
Pach. But suppose
The governor should know it?
Alg. He? Good gentleman,
Let him perplex himself with prying into
The measures in the market, and the abuses
The day stands guilty of: The pillage of
The night is only mine, mine own fee-simple,
Which you shall hold from me, tenants at will,
And pay no rent for't.
Pach. Admirable landlord!
Alg. Now we'll go search the taverns, commit such
As we find drinking, and be drunk ourselves
With what we take from them. These silly wretches,
Whom I for form-sake only have brought hither,
Shall watch without, and guard us.
Assist. And we will [*Comes forward.*
See you safe lodged, most worthy Alguazier,
With all of you, his comrades.

[8] *Where.*] This word occurs frequently in the sense of *whereas.*

Met. 'Tis the governor.
Alg. We are betray'd.
Assist. My guard there!—

Enter Guard.

Bind them fast.
How men in high place and authority
Are in their lives and estimations wrong'd
By their subordinate ministers! yet such
They cannot but employ; wrong'd Justice finding
Scarce one true servant in ten officers.—
To expostulate with you, were but to delay
Your crimes' due punishment, which shall fall upon you
So speedily, and severely, that it shall
Fright others by the example; and confirm,
However corrupt officers may disgrace
Themselves, 'tis not in them to wrong their place.—
Bring them away.
Alg. We'll suffer nobly yet,
And like to Spanish gallants.
Pach. And we'll hang so.
Laz. I have no stomach to't; but I'll endeavour.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Street.

Enter LUCIO *and* GENEVORA.

Gen. Nay, you are rude! pray you forbear! you offer now

More than the breeding of a gentleman
Can give you warrant for.
Lucio. 'Tis but to kiss you;
And think not I'll receive that for a favour
Which was enjoin'd me for a penance, lady.
Gen. You have met a gentle confessor; and, for once,
(So then you will rest satisfied) I vouchsafe it.
Lucio. Rest satisfied with a kiss? Why, can a man
Desire more from a woman? is there any
Pleasure beyond it? may I never live
If I know what it is!
Gen. Sweet innocence!
Lucio. [*Kisses her.*] What strange new motions do I feel!—My veins
Burn with an unknown fire; in every part
I suffer alteration; I am poison'd,
Yet languish with desire again to taste it,
So sweetly it works on me.
Gen. I ne'er saw
A lovely man, till now.
Lucio. How can this be?
She is a woman, as my mother is,
And her I have kiss'd often, and brought off
My lips unscorch'd: Yours are more lovely, lady,
And so should be less hurtful. Pray you vouchsafe
Your hand, to quench the heat ta'en from your lip!
Perhaps that may restore me.
Gen. Willingly.
Lucio. The flame increases! If to touch you burn thus,
What would more strict embraces do? I know not:
And yet, methinks, to die so were to ascend
To Heaven, through Paradise.
Gen. I am wounded too;
Though modesty forbids that I should speak

What ignorance makes him bold in.—Why do you fix
Your eyes so strongly on me?
Lucio. Pray you stand still!
There's nothing else that's worth the looking on:
I could adore you, lady.
Gen. Can you love me?
Lucio. To wait on you in your chamber, and but touch
What you, by wearing it, have made divine,
Were such a happiness!—I am resolved,
I'll sell my liberty to you for this glove,
And write myself your slave.

Enter LAMORAL.

Gen. On easier terms
Receive it, as a friend. [*Gives him her glove.*
Lam. How! giving favour?
I'll have it, with his heart.
[*Seizes the glove, and puts it in his hat.*
Gen. What will you do?
Lucio. As you are merciful, take my life rather!
[*Kneels to* LAMORAL.
Gen. Will you depart with it so?[9]
Lucio. Does that grieve you?
Gen. I know not; but even now you appeared valiant.
Lucio. 'Twas to preserve my father; in his cause
I could be so again.
Gen. Not in your own?
Kneel to thy rival, and thine enemy?
Away, unworthy creature! I begin
To hate myself, for giving entrance to

[9] *Depart.*] This word is here used in the sense of *part.*—Ed. 1778.

A good opinion of thee. For thy torment,
If my poor beauty be of any power,
Mayst thou dote on it desperately! but never
Presume to hope for grace, till thou recover
And wear the favour that was ravish'd from thee.

Lam. He wears my head too then. [*Exit.*

Gen. Poor fool, farewell! [*Exit.*

Lucio. My womanish soul, which hitherto hath govern'd
This coward flesh, I feel departing from me;
And in me, by her beauty, is inspired
A new and masculine one, instructing me
What's fit to do or suffer. Powerful Love!
That hast with loud, and yet a pleasing thunder
Roused sleeping manhood in me, thy new creature,
Perfect thy work; so that I may make known,
Nature (though long kept back) will have her own!
[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter LAMORAL *and* LUCIO.

Lam. Can it be possible, that in six short hours,
The subject still the same, so many habits
Should be removed? or this new Lucio (he

That yesternight was baffled and disgraced,
And thank'd the man that did it; that then kneel'd
And blubber'd like a woman) should now dare
On terms of honour seek reparation,
For what he then appeared not capable of?

Lucio. Such miracles, men that dare do injuries
Live to their shames to see, for punishment
And scourge to their proud follies.

Lam. Pr'ythee leave me:
Had I my page or footman here to flesh thee,
I durst the better hear thee.

Lucio. This scorn needs not:
And offer such no more!

Lam. Why, say I should,
You'll not be angry?

Lucio. Indeed, I think I shall!
Would you vouchsafe to shew yourself a captain,
And lead a little further, to some place
That's less frequented——

Lam. He looks pale.

Lucio. If not,
Make use of this.

Lam. There's anger in his eyes too;
His gesture, voice, behaviour, all new fashion'd.
Well, if it does endure in act the trial
Of what in show it promises to make good,
Ulysses' Cyclops, Iö's transformation,
Eurydice fetch'd from hell, with all the rest
Of Ovid's fables, I'll put in my creed;
And, for proof all incredible things may be,
Write down that Lucio, the coward Lucio,
The womanish Lucio, fought.

Lucio. And Lamoral,
The still employ'd great duellist Lamoral,
Took his life from him.

Lam. 'Twill not come to that, sure!
Methinks the only drawing of my sword

Should fright that confidence.
Lucio. It confirms it rather:
To make which good, know you stand now opposed
By one that is your rival; one that wishes
Your name and title greater, to raise his;
The wrong you did less pardonable than it is,
But your strength to defend it more than ever
It was when Justice friended it; the lady
For whom we now contend, Genevora,
Of more desert, (if such incomparable beauty
Could suffer an addition;) your love
To Don Vitelli multiplied, and your hate
Against my father and his house encreased;
And lastly, that the glove which you there wear,
To my dishonour! (which I must force from you)
Were dearer to you than your life.
Lam. You'll find
It is, and so I'll guard it.
Lucio. All these meet then,
With the black infamy to be foil'd by one
That's not allow'd a man, to help your valour;
That, falling by your hand, I may or die
Or win in this one single opposition
My mistress, and such honour as I may
Enrich my father's arms with!
Lam. 'Tis said nobly;
My life with them are at the stake.
Lucio. At all then!
[*Fight.* LUCIO *disarms* LAMORAL.
Lam. She is yours! this, and my life too, follow your fortune: [*Gives up the glove.*
And give not only back that part the loser
Scorns to accept of!
Lucio. What's that?
Lam. My poor life;
Which do not leave me as a further torment,

Having despoil'd me of my sword, mine honour,
Hope of my lady's grace, fame, and all else
That made it worth the keeping.

Lucio. I take back
No more from you than what you forced from me,
And with a worser title. Yet think not
That I'll dispute this, as made insolent
By my success, but as one equal with you,
If so you will accept me. That new courage
(Or call it fortune if you please) that is
Conferred upon me by the only sight
Of fair Genevora, was not bestow'd on me
To bloody purposes; nor did her command
Deprive me of the happiness to see her,
But till I did redeem her favour from you;
Which only I rejoice in, and share with you
In all you suffer else.

Lam. This courtesy
Wounds deeper than your sword can, or mine own:
Pray you make use of either, and dispatch me!

Lucio. The barbarous Turk is satisfied with spoil;
And shall I, being possessed of what I came for,
Prove the more infidel?

Lam. You were better be so
Than publish my disgrace, as 'tis the custom,
And which I must expect.

Lucio. Judge better of me:
I have no tongue to trumpet mine own praise
To your dishonour; 'tis a bastard courage
That seeks a name out that way, no true-born one.
Pray you be comforted! for, by all goodness,
But to her virtuous self (the best part of it)
I never will discover on what terms
I came by these: Which yet I take not from you,
But leave you, in exchange of them, mine own,
With the desire of being a friend; which if
You will not grant me, but on further trial

Of manhood in me, seek me when you please,
(And though I might refuse it with mine honour)
Win them again, and wear them. So, good-morrow!
[*Gives him his own hat, and exit.*

Lam. I ne'er knew what true valour was till now;
And have gain'd more by this disgrace, than all
The honours I have won: They made me proud,
Presumptuous of my fortune, a mere beast,
Fashion'd by them, only to dare and do,
Yielding no reasons for my wilful actions
But what I stuck on my sword's point, presuming
It was the best revenue. How unequal
Wrongs well maintained make us to others, which
Ending with shame, teach us to know ourselves![1]
I will think more on't.

Enter VITELLI.

Vit. Lamoral!
Lam. My lord?
Vit. I came to seek you.
Lam. And unwillingly
You ne'er found me till now! Your pleasure, sir?
Vit. That which will please thee, friend! Thy vow'd love to me
Shall now be put in action; means are offer'd
To use thy good sword for me, that which still

[1] *How* unequal
Wrongs well maintained *make us to others, which*
Ending with shame, teach us to know ourselves.] *Unequal* in this place means unjust, *iniquus. Wrongs, well maintained*, means injuries successfully maintained, not justly.—*Mason.*

Mason's explanation of *unequal* may be supported by a passage in Massinger's Emperor of the East—

"I play the fool, and am
Unequal to myself; delinquents are
To suffer, not the innocent."

Thou wear'st as if it were a part of thee.
Where is't?
Lam. 'Tis changed for one more fortunate:
Pray you enquire not how.
Vit. Why I ne'er thought
That there was magic in it,[a] but ascribe
The fortune of it to the arm.
Lam. Which is
Grown weaker too. I am not (in a word)
Worthy your friendship: I am one new vanquish'd,
Yet shame to tell by whom!
Vit. But I'll tell thee
'Gainst whom thou art to fight, and there redeem
Thy honour lost, if there be any such.
The king, by my long suit, at length is pleased
That Alvarez and myself, with either's second,
Shall end the difference between our houses,
Which he accepts of: I make choice of thee;
And, where you speak of a disgrace, the means
To blot it out, by such a public trial
Of thy approved valour, will revive
Thy ancient courage. If you embrace it, do;
If not, I'll seek some other.
Lam. As I am,
You may command me.
Vit. Spoke like that true friend,
That loves not only for his private end! [*Exeunt.*

[a] *That there was* music *in it.*] The editors of 1750 object to the expression, *music of a sword*, and substitute *magic*, saying, "We suppose the line might originally run thus,

" —— *there ne'er was* magic *in it*,

i. e. the wonders of his sword were not owing to any charm, or enchantment like the swords of knights-errant, but only to the powerful arm that wielded it." We heartily agree with them in the variation to *magic*, but can scarce believe that the authors meant any allusion to knight-errantry.—Ed. 1778.

SCENE II.

Another Street.

Enter GENEVORA *with a Letter, and* BOBADILLA.

Gen. This from madonna Clara?
Bob. Yes, an't please you.
Gen. Alvarez' daughter?
Bob. The same, lady.
Gen. She
That saved my brother's life?
Bob. You are still i' th' right:
She will'd me wait your walking forth, and, knowing
How necessary a discreet wise man
Was, in a business of such weight, she pleased
To think on me. It may be, in my face
Your ladyship, not acquainted with my wisdom,
Finds no such matter; what I am, I am;
Thought's free, and think you what you please.
Gen. 'Tis strange——
Bob. That I should be wise, madam?
Gen. No, thou art so.
There's for thy pains; and pr'ythee tell thy lady
I will not fail to meet her: I'll receive
Thy thanks and duty in thy present absence.
Farewell, farewell, I say! Now thou art wise.
[*Exit* BOBADILLA.
She writes here, she hath something to impart
That may concern my brother's life: I know not;
But general fame does give her out so worthy,

That I dare not suspect her; yet wish Lucio
Were master of her mind: But, fy upon't!
Why do I think on him?

Enter LUCIO.

See, I am punish'd for't,
In his unlook'd-for presence: Now I must
Endure another tedious piece of courtship,
Would make one forswear courtesy.

Lucio. Gracious madam, [*Kneels.*
The sorrow paid, for your just anger towards me,
Arising from my weakness, I presume
To press into your presence, and despair not
An easy pardon.

Gen. He speaks sense: Oh, strange!

Lucio. And yet believe, that no desires of mine,
Though all are too strong in me, had the power,
For their delight, to force me to infringe
What you commanded; it being in your part
To lessen your great rigour when you please,
And mine to suffer with an humble patience
What you'll impose upon it.

Gen. Courtly too!

Lucio. Yet hath the poor and contemn'd Lucio, madam,
(Made able only by his hope to serve you)
Recover'd what with violence, not justice,
Was taken from him; and here at your feet,
With these, he could have laid the conquer'd head
Of Lamoral ('tis all I say of him)
For rudely touching that, which, as a relic,
I ever would have worshipp'd, since 'twas yours.
[*Lays the hat and glove at her feet.*

Gen. Valiant, and every thing a lady could
Wish in her servant!

Lucio. All that's good in me,

That heavenly Love, the opposite to base lust,
Which would have all men worthy, hath created;
Which being by your beams of beauty form'd,
Cherish as your own creature!

Gen. I am gone [*Aside.*
Too far now to dissemble.—Rise, or sure
I must kneel with you too: Let this one kiss
Speak the rest for me! 'tis too much I do,
And yet, if Chastity would, I could wish more.

Lucio. In overjoying me, you are grown sad!
What is it, madam? by Heaven,
There's nothing that's within my nerves (and yet,
Favour'd by you, I should as much as man)
But when you please, now, or on all occasions
You can think of hereafter, but you may
Dispose of at your pleasure.

Gen. If you break
That oath again, you lose me: Yet so well
I love you, I shall never put you to't;
And yet, forget it not. Rest satisfied
With that you have received now! there are eyes
May be upon us; till the difference
Between our friends are ended, I would not
Be seen so private with you.

Lucio. I obey you.

Gen. But let me hear oft from you, and remember
I am Vitelli's sister!

Lucio. What's that, madam?

Gen. Nay, nothing. Fare you well! who feels Love's fire,
Would ever ask to have means to desire.[3]
[*Exeunt.*

[3] *To have means to desire.*] *i. e.* To have the means to compass his desire.—*Sympson.*

Surely this is wrongly interpreted:—The meaning appears to be

SCENE III.

A Court in the Castle of Saint Jago; with a Scaffolding in the Back-ground.

Enter above, Assistant, Syavedra, Anastro, *Herald, Attendants, and Spectators.*

Assist. Are they come in?
Herald. Yes.
Assist. Read the proclamation,
That all the people here assembled may
Have satisfaction, what the king's dear love,
In care of the republic, hath ordain'd.—
Attend with silence.—Read aloud.

Herald. [Reads.] *Forasmuch as our high and mighty master, Philip, the potent and most catholic king of Spain, hath not only in his own royal person, been long and often solicited, and grieved, with the deadly and uncurable hatred sprung up betwixt the two ancient and most honourably-descended houses of these his two dearly and equally beloved subjects, Don Ferdinando de Alvarez, and Don Pedro de Vitelli (all which in vain his majesty hath often endeavoured to reconcile and qualify:) But that also, through the debates, quarrels, and outrages daily arising, falling, and flowing from these great heads, his public civil government is seditiously and barbarously molested*

"All who feel the pleasure of love, would wish always to have the means of loving." *To have means to desire* can hardly be construed *means to compass his desire.*

and wounded, and many of his chief gentry, (no less tender to his royal majesty, than the very branches of his own sacred blood) spoiled, lost, and submerged, in the impious inundation and torrent of their still-growing malice; it hath therefore pleased his sacred majesty, out of his infinite affection to preserve his commonwealth, and general peace, from farther violation, (as a sweet and heartily-loving father of his people,) and on the earnest petitions of these arch-enemies, to order and ordain, that they be ready, each with his well-chosen and beloved friend, armed at all points like gentlemen, in the castle of St Jago, on this present Monday-morning, betwixt eight and nine of the clock, where (before the combatants be allowed to commence this granted duel) this to be read aloud for the public satisfaction of his majesty's well-beloved subjects. Save the king! [Drums within.

Syav. Hark, how their drums speak their insatiate thirst
Of blood, and stop their ears 'gainst pious peace,
Who, gently whispering, implores their friendship!

Assist. Kings nor authority can master Fate:
Admit 'em then; and blood extinguish hate!

Enter severally, ALVAREZ *and* LUCIO, VITELLI *and* LAMORAL.

Syav. Stay! yet be pleased to think, and let not daring
(Wherein men now a-days exceed even beasts,
And think themselves not men else) so transport you
Beyond the bounds of Christianity!
Lord Alvarez, Vitelli, gentlemen,
No town in Spain, from our metropolis
Unto the rudest hovel, but is great
With your assured valours' daily proofs:

Oh, will you then, for a superfluous fame,
A sound of honour, which, in these times, all
Like heretics profess (with obstinacy,
But most erroneously) venture your souls?
It is a hard task, through a sea of blood
To sail, and land at Heaven.
Vit. I hope not,
If Justice be my pilot. But, my lord,
You know if argument, or time, or love,
Could reconcile, long since we had shook hands:
I dare protest, your breath cools not a vein
In any one of us; but blows the fire,
Which nought but blood reciprocal can quench.
Alv. Vitelli, thou say'st bravely, and say'st right;
And I will kill thee for't, I love thee so.
Vit. Ha, ha! Old man, upon thy death I'll build
A story with this arm, for thy old wife
To tell thy daughter Clara seven years hence,
As she sits weeping by a winter-fire,
How such a time Vitelli slew her husband
With the same sword his daughter favour'd him,
And lives, and wears it yet.—Come, Lamoral,
Redeem thyself!
Lam. Lucio, Genevora
Shall on this sword receive thy bleeding heart,
For my presented hat, laid at her feet.
Lucio. Thou talk'st well, Lamoral! but 'tis thy head
That I will carry to her to thy hat.—
Fy, father! I do cool too much.
Alv. Oh, boy! thy father's true son!—
Beat drums! And so, good-morrow to your lordship! [*Drums.*

Enter above, EUGENIA, CLARA, *and* GENEVORA.

Syav. Brave resolutions!
Ana. Brave, and Spanish, right!
Gen. Lucio!
Clara. Vitelli!
Eug. Alvarez!
Alv. How the devil
Got these cats into th' gutter? my puss too?
Eug. Hear us!
Gen. We must be heard!
Clara. We will be heard!
Vitelli, look; see Clara on her knees,
Imploring thy compassion!—Heaven, how sternly
They dart their emulous eyes, as if each scorn'd
To be behind the other in a look!
Mother, Death needs no sword here! Oh, my sister,
(Fate fain would have it so) persuade, entreat!
A lady's tears are silent orators,
Or should be so at least, to move beyond
The honiest-tongued rhetorician;[4]
Why will you fight? Why does an uncle's death,
Twenty year old, exceed your love to me,
But twenty days? whose forc'd cause, and fair manner
You could not understand, only have heard.
Custom, that wrought so cunningly on Nature
In me, that I forgot my sex, and knew not

[4] *The* honest-*tongued rhetorician.*] Seward proposes substituting *loudest* for *honest*. The correction is from Sympson's conjecture, who says, "Our poets, who were admirers of the classics, might possibly have had Nestor in their eye, who is thus described by Homer:

"*Experienced Nestor, in* persuasion skill'd,
Words sweet as honey *from his lips distill'd.*"
Pope's Translation.—Ed. 1778.

Whether my body female were or male,
You did unweave, and had the power to charm
A new creation in me, made me fear
To think on those deeds I did perpetrate.
How little power though you allow to me,
That cannot with my sighs, my tears, my prayers,
Move you from your own loss, if you should gain!
Vit. I must forget you, Clara: Till I have
Redeem'd my uncle's blood, that brands my face
Like a pestiferous carbuncle, I am blind
To what you do, deaf to your cries, and marble
To all impulsive exorations.
When on this point I have perch'd thy father's soul,
I'll tender thee this bloody reeking hand,
Drawn forth the bowels of that murderer;
If thou canst love me then, I'll marry thee,
And, for thy father lost, get thee a son;
On no condition else!
Assist. Most barbarous!
Syav. Savage!
Ana. Irreligious!
Gen. Oh, Lucio,
Be thou more merciful thou bear'st fewer years,
Art lately wean'd from soft effeminacy;
A maiden's manners, and a maiden's heart
Are neighbours still to thee: Be then more mild;
Proceed not to this combat! Be'st thou desperate
Of thine own life? Yet, dearest, pity mine!
Thy valour's not thine own; I gave it thee;
These eyes begot it, this tongue bred it up,
This breast would lodge it: Do not use my gifts
To mine own ruin! I have made thee rich;
Be not so thankless, to undo me for't!
Lucio. Mistress, you know I do not wear a vein
I would not rip for you, to do you service:
Life's but a word, a shadow, a melting dream,
Compared to essential and eternal honour.

Why, would you have me value it beyond
Your brother? If I first cast down my sword,
May all my body here be made one wound,
And yet my soul not find Heaven through it!
Alv. You would be catterwauling too; but peace!
Go, get you home, and provide dinner for
Your son, and me; we'll be exceeding merry.—
Oh, Lucio, I will have thee cock of all
The proud Vitellis that do live in Spain!
Fy, we shall take cold! Hunch! By Heaven, I am hoarse
Already.
Lam. How your sister whets my spleen!
I could eat Lucio now.[5]
Gen. Vitelli! brother!
Even for your father's soul, your uncle's blood,
As you do love my life; but last, and most,
As you respect your own honour and fame,
Throw down your sword! he is most valiant
That herein yields first.
Vit. Peace, you fool!
Clara. Why, Lucio,
Do thou begin: 'Tis no disparagement;
He's elder, and thy better, and thy valour
Is in his infancy.
Gen. Or pay it me,
To whom thou ow'st it. Oh, that constant Time
Would but go back a week; then, Lucio,
Thou wouldst not dare to fight!
Eug. Lucio, thy mother,
Thy mother begs it! throw thy sword down first.
Alv. I'll throw his head down after then.
Gen. Lamoral,

[5] The speech of Genevora at the end of this page, beginning—"Lamoral, you have often swore," &c. is introduced here also in the first folio. Perhaps the intermediate speeches were omitted in the representation.

You have often swore you would be commanded by me.
Lam. Never to this; your spite and scorn, Genevora,
Has lost all power in me!
Gen. Your hearing for six words!
Assist. Syav. Ana Strange obstinacy!
Alv. Vit. Lucio. Lam. We'll stay no longer.
Clara. Then, by thy oath, Vitelli,
Thy dreadful oath, thou wouldst return that sword
When I should ask it, give it to me now;
This instant I require it!
Gen. By thy vow,
As dreadful, Lucio, to obey my will
In any one thing I would watch to challenge,
I charge thee not to strike a stroke! Now, he
Of our two brothers that loves perjury
Best, and dares first be damn'd, infringe his vow!
Syav. Excellent ladies!
Vit. Pish, you tyrannize.
Lucio. We did equivocate.
Alv. On!
Clara. Then, Lucio,
So well I love my husband, (for he is so,
Wanting but ceremony) that I pray
His vengeful sword may fall upon thy head
Successfully, for falsehood to his sister.
Gen. I likewise pray, Vitelli, Lucio's sword
(Who equally is my husband as thou hers)
May find thy false heart, that durst 'gage thy faith,
And durst not keep it!
Assist. Are you men, or stone?
Alv. Men, and we'll prove it with our swords.
Eug. Your hearing for six words, and we have done!
Zancho, come forth!—We'll fight our challenge too:

Now speak your resolutions.

Enter BOBADILLA, *with two Swords and a Pistol.*

Gen. These they are;
The first blow given betwixt you sheaths these swords
In one another's bosoms.
Eug. And, rogue, look
You at that instant do discharge that pistol
Into my breast: If you start back, or quake,
I'll stick you like a pig.
Alv. By Heaven! Hold! you are mad.
Gen. This we [have] said; and, by our hope of bliss,
This we will do! Speak your intents.
Clara. Gen. Strike!
Eug. Shoot!
Alv. Vit. Lucio. Lam. Hold, hold! all friends!
Assist. Come down. [*Exeunt above.*
Alv. These devilish women
Can make men friends and enemies when they list!
Sya. A gallant undertaking, and a happy!
Why, this is noble in you; and will be
A welcomer present to our master Philip,
Than the return from his Indies.

Enter below, CLARA, GENEVORA, EUGENIA, *and* BOBADILLA.

Clara. Father, your blessing!
Alv. Take her: If ye bring not
Betwixt you boys that will find out new worlds,
And win 'em too, I'm a false prophet.
Vit. Brother,
There is a sister. Long-divided streams
Mix now at length, by fate.

Bob. I am not regarded! I was the careful steward that provided these instruments of peace; I put the longest weapon in your sister's hand, my lord, because she was the shortest lady; for likely the shortest ladies love the longest men. And, for mine own part, I could have discharged it: my pistol is no ordinary pistol; it has two ramming bullets; but, thought I, why should I shoot my two bullets into my old lady? If they had gone, I would not have stay'd long after; I would even have died too, bravely, i'faith, like a Roman steward; hung myself in mine own chain, and there had been a story of Bobadilla Spindola Zancho for after-ages to lament. Hum! I perceive, I am not only not regarded, but also not rewarded.

Alv. Pr'ythee, peace!
Shalt have a new chain, next St Jaques' day,
Or this new gilt.

Bob. I am satisfied; let Virtue have her due. And yet I am melancholy upon this atonement; pray Heaven the state rue it not! I would my lord Vitelli's steward and I could meet; they should find it should cost 'em a little more to make us friends. Well, I will forswear wine and women for a year; and then I will be drunk tomorrow, and run a-whoring like a dog with a broken bottle at's tail; then will I repent next day, and forswear 'em again more vehemently: be forsworn next day again, and repent my repentance: for thus a melancholy gentleman doth and ought to live.

Assist. Nay, you shall dine with me; and afterward
I'll with you to the king. But first, I will
Dispatch the castle's business, that this day
May be complete. Bring forth the malefactors!

Enter ALGUAZIER, PACHIECO, METALDI, MENDOZA, LAZARILLO, PIORATO, MALRODA, *and Guard.*

You, Alguazier, the ring-leader of these
Poor fellows, are degraded from your office;
You must restore all stolen goods you received,
And watch a twelvemonth without any pay:
This, if you fail of, (all your goods confiscate)
You are to be whipt, and sent into the gallies.

Alg. I like all, but restoring; that catholic doctrine
I do dislike. Learn, all ye officers,
By this to live uprightly—if you can! [*Exit.*

Assist. You cobler, to translate your manners new,
Are doom'd to th' cloisters of the Mendicants,
With this your brother botcher there, for nothing
To cobble, and heel hose for the poor friars,
Till they allow your penance for sufficient,
And your amendment; then you shall be freed,
And may set up again.

Pach. Mendoza, come:
Our souls have trod awry in all men's sight;
We'll under-lay 'em, till they go upright.
[*Exeunt* PACHIECO *and* MENDOZA.

Assist. Smith, in those shackles you, for your hard heart,
Must lie by th' heels a year.

Met. I have shod your hor e, my lord. [*Exit.*

Assist. Away! For you, my hungry white-loaf-ed face,
You must to th' gallies, where you shall be sure
To have no more bits than you shall have blows.

Laz. Well; though I herrings want, I shall have rows. [*Exit.*

Assist. Signor, you have prevented us, and punish'd
Yourself severelier than we would have done:
You have married a whore; may she prove honest!
Pio. 'Tis better, my lord, than to marry
An honest woman, that may prove a whore.
Vit. 'Tis a handsome wench, an thou canst keep her tame.
I'll send you what I promised.
Pio. Joy to your lordships!
Alv. Here may all ladies learn, to make of foes
The perfect'st friends; and not the perfect'st foes
Of dearest friends, as some do now-a-days!
Vit. Behold the power of Love![6] So Nature lost
By custom irrecoverably, past the hope
Of friends' restoring, Love hath here retrieved
To her own habit; made her blush to see
Her so-long-monstrous metamorphoses:
May strange affairs never have worse success!
[*Exeunt.*

[6] *Behold the power of love, to nature lost*

——————— *Love hath here retrieved.*] Here is another difficult passage, at least to me, *Behold the power of love,* which (love) hath here *to* lost nature retrieved *to* her own habit. This the reader may make sense of if he can, while I endeavour to set the place right thus:

Behold the power of love, nature though lost

Love hath retrieved
To her own habit, &c.

Here we have a glimmering of sense and reason, and the poets are cleared from a blunder they could hardly be guilty of.—*Sympson.*

The old reading is certainly wrong; but if we read, *So* nature lost, instead of *to,* the sense will be clear, and the amendment is nearer to the ancient reading than that of Sympson.—*Mason.*

EPILOGUE.

Our author fears there are some rebel hearts,
Whose dulness doth oppose Love's piercing darts;
Such will be apt to say there wanted wit,
The language low, very few scenes are writ
With spirit and life; such odd things as these
He cares not for, nor ever means to please:
For if yourselves, a mistress, or Love's friends,
Are liked[7] with this smooth play, he hath his ends.

[7] *Liked.*] *i. e.* Pleased.

END OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

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